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## FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER 1874

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N.S.  
1875

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1875.

## EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

(CHAPTERS I. TO VII.)

the Icelanders, in their long winter, had a great habit of writing and were, and still are, excellent in penmanship, says Dahlmann. It is to this fact that any little history there is of the Norse Kings and their old tragedies, crimes, and heroisms, is almost all due. The Icelanders, it seems, not only made beautiful letters on their paper or parchment, but were laudably observant and desirous of accuracy; and have left us such a collection of narratives (Sagas, literally 'Says') as, for quantity and quality, is unexampled among rude nations. Snorrio Sturluson's History of the Norse Kings is built out of these old Sagas, and has in it a great deal of poetic fire, not a little faithful sagacity, and is well edited, furnished with accurate maps, chronological tables, &c., to be reckoned among the great history-books of the world. It is from these sources, greatly aided by accurate, learned, and tried Dahlmann,<sup>1</sup> the German Professor, that the following rough sketch of the early Norway Kings are hastily thrown together. In the Histories of England (Rapin's excepted) next to nothing has been shown of the many and strong threads of connection between English affairs and Norse.

### CHAPTER I.

#### HARALD HAARFAGR.

**T**ILL about the Year of Grace 860 there were no kings in Norway, nothing but numerous jarls,—essentially kinglets,—each presiding over a kind of republican or parliamentary little territory; generally striving each to be on some terms of human neighbourhood with those about him, but, in spite of '*Fylke Things*' (Folk Things)—little parish parliaments—and small combinations of these, which had gradually formed themselves, often reduced to the unhappy state of quarrel with them. Harald Haarfagr was the first to put an end to

this state of things, and become memorable and profitable to his country by uniting it under one head and making a kingdom of it; which it has continued to be ever since. His father, Halfdan the Black, had already begun this rough but salutary process,—inspired by the cupidities and instincts, by the faculties and opportunities, which the good genius of this world, beneficent often enough under savage forms, and diligent at all times to diminish anarchy as the world's worst savagery, usually appoints in such cases, conquest, hard fighting, followed by wise guidance of the conquered; but it was Harald the Fairhaired, his son, who

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte von Dänemark*, J. G. Dahlmann, 3 voll. 8vo. Hamb. 1840-3.  
VOL. XI.—NO. LXI. NEW SERIES.

conspicuously carried it on and completed it. Harald's birth-year, death-year, and chronology in general, are known only by inference and computation; but, by the latest reckoning, he died about the year 933 of our era, a man of eighty-three.

The business of conquest lasted Harald about twelve years (A.D. 860-872?), in which he subdued also the vikings of the out-islands, Orkneys, Shetlands, Hebrides, and Man. Sixty more years were given him to consolidate and regulate what he had conquered, which he did with great judgment, industry, and success. His reign altogether is counted to have been of over seventy years.

The beginning of his great adventure was of a romantic character—youthful love for the beautiful Gyda, a then glorious and famous young lady of those regions, whom the young Harald aspired to marry. Gyda answered his embassy and prayer in a distant, lofty manner: 'Her it would not beseem to wed any Jarl or poor creature of that kind; let him do as Gorm of Denmark, Eric of Sweden, Egbert of England, and others had done,—subdue into peace and regulation the confused, contentious bits of jarls round him, and become a king; then, perhaps, she might think of his proposal; till then, not.' Harald was struck with this proud answer, which rendered Gyda tenfold more desirable to him. He vowed to let his hair grow, never to cut or even to comb it till this feat were done, and the peerless Gyda his own. He proceeded accordingly to conquer, in fierce battle, a Jarl or two every year, and, at the end of twelve years, had his unkempt (and almost unimaginable) head of hair elipt off,—Jarl Rögnwald (*Reginald*) of Möre, the most valued and valuable

of all his subject-jarls, being promoted to this sublime barber function,—after which King Harald, with head thoroughly cleaned, and hair grown, or growing again to the luxuriant beauty that had no equal in his day, brought home his Gyda, and made her the brightest queen in all the north. He had after her, in succession, or perhaps even simultaneously in some cases, at least six other wives; and by Gyda herself one daughter and four sons.

Harald was not to be considered a strict-living man, and he had a great deal of trouble, as we shall see, with the tumultuous ambition of his sons; but he managed his Government, aided by Jarl Rögnwald and others, in a large, quietly potent, and successful manner; and it lasted in this royal form till his death, after sixty years of it.

These were the times of Norse colonisation; proud Norsemen flying into other lands, to freer scenes,—to Iceland, to the Faröe Islands, which were hitherto quite vacant (tenanted only by some mournful hermit, Irish Christian *fakir*, or so); still more copiously to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, the Hebrides and other countries where Norse squatters and settlers already were. Settlement of Iceland, we say, settlement of the Faröe Islands, and, by far the notablest of all, settlement of Normandy by Rolf the Ganger (A.D. 876?).<sup>2</sup>

Rolf, son of Rögnwald,<sup>3</sup> was lord of three little islets far north, near the Fjord of Folden, called the Three Vigten Islands; but his chief means of living was that of sea-robbery, which, or at least Rolf's conduct in which, Harald did not approve of. In the Court of Harald, sea-robbery was strictly forbidden as between Harald's own countries, but as against foreign countries it continued to be the

<sup>2</sup> 'Settlement,' dated 912, by Munch, Hénult, &c. The Saxon chronicle says (anno 876): 'In this year Rolf overran Normandy with his army, and he reigned fifty winters.'

<sup>3</sup> *Dahlmann* ii. 87.

ono profession for a gentleman; thus, I read, Harald's own chief son, King Eric that afterwards was, had been at sea in such employments ever since his twelfth year. Rolf's crime, however, was that in coming home from one of these expeditions, his crew having fallen short of victual, Rolf landed with them on the shore of Norway, and, in his strait, drove in some cattle there (a crime by law) and proceeded to kill and eat; which, in a little while, he heard that King Harald was on foot to enquire into and punish; whereupon Rolf the Ganger speedily got into his ships again, got to the coast of France with his sea-robbers, got infestment by the poor King of France in the fruitful, shaggy desert which is since called Normandy, land of the Northmen; and there, gradually felling the forests, banking the rivers, tilling the fields, became, during the next two centuries, Wilhelmus Conquestor, the man famous to England, and momentous at this day, not to England alone, but to all speakers of the English tongue, now spread from side to side of the world in a wonderful degree. Tancred of Hauteville and his Italian Normans, though important, too, in Italy, are not worth naming in comparison. This is a feracious earth, and the grain of mustard-seed will grow to miraculous extent in some cases.

Harald's chief helper, counsellor, and lieutenant was the above-mentioned Jarl Rögnwald of Möre, who had the honour to cut Harald's dreadful head of hair. This Rögnwald was father of Turf-Einar, who first invented peat in the Orkneys, finding the wood all gone there; and is remembered to this day. Einar, being come to these islands by King Harald's permission, to see what he could do in them,—islands inhabited by what miscellany of Picts, Scots, Norse squatters we do not know,—found the indispensable fuel all wasted. Turf-Einar, too, may be regarded as a benefactor to his

kind. He was, it appears, a bastard; and got no coddling from his father, who disliked him, partly, perhaps, because 'he was ugly and blind of an eye,'—got no flattering even on his conquest of the Orkneys and invention of peat. Here is the parting speech his father made to him on fitting him out with a 'long-ship' (ship of war, 'dragon-ship,' ancient seventy-four), and sending him forth to make a living for himself in the world: "It were best if thou never camest back, for I have small hope that thy people will have honour by thee; thy mother's kin throughout is slavish."

Harald Haarfagr had a good many sons and daughters; the daughters he married mostly to jarls of due merit who were loyal to him; with the sons, as remarked above, he had a great deal of trouble. They were ambitious, stirring fellows, and grudged at their finding so little promotion from a father so kind to his jarls; sea-robbery by no means an adequate career for the sons of a great king. Two of them, Haldan Haaleg (Long-leg), and Gudröd Ljome (Gleam), jealous of the favours won by the great Jarl Rögnwald, surrounded him in his house one night, and burnt him and sixty men to death there. That was the end of Rögnwald, the invaluable jarl, always true to Haarfagr; and distinguished in world history by producing Rolf the Ganger, author of the Norman Conquest of England, and Turf-Einar, who invented peat in the Orkneys. Whether Rolf had left Norway at this time there is no chronology to tell me. As to Rolf's surname, 'Ganger,' there are various hypotheses; the likeliest, perhaps, that Rolf was so weighty a man no horse (small Norwegian horses, big ponies rather) could carry him, and that he usually walked, having a mighty stride withal, and great velocity on foot.

One of these murderers of Jarl



Rögnwald quietly set himself in Rögnwald's place, the other making for Orkney to serve Turf-Einar in like fashion. Turf-Einar, taken by surprise, fled to the mainland; but returned, days or perhaps weeks after, ready for battle, fought with Halfdan, put his party to flight, and at next morning's light searched the island and slew all the men he found. As to Halfdan Long-leg himself, in fierce memory of his own murdered father, Turf Einar 'cut an eagle on his back,' that is to say, hewed the ribs from each side of the spine and turned them out like the wings of a spread-eagle: a mode of Norse vengeance fashionable at that time in extremely aggravated cases!

Harald Haarfagr, in the meantime, had descended upon the Rögnwald scene, not in mild mood towards the new jarl there; indignantly dismissed said jarl, and appointed a brother of Rögnwald, (brother, notes Dahlmann), though Rögnwald had left other sons. Which done, Haarfagr sailed with all speed to the Orkneys, there to avenge that cutting of an eagle on the human back on Turf-Einar's part. Turf-Einar did not resist; submissively met the angry Haarfagr, said he left it all, what had been done, what provocation there had been, to Haarfagr's own equity and greatness of mind. Magnanimous Haarfagr inflicted a fine of sixty marks in gold, which was paid in ready money by Turf-Einar, and so the matter ended.

## CHAPTER II.

### ERIC BLOOD-AXE AND BROTHERS.

IN such violent courses Haarfagr's sons, I know not how many of them, had come to an untimely end; only Eric, the accomplished sea-rover, and three others remained to him. Among these four sons, rather impatient for property and authority of their own, King Harald, in his old days, tried to part his

kingdom in some eligible and equitable way, and retire from the constant press of business, now becoming burdensome to him. To each of them he gave a kind of kingdom; Eric, his eldest son, to be head king, and the others to be feudatory under him, and pay a certain yearly contribution, an arrangement which did not answer well at all. Head-King Eric insisted on his tribute; quarrels arose as to the payment, considerable fighting and disturbance, bringing fierce destruction from King Eric upon many valiant but too stubborn Norse spirits, and among the rest upon all his three brothers, which got him from the Norse populations the surname of *Blood-axe*, 'Eric Blood-axe,' his title in history. One of his brothers he had killed in battle before his old father's life ended; this brother was Bjorn, a peaceable, improving, trading, economic, Under-king, whom the others mockingly called 'Bjorn the Chapman.' The great-grandson of this Bjorn became extremely distinguished by-and-by as *Saint Olaf*. Head-King Eric seems to have had a violent wife, too. She was thought to have poisoned one of her other brothers-in-law. Eric Blood-axe had by no means a gentle life of it in this world, trained to sea robbery on the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France since his twelfth year.

Old King Fairhair, at the age of seventy, had another son, to whom was given the name of Hakon. His mother was a slave in Fairhair's house; slave by ill-luck of war, though nobly enough born. A strange adventure connects this Hakon with England and King Athelstan, who was then entering upon his great career there. Short while after this Hakon came into the world, there entered Fairhair's palace, one evening as Fairhair sat feasting, an English ambassador or messenger, bearing in his hand, as gift from King Athelstan, a mag-

nificent sword, with gold hilt and other fine trimmings, to the great Harald, King of Norway. Harald took the sword, drew it, or was half-drawing it, admiringly from the scabbard, when the English excellency broke into a scornful laugh, "Ha, ha; thou art now the feudatory of my English king; thou hast accepted the sword from him, and art now his man!" (acceptance of a sword in that manner being the symbol of investiture in those days). Harald looked a trifle flurried, it is probable; but held in his wrath, and did no damage to the tricky Englishman. He held the matter in his mind, however, and next summer little Hakon, having got his weaning done,—one of the prettiest, healthiest little creatures,—Harald sent him off, under charge of 'Hauk' (*Hawk* so-called), one of his principal warriors, with order, "Take him to England," and instructions what to do with him there. And accordingly, one evening, Hauk, with thirty men escorting, strode into Athelstan's high dwelling (where situated, how built, whether with logs like Harald's, I cannot specifically say), into Athelstan's high presence, and silently set the wild little cherub upon Athelstan's knee. "What is this?" asked Athelstan, looking at the little cherub. "This is King Harald's son, whom a serving maid bore to him, and whom he now gives thee as foster-child!" Indignant Athelstan drew his sword, as if to do the gift a mischief; but Hauk said, "Thou hast taken him on thy knee" (common symbol of adoption); "thou canst kill him if thou wilt; but thou dost not thereby kill all the sons of Harald." Athelstan straightway took milder thoughts; brought up, and carefully educated Hakon; from whom, and this singular adventure, came, before very long, the first tidings of Christianity into Norway.

Harald Haarfagr, latterly with-

drawn from all kinds of business, died at the age of eighty-three—about A.D. 933, as is computed; nearly contemporary in death with the first Danish King, Gorm the Old, who had done a corresponding feat in reducing Denmark under one head. Remarkable old men, these two first kings; and possessed of gifts for bringing Chaos a little nearer to the form of Cosmos; possessed, in fact, of loyalties to Cosmos, that is to say, of authentic virtues in the savage state, such as have been needed in all societies at their incipience in this world; a kind of 'virtues' hugely in discredit at present, but not unlikely to be needed again, to the astonishment of careless persons, before all is done!

### CHAPTER III.

#### HAKON THE GOOD.

ERIC BLOOD-AXE, whose practical reign is counted to have begun about A.D. 930, had by this time, or within a year or so of this time, pretty much extinguished all his brother kings, and crushed down recalcitrant spirits, in his violent way; but had naturally become entirely unpopular in Norway, and filled it with silent discontent and even rage against him. Hakon Fairhair's last son, the little foster-child of Athelstan in England, who had been baptised and carefully educated, was come to his fourteenth or fifteenth year at his father's death; a very shining youth, as Athelstan saw with just pleasure. So soon as the few preliminary preparations had been settled, Hakon, furnished with a ship or two by Athelstan, suddenly appeared in Norway; got acknowledged by the Peasant Thing in Trondhjem; 'the news of which flew over Norway, like fire through dried grass,' says an old chronicler. So that Eric, with his Queen Gunhild, and seven small children, had to run; no other

shift for Eric. They went to the Orkneys first of all, then to England, and he 'got Northumberland as earldom,' I vaguely hear, from Athelstan. But Eric soon died, and his queen, with her children, went back to the Orkneys in search of refuge or help; to little purpose there or elsewhere. From Orkney she went to Denmark, where Harald Blue-tooth took her poor eldest boy as foster-child; but I fear did not very faithfully keep that promise. The Danes had been robbing extensively during the late tumults in Norway; this the Christian Hakon, now established there, paid in kind, and the two countries were at war; so that Gunhild's little boy was a welcome card in the hand of Blue-tooth.

Hakon proved a brilliant and successful king; regulated many things, public law among others (*Gule-Thing* Law, *Froste-Thing* Law: these are little codes of his accepted by their respective Things, and had a salutary effect in their time); with prompt dexterity he drove back the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions every time they came; and on the whole gained for himself the name of Hakon the Good. These Danish invasions were a frequent source of trouble to him, but his greatest and continual trouble was that of extirpating heathen idolatry from Norway, and introducing the Christian Evangel in its stead. His transcendent anxiety to achieve this salutary enterprise was all along his grand difficulty and stumbling-block; the heathen opposition to it being also rooted and great. Bishops and priests from England Hakon had, preaching and baptising what they could, but making only slow progress; much too slow for Hakon's zeal. On the other hand, every Yule-tide, when the chief heathen were assembled in his own palace on their grand sacrificial festival, there was great pressure put upon Hakon, as to sprinkling with

horse-blood, drinking Yule-beer, eating horse-flesh, and the other distressing rites; the whole of which Hakon abhorred, and with all his steadfastness strove to reject utterly. Sigurd, Jarl of Lade (Trondhjem), a liberal heathen, not openly a Christian, was ever a wise counsellor and conciliator in such affairs; and proved of great help to Hakon. Once, for example, there having risen, at a Yule-feast, loud, almost stormful demand that Hakon, like a true man and brother, should drink Yule-beer with them in their sacred hightide, Sigurd persuaded him to comply, for peace sake, at least in form. Hakon took the cup in his left hand (excellent *hot beer*), and with his right cut the sign of the cross above it, then drank a draught. "Yes; but what is this with the king's right hand?" cried the company. "Don't you see?" answered shifty Sigurd; "he makes the sign of Thor's hammer before drinking!" which quenched the matter for the time.

Horse-flesh, horse-broth, and the horse-ingredient generally, Hakon all but inexorably declined. By Sigurd's pressing exhortation and entreaty, he did once take a kettle of horse-broth by the handle, with a good deal of linen-quilt or towel interposed, and did open his lips for what of steam could insinuate itself. At another time he consented to a particle of horse-liver, intending privately, I guess, to keep it outside the gullet, and smuggle it away without *swallowing*; but farther than this not even Sigurd could persuade him to go. At the Things held in regard to this matter Hakon's success was always incomplete; now and then it was plain failure, and Hakon had to draw back till a better time. Here is one specimen of the response he got on such an occasion; curious specimen, withal, of antique parliamentary eloquence from an Anti-Christian Thing.

At a Thing of all the Fylkes of Trondhjem, Thing held at Froste in that region, King Hakon, with all the eloquence he had, signified that it was imperatively necessary that all Bonders and sub-Bonders should become Christians, and believe in one God, Christ the Son of Mary; renouncing entirely blood sacrifices and heathen idols; should keep every seventh day holy, abstain from labour that day, and even from food, devoting the day to fasting and sacred meditation. Whereupon, by way of universal answer, arose a confused universal murmur of entire dissent. "Take away from us our old belief, and also our time for labour!" murmured they in angry astonishment; "how can even the land be got tilled in that way?" "We cannot work if we don't get food," said the hand labourers and slaves. "It lies in King Hakon's blood," remarked others; "his father and all his kindred were apt to be stingy about food, though liberal enough with money." At length, one Osbjörn (or Bear of the Asen or Gods, what we now call Osborne), one Osbjörn of Medallinsin Gulathal, stepped forward, and said, in a distinct manner, "We Bonders (=peasant proprietors) thought, King Hakon, when thou heldest thy first Thing-day here in Trondhjem, and we took thee for our king, and received our hereditary lands from thee again, that we had got heaven itself. But now we know not how it is, whether we have won freedom, or whether thou intendest anew to make us slaves, with this wonderful proposal that we should renounce our faith, which our fathers before us have held, and all our ancestors as well, first in the age of burial by burning, and now in that of earth burial; and yet these departed ones were much our superiors, and their faith, too, has brought prosperity to us!

Thee, at the same time, we have loved so much that we raised thee to manage all the laws of the land, and speak as their voice to us all. And even now it is our will and the vote of all Bonders to keep that paction which thou gavest us here on the Thing at Froste, and to maintain thee as king so long as any of us bonders who are here upon the Thing has life left, provided thou, king, wilt go fairly to work, and demand of us only such things as are not impossible. But if thou wilt fix upon this thing with so great obstinacy, and employ force and power, in that case, we Bonders have taken the resolution, all of us, to fall away from thee, and to take for ourselves another head, who will so behave that we may enjoy in freedom the belief which is agreeable to us. Now shalt thou, king, choose one of these two courses before the Thing disperse." 'Whereupon,' adds the Chronicle, 'all the Bonders raised a mighty shout, "Yes, we will have it so, as has been said."' So that Jarl Sigurd had to intervene, and King Hakon to choose for the moment the milder branch of the alternative.<sup>4</sup> At other Things Hakon was more or less successful. All his days, by such methods as there were, he kept pressing forward with this great enterprise, and on the whole did thoroughly shake asunder the old edifice of heathendom, and fairly introduce some foundation for the new and better rule of faith and life among his people. Sigurd, Jarl of Lade, his wise counsellor in all these matters, is also a man worthy of notice.

Hakon's arrangements against the continual invasions of Eric's sons, with Danish Blue-tooth backing them, were manifold, and for a long time successful. He appointed, after consultation and consent in the various Things, so many war-

<sup>4</sup> *Dahlmann* ii. 93.



ships, fully manned and ready, to be furnished instantly on the King's demand by each province or fjord; watchfires, on fit places, from hill to hill all along the coast, were to be carefully set up, carefully maintained in readiness, and kindled on any alarm of war. By such methods Blue-tooth and Co.'s invasions were for a long while triumphantly, and even rapidly, one and all of them, beaten back, till at length they seemed as if intending to cease altogether, and leave Hakon alone of them. But such was not their issue after all. The sons of Eric had only abated under constant discouragement, had not finally left off from what seemed their one great feasibility in life. Gunhild, their mother, was still with them: a most contriving, fierce-minded, irreconcilable woman, diligent and urgent on them, in season and out of season; and as for King Blue-tooth, he was at all times ready to help, with his good-will at least.

That of the alarm-fires on Hakon's part was found troublesome by his people; sometimes it was even hurtful and provoking (lighting your alarm-fires and rousing the whole coast and population, when it was nothing but some paltry viking with a couple of ships); in short, the alarm-signal system fell into disuse, and good King Hakon himself, in the first place, paid the penalty. It is counted, by the latest commentators, to have been about A.D. 961, sixteenth or seventeenth year of Hakon's pious, valiant, and worthy reign. Being at a feast one day, with many guests, on the Island of Stord, sudden announcement came to him that ships from the south were approaching in quantity, and evidently ships of war. This was the biggest of all the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions; and it was fatal to Hakon the Good that night. Eyvind the Skaldaspillir (anni-

hilator of all other Skalds), in his famed *Hakon's Song*, gives account, and, still more pertinently, the always practical Snorro. Danes in great multitude, six to one, as people afterwards computed, springing swiftly to land, and ranking themselves; Hakon, nevertheless, at once deciding not to take to his ships and run, but to fight there, one to six; fighting, accordingly, in his most splendid manner, and at last gloriously prevailing; routing and scattering back to their ships and flight homeward these six-to-one Danes. 'During the struggle of the fight,' says Snorro, 'he was very conspicuous among other men; and while the sun shone, his bright gilded helmet glanced, and thereby many weapons were directed at him. One of his henchmen, Eyvind Finnson (i.e. Skaldaspillir, the poet), took a hat, and put it over the king's helmet. Now, among the hostile first leaders were two uncles of the Eriasons, brothers of Gunhild, great champions both; Skreya, the elder of them, on the disappearance of the glittering helmet, shouted boastfully, "Does the king of the Norsemen hide himself, then, or has he fled? Where now is the golden helmet?" And so saying, Skreya, and his brother Alf with him, pushed on like fools or madmen. The king said, "Come on in that way, and you shall find the king of the Norsemen!" And in a short space of time braggart Skreya did come up, swinging his sword, and made a cut at the king; but Thoralf the Strong, an Icobander, who fought at the king's side, dashed his shield so hard against Skreya, that he tottered with the shock. On the same instant the king takes his sword 'quernbiter' (able to cut *querns* or millstones) with both hands, and hews Skreya through helm and head, cleaving him down to the shoulders. Thoralf also slew Alf. That was what they got by

such over-hasty search for the king of the Norsemen.'<sup>5</sup>

Snorro considers the fall of these two champion uncles as the crisis of the fight; the Danish force being much disheartened by such a sight, and King Hakon now pressing on so hard that all men gave way before him, the battle on the Erierson part became a whirl of recoil; and in a few minutes more a torrent of mere flight and haste to get on board their ships, out to sea again; in which operation many of them were drowned, says Snorro; survivors making instant sail for Denmark in that sad condition.

This seems to have been King Hakon's finest battle, and the most conspicuous of his victories, due not a little to his own grand qualities shown on the occasion. But, alas! it was his last also. He was still zealously directing the chase of that mad Danish flight, or whirl of recoil towards their ships, when an arrow, shot most likely at a venture, hit him under the left armpit; and this proved his death.

He was helped into his ship, and made sail for Alrekstad, where his chief residence in those parts was; but had to stop at a smaller place of his (which had been his mother's, and where he himself was born)—a place called Hella (the Flat Rock), still known as 'Hakon's Hella,' faint from loss of blood and crushed down as he had never before felt. Having no son and only one daughter, he appointed these invasive sons of Eric to be sent for, and if he died to become kings; but to "spare his friends and kindred." "If a longer life be granted me," he said, "I will go out of this land to Christian men, and do penance for what I have committed against God. But if I die in the country of the heathen, let me have such burial as you yourselves think fit-

test." These are his last recorded words. And in heathen fashion he was buried, and besung by Eyvind and the Skalds, though himself a zealously Christian king. Hakon the Good; so one still finds him worthy of being called. The sorrow on Hakon's death, Snorro tells us, was so great and universal, 'that he was lamented both by friends and enemies; and they said that never again would Norway see such a king.'

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### HARALD GREY-FELL AND BROTHERS.<sup>6</sup>

ERIC's sons, four or five of them, with a Harald at the top, now at once got Norway in hand, all of it but Trondhjem, as king and under-kings, and made a severe time of it for those who had been, or seemed to be, their enemies. Excellent Jarl Sigurd, always so useful to Hakon and his country, was killed by them; and they came to repent that before very long. The slain Sigurd left a son, Hakon, as Jarl, who became famous in the northern world by and by. This Hakon, and him only, would the Trondhjemers accept as sovereign. "Death to him, then," said the sons of Eric, but only in secret, till they had got their hands free and were ready; which was not yet for some years. Nay, Hakon, when actually attacked, made good resistance, and threatened to cause trouble. Nor did he by any means get his death from these sons of Eric at this time, or till long afterwards at all, from one of their kin, as it chanced. On the contrary, he fled to Denmark now, and by and by managed to come back, to their cost.

Among their other chief victims were two cousins of their own, Tryggve and Gudröd, who had been honest under-kings to the late head-king, Hakon the Good; but

<sup>5</sup> *Lamg's Snorro*, i. 344.

were now become suspect, and had to fight for their lives, and lose them in a tragic manner. Tryggve had a son, whom we shall hear of. Gudröd, son of worthy Bjorn the Chapman, was grandfather of Saint Olaf, whom all men have heard of,—who has a church in Southwark even, and another in Old Jewry, to this hour. In all these violences, Gunbild, widow of the late king Eric, was understood to have a principal hand. She had come back to Norway with her sons; and naturally passed for the secret adviser and Maternal President in whatever of violence went on; always reckoned a fell, vehement, relentless personage where her own interests were concerned. Probably as things settled, her influence on affairs grew less. At least one hopes so; and, in the Sagas, hears less and less of her, and before long nothing.

Harald, the head-king in this Eric fraternity, does not seem to have been a bad man,—the contrary indeed; but his position was untowardly, full of difficulty and contradictions. Whatever Harald could accomplish for behoof of Christianity, or real benefit to Norway, in these cross circumstances, he seems to have done in a modest and honest manner. He got the name of *Greyfell* from his people on a very trivial account, but seemingly with perfect good humour on their part. Some Iceland trader had brought a cargo of furs to Trondhjem (Lade) for sale; sale being slacker than the Iclander wished, he presented a chosen specimen, cloak, doublet, or whatever it was, to Harald, who wore it with acceptance in public, and rapidly brought disposal of the Iclander's stock, and the surname of *Greyfell* to himself. His under-kings and he were certainly not popular, though I almost think Greyfell himself, in absence of his mother and the under-kings, might have been so.

But here they all were, and had wrought great trouble in Norway. "Too many of them," said everybody; "too many of these courts and court people, eating up any substance that there is!" For the seasons withal, two or three of them in succession, were bad for grass, much more for grain; no *herring* came either; very cleanness of teeth was like to come in Eyvind Skaldaspillir's opinion. This scarcity became at last their share of the great Famine of A.D. 975, which desolated Western Europe (see the poem in the Saxon Chronicle). And all this by Eyvind Skaldaspillir, and the heathen Norse in general, was ascribed to anger of the heathen gods. Discontent in Norway, and especially in Eyvind Skaldaspillir, seems to have been very great.

Whercupon exile Hakon, Jarl Sigurd's son, bestirs himself in Denmark, backed by old King Blue-tooth, and begins invading and encroaching in a miscellaneous way; especially intriguing and contriving plots all round him. An unfathomably cunning kind of fellow, as well as an audacious and strong-handed! Intriguing in Trondhjem, where he gets the under-king, Greyfell's brother, fallen upon and murdered; intriguing with Gold Harald, a distinguished cousin or nephew of King Blue-tooth's, who had done fine viking work, and gained such wealth that he got the epithet of 'Gold,' and who now was infinitely desirous of a share in Blue-tooth's kingdom, as the proper finish to these sea-rovings. He even ventured one day to make publicly a distinct proposal that way to King Harald Blue-tooth himself; who flew into thunder and lightning at the mere mention of it; so that none durst speak to him for several days afterwards. Of both these Haralds Hakon was confidential friend; and needed all his skill to walk without immediate annihilation between such a pair of dragons, and work out Norway for

himself withal. In the end he found he must take solidly to Blue-tooth's side of the question; and that they two must provide a recipe for Gold Harald and Norway both at once.

"It is as much as your life is worth to speak again of sharing this Danish kingdom," said Hakon very privately to Gold Harald; "but could not you, my golden friend, be content with Norway for a kingdom, if one helped you to it?"

"That could I well," answered Harald.

"Then keep me those nine warships you have just been rigging for a new viking cruise; have these in readiness when I lift my finger!"

That was the recipe contrived for Gold Harald: recipe for King Greyfell goes into the same phial, and is also ready.

Hitherto the Hakon-Blue-tooth disturbances in Norway had amounted to but little. King Greyfell, a very active and valiant man, has constantly, without much difficulty, repelled these sporadic bits of troubles; but Greyfell, all the same, would willingly have peace with dangerous old Blue-tooth (ever anxious to get his clutches over Norway on any terms), if peace with him could be had. Blue-tooth, too, professes every willingness; inveigles Greyfell, he and Hakon do, to have a friendly meeting on the Danish borders, and not only settle all these quarrels, but generously settle Greyfell in certain fiefs which he claimed in Denmark itself; and so swear everlasting friendship. Greyfell joyfully complies, punctually appears at the appointed day in Lymfjord Sound, the appointed place. Whereupon Hakon gives signal to Gold Harald, 'To Lymfjord with these nine ships of yours, swift!' Gold Harald flies to Lymfjord with his ships, challenges King Harald Greyfell to land and fight; which the undaunted

Greyfell, though so far outnumbered, does; and, fighting his very best, perishes there, he and almost all his people. Which done, Jarl Hakon, who is in readiness, attacks Gold Harald, the victorious but the wearied; easily beats Gold Harald, takes him prisoner, and instantly hangs and ends him, to the huge joy of King Blue-tooth and Hakon, who now make instant voyage to Norway; drive all the brother underkings into rapid flight to the Orkneys, to any readiest shelter; and so, under the patronage of Blue-tooth, Hakon, with the title of Jarl, becomes ruler of Norway. This foul treachery done on the brave and honest Harald Greyfell is by some dated about A.D. 969, by Munch, 965, by others, computing out of Snorro only, A.D. 975. For there is always an uncertainty in these Icelandic dates (say rather, rare and rude attempts at dating, without even an 'A.D.' or other fixed 'year one' to go upon in Iceland), though seldom, I think, so large a discrepancy as here.

## CHAPTER V.

### HAKON JARL.

HAKON JARL, such the style he took, had engaged to pay some kind of tribute to King Blue-tooth, 'if he could;' but he never did pay any, pleading always the necessity of his own affairs; with which excuse, joined to Hakon's readiness in things less important, King Blue-tooth managed to content himself, Hakon being always his good neighbour, at least, and the two mutually dependent. In Norway, Hakon, without the title of king, did in a strong-handed, steadfast, and at length successful way, the office of one; governed Norway (some count) for above twenty years; and, both at home and abroad, had much consideration through most of that time; specially amongst the heathen orthodox, for Hakon Jarl



himself was a zealous heathen, fixed in his mind against these chimerical Christian innovations and unsalutary changes of creed, and would have gladly trampled out all traces of what the last two kings (for Greyfell, also, was an English Christian after his sort) had done in this respect. But he wisely discerned that it was not possible, and that, for peace sake, he must not even attempt it, but must strike preferably into 'perfect toleration,' and that of 'every one getting to heaven' (or even to the other goal) 'in his own way.' He himself, it is well known, repaired many heathen temples (a great 'church builder' in his way!), manufactured many splendid idols, with much gilding and such artistic ornament as there was—in particular, one huge image of Thor, not forgetting the hammer and appendages, and such a collar (supposed of solid gold, which it was not quite, as we shall hear in time) round the neck of him as was never seen in all the North. How he did his own Yule festivals, with what magnificent solemnity, the horse-eatings, blood-sprinklings, and other sacred rites, need not be told. Something of a 'Ritualist,' one may perceive; perhaps had Scandinavian Puseyisms in him, and other desperate heathen notions. He was universally believed to have gone into magic for one thing, and to have dangerous potencies derived from the Devil himself. The dark heathen mind of him struggling vehemently in that strange element, not altogether so unlike our own in some points.

For the rest, he was evidently, in practical matters, a man of sharp, clear insight, of steadfast resolution, diligence, promptitude; and managed his secular matters uncommonly well. Had sixteen Jarls under him, though himself only Hakon Jarl by title; and got obedience from them stricter than any

king since Haarfagr had done. Add to which that the country had years excellent for grass and crop, and that the herrings came in exuberance; tokens, to the thinking mind, that Hakon Jarl was a favourite of Heaven.

His fight with the far-famed Jom's vikings was his grandest exploit in public rumour. Jomsburg, a locality not now known, except that it was near the mouth of the River Oder, denoted in those ages the impregnable castle of a certain body corporate, or 'Sea Robbery Association (limited),' which, for some generations, held the Baltic in terror, and plundered far beyond the Belt,—in the ocean itself, in Flanders and the opulent trading havens there,—above all, in opulent anarchic England, which, for forty years from about this time, was the pirates' Goshen; and yielded, regularly every summer, slaves, danegelt, and miscellaneous plunder, like no other country Jomsburg or the viking-world had ever known. *Palnatoke*, Bue, and the other quasi-heroic heads of this establishment are still remembered in the northern parts. *Palnatoke* is the title of a tragedy by Oehlenschläger, which had its run of immortality in Copenhagen some sixty or seventy years ago.

I judge the institution to have been in its floweriest state, probably now in Hakon Jarl's time. Hakon Jarl and these pirates, robbing Hakon's subjects and merchants that frequented him, were naturally in quarrel; and frequent fightings had fallen out, not generally to the profit of the Jomsburgers, who at last determined on revenge, and the rooting out of this obstructive Hakon Jarl. They assembled in force at the Cape of Stad,—in the Firda Fylke; and the fight was dreadful in the extreme, noise of it filling all the north for long afterwards. Hakon, fighting like a lion, could scarcely hold his own,

—Death or Victory, the word on both sides; when suddenly, the heavens grew black, and there broke out a terrific storm of thunder and hail, appalling to the human mind,—universe swallowed wholly in black night; only the momentary forked-blazes, the thunder-pealing as of Ragnarök, and the battering hail-torrents, hail-stones about the size of an egg. Thor with his hammer evidently acting; but in behalf of whom? The Jomsburgers in the hideous darkness, broken only by flashing thunderbolts, had a dismal apprehension that it was probably not on their behalf (Thor having a sense of justice in him); and before the storm ended, thirty-five of their seventy ships sheered away, leaving gallant Bue, with thirty-five ships, to follow as they liked, who reproachfully hailed these fugitives, and continued the now hopeless battle. Bue's nose and lips were smashed or cut away; Bue managed, half-articulate, to exclaim, "Ha! the maids ('mays') of Denmark will never kiss me more. Overboard, all ye Bue's men!" And taking his two sea-chests, with all the gold he had gained in such life-struggle from of old, sprang overboard accordingly, and finished the affair. Hakon Jarl's renown rose naturally to the transcendent pitch after this exploit. His people, I suppose chiefly the Christian part of them, whispered one to another, with a shudder, 'That in the blackest of the thunderstorm, he had taken his youngest little boy, and made away with him; sacrificed him to Thor or some devil, and gained his victory by art-magic, or something worse.' Jarl Eric, Hakon's eldest son, without suspicion of art-magic, but already a distinguished viking, became thrice distinguished by his style of sea-fighting in this battle; and awakened great expectations in the viking public; of him we shall hear again.

The Jomsburgers, one might fancy, after this sad clap went visibly down in the world; but the fact is not altogether so. Old King Blue-tooth was now dead, died of a wound got in battle with his *unnatural* (so-called 'natural') son and successor, Otto Svein of the Forked Beard, afterwards king and conqueror of England for a little while; and seldom, perhaps never, had vikingism been in such flower as now. This man's name is Sven in Swedish, Svend in German, and means *boy* or *lad*—the English 'swain.' It was at old 'Father Blue-tooth's funeral-ale' (drunken burial-feast), that Svein, carousing with his Jomsburg chiefs and other choice spirits, generally of the robber class, all risen into height of highest robber enthusiasm, pledged the vow to one another; Svein that he would conquer England (which, in a sense, he, after long struggling, did); and the Jomsburgers that they would ruin and root out Hakon Jarl (which they could by no means do), and other guests other foolish things which proved equally unfeasible. Sea-robber volunteers so especially abounding in that time, one perceives how easily the Jomsburgers could recruit themselves, build or refit new robber fleets, man them with the pick of crews, and steer for opulent, fruitful England; where, under Ethelred the Unready, was such a field for profitable enterprise as the viking public never had before or since.

An idle question sometimes rises on me—idle enough, for it never can be answered in the affirmative or the negative, Whether it was not these same refitted Jomsburgers who appeared some while after this at Red Head Point, on the shore of Angus, and sustained a new severe beating, in what the Scotch still faintly remember as their 'Battle of Loncarty'? Beyond doubt a powerful Norse-pirate

armament dropt anchor at the Red Head, to the alarm of peaceable mortals, about that time. It was thought and hoped to be on its way for England, but it visibly hung on for several days, deliberating (as was thought) whether they would do this poorer coast the honour to land on it before going farther. Did land, and vigorously plunder and burn south-westward as far as Perth; laid siege to Perth; but brought out King Kenneth on them, and produced that 'Battle of Luncarty' which still dwells in vague memory among the Scots. Perhaps it might be the Jomsburgers; perhaps also not; for there were many pirate associations, lasting not from century to century like the Jomsburgers, but only for very limited periods, or from year to year; indeed, it was mainly by such that the splendid thief-harvest of England was reaped in this disastrous time. No Scottish chronicler gives the least of exact date to their famed victory of Luncarty, only that it was achieved by Kenneth III., which will mean sometime between A.D. 975 and 994; and, by the order they put it in, probably soon after A.D. 975, or the beginning of this Kenneth's reign. Buchanan's narrative, carefully distilled from all the ancient Scottish sources, is of admirable quality for style and otherwise; quiet, brief, with perfect clearness, perfect credibility even,—except that semi-miraculous appendage of the Ploughmen, Hay and Sons, always hanging to the tail of it; the grain of possible truth in which can now never be extracted by man's art!<sup>6</sup> In brief, what we know is, fragments of ancient human bones and armour have occasionally been ploughed up in this locality, proof-positive of ancient fighting here; and the fight fell out not long after Hakon's beating of the Jomsburgers at the

Cape of Stad. And in such dim glimmer of wavering twilight, the question whether these of Luncarty were refitted Jomsburgers or not, must be left hanging. Luncarty is now the biggest bleachfield in Queen Victoria's dominions; no village or hamlet there, only three huge bleaching-houses and a beautiful field, some six or seven miles north-west of Perth, bordered by the beautiful Tay river on the one side, and by its beautiful tributary Almond on the other; a Luncarty fitted either for bleaching linen, or for a bit of fair duel between nations, in those simple times. Whether our refitted Jomsburgers had the least thing to do with it is only matter of fancy, but if it were they who here again got a good beating, fancy would be glad to find herself fact. The old piratical kings of Denmark had been at the founding of Jomsburg, and to Svein of the Forked Beard it was still vitally important, but not so to the great Knut, or any king that followed; all of whom had better business than mere thieving; and it was Magnus the Good, of Norway, a man of still higher anti-anarchic qualities, that annihilated it, about a century later.

Hakon Jarl, his chief labours in the world being over, is said to have become very dissolute in his elder days, especially in the matter of women; the wretched old fool, led away by idleness and fulness of bread, which to all of us are well said to be the parents of mischief. Having absolute power, he got into the habit of openly plundering men's pretty daughters and wives from them, and, after a few weeks, sending them back; greatly to the rage of the fierce Norse heart, had there been any means of resisting or revenging. It did, after a little while, prove the ruin and destruction of Hakon the Rich, as he was then called. It opened the

<sup>6</sup> G. Buchanan's *Opera Omnia*, i. 103-4 (Curante Ruddimano, Edinburgi 1715).

door, namely, for entry of Olaf Tryggveson upon the scene,—a very much grander man; in regard to whom the wiles and traps of Hakon proved to be a recipe, not on Tryggveson, but on the wily Hakon himself, as shall now be seen straightway.

## CHAPTER VI.

## OLAF TRYGGVESON.

HAKON, in late times, had heard of a famous stirring person, victorious in various lands and seas, latterly united in sea-robbery with Svein, Prince Royal of Denmark, afterwards King Svein of the Double-beard (*'Zrae Skiaeg,' Twa Shag*) or fork-beard, both of whom had already done transcendent feats in the viking way during this copartnery. The fame of Svein, and this stirring personage, whose name was 'Ole,' and, recently, their stupendous feats in plunder of England, siege of London, and other wonders and splendours of viking glory and success, had gone over all the north, awakening the attention of Hakon and everybody there. The name of 'Ole' was enigmatic, mysterious, and even dangerous-looking to Hakon Jarl, who at length sent out a confidential spy to investigate this 'Ole,'—a feat which the confidential spy did completely accomplish—by no means to Hakon's profit! The mysterious 'Ole' proved to be no other than *Olaf*, son of Tryggve, destined to blow Hakon Jarl suddenly into destruction, and become famous among the heroes of the Norse world.

Of Olaf Tryggveson one always hopes there might, one day, some real outline of a biography be written; fished from the abysses where (as usual) it welters deep in foul neighbourhood for the present. Farther on we intend a few words more upon the matter. But in this place all that concerns us in it limits itself to the two following

facts: first, that Hakon's confidential spy 'found Ole in Dublin'; picked acquaintance with him, got him to confess that he was actually Olaf, son of Tryggve (the Tryggve, whom Blood-axe's fierce widow and her sons had murdered); got him gradually to own that perhaps an expedition into Norway might have its chances; and finally that, under such a wise and loyal guidance as his (the confidential spy's, whose friendship for Tryggveson was so indubitable), he (Tryggveson) would actually try it upon Hakon Jarl, the dissolute old scoundrel. Fact second is, that about the time they two set sail from Dublin on their Norway expedition, Hakon Jarl removed to Trondhjem, then called Lade; intending to pass some months there.

Now just about the time when Tryggveson, spy, and party had landed in Norway, and were advancing upon Lade, with what support from the public could be got, dissolute old Hakon Jarl had heard of one Gudrun, a Bonder's wife, unparalleled in beauty, who was called in those parts, 'Sunshine of the Grove' (so inexpressibly lovely); and sent off a couple of thralls to bring her to him. "Never," answered Gudrun; "never," her indignant husband; in a tone dangerous and displeasing to these Court thralls; who had to leave rapidly, but threatened to return in better strength before long. Whereupon, instantly, the indignant Bonder and his Sunshine of the Grove sent out their war-arrow, rousing all the country into angry promptitude, and more than one perhaps into greedy hope of revenge for their own injuries. The rest of Hakon's history now rushes on with extreme rapidity.

Sunshine of the Grove, when next demanded of her Bonder, has the whole neighbourhood assembled in arms round her; rumour of Tryggveson is fast making it the whole country. Hakon's insolent



messengers are cut in pieces; Hakon finds he cannot fly under cover too soon. With a single slave he flies that same night;—but whitherward? Can think of no safe place, except to some old mistress of his, who lives retired in that neighbourhood, and has some pity or regard for the wicked old Hakon. Old mistress does receive him, pities him, will do all she can to protect and hide him. But how, by what uttermost stretch of female artifice hide him here; everyone will search here first of all! Old mistress, by the slave's help, extemporises a cellar under the floor of her pig-house; sticks Hakon and slave into that, as the one safe seclusion she can contrive. Hakon and slave, begrunted by the pigs above them, tortured by the devils within and about them, passed two days in circumstances more and more horrible. For they heard, through their light-slit and breathing-slit, the triumphs of Tryggveson proclaiming itself by Tryggveson's own lips, who had mounted a big boulder near by and was victoriously speaking to the people, winding up with a promise of honours and rewards to whoever should bring him wicked old Hakon's head. Wretched Hakon, justly suspecting his slave, tried to at least keep himself awake. Slave did keep himself awake till Hakon dozed or slept, then swiftly cut off Hakon's head, and plunged out with it to the presence of Tryggveson. Tryggveson, detesting the traitor, useful as the treachery was, cut off the slave's head too, had it hung up along with Hakon's on the pinnacle of the Lade Gallows, where the populace pelted both heads with stones and many curses, especially the more important of the two. 'Hakon the Bad' ever henceforth, instead of Hakon the Rich.

This was the end of Hakon Jarl, the last support of heathenry in Norway, among other character-

istics he had: a strong-handed, hard-headed, very relentless, greedy and wicked being. He is reckoned to have ruled in Norway, or mainly ruled, either in the struggling or triumphant state, for about thirty years (965-95?). He and his seem to have formed, by chance rather than design, the chief opposition which the Haarfagr posterity throughout its whole course experienced in Norway. Such the cost to them of killing good Jarl Sigurd, in Greyfell's time! For 'curses, like chickens,' do sometimes visibly 'come home to feed,' as they always, either visibly or else invisibly, are punctually sure to do.

Hakon Jarl is considerably connected with the *Farver Saga*; often mentioned there, and comes out perfectly in character; an altogether worldly-wise man of the roughest type, not without a turn for practicality of kindness to those who would really be of use to him. His tendencies to magic also are not forgotten.

Hakon left two sons, Eric and Svein, often also mentioned in this Saga. On their father's death they fled to Sweden, to Denmark, and were busy stirring up troubles in those countries against Olaf Tryggveson; till at length, by a favourable combination, under their auspices chiefly, they got his brief and noble reign put an end to. Nay, furthermore, Jarl Eric left sons, especially an elder son, named also Eric, who proved a sore affliction, and a continual stone of stumbling to a new generation of Haarfagrs, and so continued the curse of Sigurd's murder upon them.

Towards the end of this Hakon's reign it was that the discovery of America took place (985). Actual discovery, it appears, by Eric the Red, an Icclander; concerning which there has been abundant investigation and discussion in our time. *Ginnungagap* (Roaring

Abyss) is thought to be the mouth of Behring's Straits in Baffin's Bay; *Big Helloland*, the coast from Cape Walsingham to near Newfoundland; *Little Helloland*, Newfoundland itself. *Markland* was Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Southward thence to Chesapeake Bay was called *Wine Land* (wild grapes still grow in Rhode Island, and more luxuriantly further south). *White Man's Land*, called also *Great Ireland*, is supposed to mean the two Carolinas, down to the Southern Cape of Florida. In Dahlmann's opinion, the Irish themselves might even pretend to have probably been the first discoverers of America; they had evidently got to Iceland itself before the Norse exiles found it out. It appears to be certain that, from the end of the tenth century to the early part of the fourteenth, there was a dim knowledge of those distant shores extant in the Norse mind, and even some straggling series of visits thither by roving Norsemen; though, as only danger, difficulty, and no profit resulted, the visits ceased, and the whole matter sank into oblivion, and, but for the Icelandic talent of writing in the long winter nights, would never have been heard of by posterity at all.

## CHAPTER VII.

### REIGN OF OLAF TRYGGVESON.

OLAF TRYGGVESON (A.D. 995-1000) also makes a great figure in the *Faroer Saga*, and recounts there his early troubles, which were strange and many. He is still reckoned a grand hero of the North, though his *vates* now is only Snorro Sturrluson of Iceland. Tryggveson had indeed many adventures in the world. His poor mother, Astrid, was obliged to fly with him, on murder of her husband by Gunhild—to fly for life, three months before her little Olaf was born. She lay

concealed in reedy island, fled through trackless forests, reached her father's with the little baby in her arms, and lay deep-hidden there, tended only by her father himself; Gunhild's pursuit being so incessant, and keen as with sleuth-hounds. Poor Astrid had to fly again deviously to Sweden, to Esthland (Esthonia), to Russia. In Esthland she was sold as a slave, quite parted from her boy, who also was sold, and again sold; but did at last fall in with a kinsman high in the Russian service; did from him find redemption and help, and so rose, in a distinguished manner, to manhood, victorious self-help, and recovery of his kingdom at last. He even met his mother again, he as king of Norway, she as one wonderfully lifted out of darkness into new life, and happiness still in store.

Grown to manhood, Tryggveson, now become acquainted with his birth, and with his, alas! hopeless claims, left Russia for the one profession open to him, that of sea-robbery; and did feats without number in that questionable line in many seas and scenes—in England latterly, and most conspicuously of all. In one of his courses thither, after long labours in the Hebrides, Man, Wales, and down the western shores to the very Land's End and farther, he paused at the Scilly Islands for a little while. He was told of a wonderful Christian hermit living strangely in these sea-solitudes; had the curiosity to seek him out, examine, question, and discourse with him; and, after some reflection, accepted Christian baptism from the venerable man. In *Snorro* the story is involved in miracle, rumour, and fable; but the fact itself seems certain, and is very interesting; the great, wild, noble soul of fierce Olaf opening to this wonderful gospel of tidings from beyond the world, tidings which infinitely transcended all else

he had ever heard or dreamt of! It seems certain he was baptised here; date not fixable; shortly before poor heart-broken Dunstan's death, or shortly after; most English churches, monasteries especially, lying burnt, under continual visitation of the Danes. Olaf, such baptism notwithstanding, did not quit his viking profession: indeed, what other was there for him in the world as yet?

We mentioned his occasional copartneries with Svein of the Double-beard, now become King of Denmark, but the greatest of these, and the alone interesting at this time, is their joint invasion of England, and Tryggveson's exploits and fortunes there some years after that adventure of baptism in the Scilly Isles. Svein and he 'were above a year in England together,' this time: they steered up the Thames with three hundred ships and many fighters; siege, or at least furious assault, of London was their first or main enterprise, but it did not succeed. The *Saxon Chronicle* gives date to it, A.D. 994, and names expressly, as Svein's co-partner, 'Olaus, king of Norway,'—which he was as yet far from being; but in regard to the Year of Grace the *Saxon Chronicle* is to be held indisputable, and, indeed, has the field to itself in this matter. Famed Olaf Tryggveson, seen visibly at the siege of London, year 994, it throws a kind of momentary light to us over that disastrous whirlpool of miseries and confusions, all dark and painful to the fancy otherwise! This big voyage and furious siege of London is Svein Double-beard's first real attempt to fulfil that vow of his at Father Blue-tooth's 'funeral ale,' and conquer England,—which it is a pity he could not yet do. Had London now fallen to him, it is pretty evident all England must have followed, and poor England, with Svein as king over it,

been delivered from immeasurable woes, which had to last some two and twenty years farther, before this result could be arrived at. But finding London impregnable for the moment (no ship able to get athwart the bridge, and many Danes perishing in the attempt to do it by swimming), Svein and Olaf turned to other enterprises; all England in a manner lying open to them, turn which way they liked. They burnt and plundered over Kent, over Hampshire, Sussex; they stormed far and wide; world lying all before them where to choose. Wretched Ethelred, as the one invention he could fall upon, offered them Danegelt (16,000*l.* of silver this year, but it rose in other years as high as 48,000*l.*); the desperate Ethelred, a clear method of quenching fire by pouring oil on it! Svein and Olaf accepted; withdrew to Southampton,—Olaf at least did,—till the money was got ready. Strange to think of, fierce Svein of the Double-beard, and conquest of England by him; this had at last become the one salutary result which remained for that distracted, down-trodden, now utterly chaotic and anarchic country. A conquering Svein, followed by an ably and earnestly administrative, as well as conquering, Knut (whom Dahlmann compares to Charlemagne), were thus by the mysterious destinies appointed the effective saviours of England.

Tryggveson, on this occasion, was a good while at Southampton; and roamed extensively about, easily victorious over everything, if resistance were attempted; but finding little or none; and acting now in a peaceable or even friendly capacity. In the Southampton country he came in contact with the then Bishop of Winchester, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, excellent Elphegus, still dimly decipherable to us as a man of great natural discernment, piety,

and inborn veracity; a hero-soul, probably of real brotherhood with Olaf's own. He even made court visits to King Ethelred; one visit to him at Andover of a very serious nature. By Elphegus, as we can discover, he was introduced into the real depths of the Christian faith. Elphegus, with due solemnity of apparatus, in presence of the king, at Andover, baptised Olaf anew, and to him Olaf engaged that he would never plunder in England any more; which promise, too, he kept. In fact, not long after, Svein's conquest of England being in an evidently forward state, Tryggveson (having made, withal, a great English or Irish marriage, —a dowager princess, who had voluntarily fallen in love with him, —see *Snorro* for this fine romantic fact!) mainly resided in our island for two or three years, or else in Dublin, in the precincts of the Danish Court there in the Sister Isle. Accordingly it was in Dublin, as above noted, that Hakon's spy found him; and from the Liffey that his squadron sailed, through the Hebrides, through the Orkneys, plundering and baptising in their strange way, towards such success as we have seen.

Tryggveson made a stout, and, in effect, victorious and glorious struggle for himself as king. Daily and hourly vigilant to do so, often enough by soft and even merry methods,—for he was a witty, jocund man, and had a fine ringing laugh in him, and clear pregnant words ever ready,—or if soft methods would not serve, then by hard and even hardest he put down a great deal of miscellaneous anarchy in Norway; was especially busy against heathenism (devil-worship and its rites): this, indeed, may be called the focus and heart of all his royal endeavour in Norway, and of all the troubles he now had with his people there. For this was a serious, vital, all-comprehending matter;

devil-worship, a thing not to be tolerated one moment longer than you could by any method help! Olaf's success was intermittent, of varying complexion; but his effort, swift or slow, was strong and continual; and on the whole he did succeed. Take a sample or two of that wonderful conversion process:

At one of his first Things he found the Bonders all assembled in arms; resolute to the death seemingly, against his proposal and him. Tryggveson said little; waited impassive, "What your reasons are, good men?" One zealous Bonder started up in passionate parliamentary eloquence; but after a sentence or two, broke down; one, and then another, and still another, and remained all three staring in open-mouthed silence there! The peasant-proprietors accepted the phenomenon as ludicrous, perhaps partly as miraculous withal, and consented to baptism this time.

On another occasion of a Thing, which had assembled near some heathen temple to meet him,—temple where Hakon Jarl had done much repairing, and set up many idol figures and sumptuous ornaments, regardless of expense, especially a very big and splendid Thor, with massive gold collar round the neck of him, not the like of it in Norway,—King Tryggveson was clamorously invited by the Bonders to step in there, enlighten his eyes, and partake of the sacred rites. Instead of which he rushed into the temple with his armed men; smashed down, with his own battle-axe, the god Thor, prostrate on the floor at one stroke, to set an example; and, in a few minutes, had the whole Hakon Pantheon wrecked; packing up meanwhile all the gold and precious things accumulated there (not forgetting Thor's illustrious gold collar, of which we shall hear again), and victoriously took the plunder home with him for his own royal uses and behoof of the state.



In other cases, though a friend to strong measures, he had to hold in, and await the favourable moment. Thus once, in beginning a parliamentary address, so soon as he came to touch upon Christianity, the Bonders rose in murmurs, in vociferations and jingling of arms, which quite drowned the royal voice; declared, They had taken arms against king Hakon the Good to compel him to desist from his Christian proposals; and they did not think king Olaf a higher man than him (Hakon the Good). The king then said, 'He purposed coming to them next Yule to their great sacrificial feast, to see for himself what their customs were,' which pacified the Bonders for this time. The appointed place of meeting was again a Hakon-Jarl Temple, not yet done to ruin; chief shrine in those Trondhjem parts. I believe: there should Tryggveson appear at Yule. Well, but before Yule came, Tryggveson made a great banquet in his palace at Trondhjem, and invited far and wide, all manner of important persons out of the district as guests there. Banquet hardly done, Tryggveson gave some slight signal, upon which armed men strode in, seized eleven of these principal persons, and the king said: 'Since he himself was to become a heathen again, and do sacrifice, it was his purpose to do it in the highest form, namely, that of Human Sacrifice; and this time not of slaves and malefactors, but of the best men in the country!' In which stringent circumstances the eleven seized persons, and company at large, gave unanimous consent to baptism; straightway received the same, and abjured their idols; but were not permitted to go home till they had left, in sons, brothers, and other precious relatives, sufficient hostages in the king's hands.

By unwearied industry of this and better kinds, Tryggveson had

trampled down idolatry, so far as form went,—how far in substance may be greatly doubted. But it is to be remembered withal, that always on the back of these compulsory adventures there followed English bishops, priests and preachers; whereby to the open-minded, conviction, to all degrees of it, was attainable, while silence and passivity became the duty or necessity of the unconvinced party.

In about two years Norway was all gone over with a rough harrow of conversion. Heathenism at least constrained to be silent and outwardly conformable. Tryggveson next turned his attention to Iceland, sent one Thangbrand, priest from Saxony, of wonderful qualities, military as well as theological, to try and convert Iceland. Thangbrand made a few converts; for Olaf had already many estimable Iceland friends, whom he liked much, and was much liked by; and conversion was the ready road to his favour. Thangbrand, I find, lodged with Hall of Sida (familiar acquaintance of 'Burnt Njal,' whose Saga has its admirers among us even now). Thangbrand converted Hall and one or two other leading men; but in general he was reckoned quarrelsome and blustering rather than eloquent and piously convincing. Two skalds of repute made biting lampoons upon Thangbrand, whom Thangbrand, by two opportunities that offered, cut down and did to death because of their skaldic quality. Another he killed with his own hand, I know not for what reason. In brief, after about a year, Thangbrand returned to Norway and king Olaf, declaring the Icelanders to be a perverse, satirical, and inconvertible people, having himself, the record says, been 'the death of three men there.' King Olaf was in high rage at this result; but was persuaded by the Icelanders about him to try farther, and by a milder instrument. He accordingly

chose one Thormod, a pious, patient, and kindly man, who, within the next year or so, did actually accomplish the matter; namely, get Christianity, by open vote, declared at Thingvalla by the general Thing of Iceland there; the roar of a volcanic eruption at the right moment rather helping the conclusion, if I recollect. Whereupon Olaf's joy was no doubt great.

One general result of these successful operations was the discontent, to all manner of degrees, on the part of many Norse individuals, against this glorious and victorious, but peremptory and terrible king of theirs. Tryggveson, I fancy, did not much regard all that; a man of joyful, cheery temper, habitually contemptuous of danger. Another trivial misfortune that befel in these conversion operations, and became important to him, he did not even know of, and would have much despised if he had. It was this: Sigrid, queen dowager of Sweden, thought to be amongst the most shining women of the world, was also known for one of the most imperious, revengeful, and relentless, and had got for herself the name of Sigrid the Proud. In her high widowhood she had naturally many wooers; but treated them in a manner unexampled. Two of her suitors, a simultaneous Two, were, King Harald Grænske (a cousin of King Tryggveson's, and kind of king in some district, by sufferance of the late Hakon's),—this luckless Grænske and the then Russian Sovereign as well, name not worth mentioning, were zealous suitors of Queen Dowager Sigrid, and were perversely slow to accept the negative, which in her heart was inexorable for both, though the expression of it could not be quite so emphatic. By ill-luck for them they came once,—from the far West, Grænske; from the far East, the Russian;—and arrived both toge-

ther at Sigrid's court, to prosecute their importunate, and to her odious and tiresome suit; much, how very much, to her impatience and disdain. She lodged them both in some old mansion, which she had contiguous, and got compendiously furnished for them; and there, I know not whether on the first or on the second, or on what following night, this unparalleled Queen Sigrid had the house surrounded, set on fire, and the two suitors and their people burnt to ashes! No more of bother from these two at least! This appears to be a fact; and it could not be unknown to Tryggveson.

In spite of which, however, there went from Tryggveson, who was now a widower, some incipient marriage proposals to this proud widow; by whom they were favourably received; as from the brightest man in all the world, they might seem worth being. Now, in one of these anti-heathen onslaughts of King Olaf's on the idol temples of Hakon—(I think it was that case where Olaf's own battle-axe struck down the monstrous refulgent Thor, and conquered an immense gold ring from the neck of him, or from the door of his temple),—a huge gold ring, at any rate, had come into Olaf's hands; and this he be-thought him might be a pretty present to Queen Sigrid, the now favourable, though the proud. Sigrid received the ring with joy; fancied what a collar it would make for her own fair neck; but noticed that her two goldsmiths, weighing it on their fingers, exchanged a glance. "What is that?" exclaimed Queen Sigrid. "Nothing," answered they, or endeavoured to answer, dreading mischief. But Sigrid compelled them to break open the ring; and there was found, all along the inside of it, an occult ring of copper, not a heart of gold at all! "Ha," said the proud Queen, flinging it away, "he that could deceive in this mat-

ter can deceive in many others!' And was in hot wrath with Olaf; though, by degrees, again she took milder thoughts.

Milder thoughts, we say; and consented to a meeting next autumn, at some half-way station, where their great business might be brought to a happy settlement and betrothment. Both Olaf Tryggveson and the high dowager appear to have been tolerably of willing mind at this meeting; but Olaf interposed, what was always one condition with him, "Thou must consent to baptism, and give up thy idol-gods." "They are the gods of all my forefathers," answered the lady, "choose thou what gods thou pleasest, but leave me mine." Whereupon an altercation; and Tryggveson, as was his wont, towered up into shining wrath, and exclaimed at last, "Why should I care about thee then, old faded heathen creature?" And impatiently wagging his glove, hit her, or slightly switched her, on the face with it, and contemptuously turning away, walked out of the adventure. "This is a feat that may cost thee dear one day," said Sigrid. And in the end it came to do so, little as the magnificent Olaf deigned to think of it at the moment.

One of the last scuffles I remember of Olaf's having with his refractory heathens, was at a Thing in Hordaland or Rogaland, far in the North, where the chief opposition hero was one Jaernskaegg, ('ironbeard,' *Scottice* 'Airn-shag', as it were!). Here again was a grand heathen temple, Hakon Jarl's building, with a splendid Thor in it and much idol furniture. The king stated what was his constant wish here as elsewhere, but had no sooner entered upon the subject of Christianity than universal murmur, rising into clangour and violent dissent, interrupted him, and Ironbeard took up the discourse in reply. Ironbeard did not break

down; on the contrary, he, with great brevity, emphasis, and clearness, signified "that the proposal to reject their old gods was in the highest degree unacceptable to this Thing; that it was contrary to bargain, withal; so that if it were insisted on, they would have to fight with the king about it; and in fact were now ready to do so." In reply to this, Olaf, without word uttered; but merely with some signal to the trusty armed men he had with him, rushed off to the temple close at hand; burst into it, shutting the door behind him; smashed Thor and Co. to destruction; then reappearing victorious, found much confusion outside, and, in particular, what was a most important item, the rugged Ironbeard done to death by Olaf's men in the interim. Which entirely disheartened the Thing from fighting at that moment; having now no leader who dared to head them in so dangerous an enterprise. So that everyone departed to digest his rage in silence as he could.

Matters having cooled for a week or two, there was another Thing held; in which King Olaf testified regret for the quarrel that had fallen out, readiness to pay what *mulct* was due by law for that unlucky homicide of Ironbeard by his people; and, withal, to take the fair daughter of Ironbeard to wife, if all would comply and be friends with him in other matters; which was the course resolved on as most convenient: accept baptism, we; marry Jaernskaegg's daughter, you. This bargain held on both sides. The wedding, too, was celebrated, but that took rather a strange turn. On the morning of the bride-night, Olaf, who had not been sleeping, though his fair partner thought he had, opened his eyes, and saw, with astonishment, his fair partner aiming a long knife ready to strike home upon him! Which at once ended their wedded life; poor De-

moiselle Ironbeard immediately bundling off with her attendants home again; King Olaf into the apartment of his servants, mentioning there what had happened, and forbidding any of them to follow her.

Olaf Tryggveson, though his kingdom was the smallest of the Norse Three, had risen to a renown over all the Norse world, which neither he of Denmark nor he of Sweden could pretend to rival. A magnificent, far-shining man; more expert in all 'bodily exercises,' as the Norse called them, than any man had ever been before him, or after was. Could keep five daggers in the air, always catching the proper fifth by its handle, and sending it aloft again; could shoot supremely, throw a javelin with either hand; and, in fact, in battle usually threw two together. These, with swimming, climbing, leaping, were the then admirable Fine Arts of the North; in all which Tryggveson appears to have been the Raphael and the Michael Angelo at once. Essentially definable, too, if we look well into him, as a wild bit of real heroism, in such rude guise and environment; a high, true, and great human soul. A jovial burst of laughter in him, too; a bright, airy, wise way of speech; dressed beautifully and with care; a man admired and loved exceedingly by those he liked; dreaded as death by those he did not like. 'Hardly any king,' says Snorro, 'was ever so well obeyed, by one class out of zeal and love, by the rest out of dread.' His glorious course, however, was not to last long.

King Svein of the Double-Beard had not yet completed his conquest of England,—by no means yet, some thirteen horrid years of that still before him!—when, over in Denmark, he found that complaints against him and intricacies had arisen, on the part principally of

one Burislav, King of the Wends (far up the Baltic), and in a less degree with the King of Sweden and other minor individuals. Svein earnestly applied himself to settle these, and have his hands free. Burislav, an aged heathen gentleman, proved reasonable and conciliatory; so, too, the King of Sweden, and Dowager Queen Sigrid, his managing mother. Bargain in both these cases got sealed and crowned by marriage. Svein, who had become a widower lately, now wedded Sigrid; and might think, possibly enough, he had got a proud bargain, though a heathen one. Burislav also insisted on marriage with Princess Thyri, the Double-Beard's sister. Thyri, inexpressibly disinclined to wed an aged heathen of that stamp, pleaded hard with her brother; but the Double-Bearded was inexorable; Thyri's wailings and entreaties went for nothing. With some guardian foster-brother, and a serving-maid or two, she had to go on this hated journey. Old Burislav, at sight of her, blazed out into marriage feast of supreme magnificence, and was charmed to see her; but Thyri would not join the marriage party, refused to eat with it or sit with it at all. Day after day, for six days, flatly refused; and after nightfall of the sixth, glided out with her foster-brother into the woods, into by-paths and inconceivable wanderings; and, in effect, got home to Denmark. Brother Svein was not for the moment there; probably enough gone to England again. But Thyri knew too well he would not allow her to stay here, or anywhere that he could help, except with the old heathen she had just fled from.

Thyri, looking round the world, saw no likely road for her, but to Olaf Tryggveson in Norway; to beg protection from the most heroic man she knew of in the world. Olaf, except by renown, was not known to her; but by renown he



well was. Olaf, at sight of her, promised protection and asylum against all mortals. Nay, in discoursing with Thyri Olaf perceived more and more clearly what a fine handsome being, soul and body, Thyri was; and in a short space of time winded up by proposing to Thyri, who, humbly, and we may fancy with what secret joy, consented to say yes, and become Queen of Norway. In the due months they had a little son, Harald; who, it is credibly recorded, was the joy of both his parents; but who, to their inexpressible sorrow, in about a year died, and vanished from them. This, and one other fact now to be mentioned, is all the wedded history we have of Thyri.

The other fact is, that Thyri had, by inheritance or covenant, not depending on her marriage with old Burislav, considerable properties in Wendland, which she often reflected might be not a little behoveful to her here in Norway, where her civil-list was probably but straitened. She spoke of this to her husband; but her husband would take no hold, merely made her gifts, and said, "Pooh, pooh, can't we live without old Burislav and his Wendland properties?" So that the lady sank into ever deeper anxiety and eagerness about this Wendland object; took to weeping; sat weeping whole days; and when Olaf asked, "What ails thee, then?" would answer, or did answer once, "What a different man my father Harald Gormson was" (vulgarly called Blue-tooth), "compared with some that are now kings! For no King Svein in the world would Harald Gormson have given up his own or his wife's just rights!" Whereupon Tryggveson started up, exclaiming in some heat, "Of thy brother Svein I never was afraid;

if Svein and I meet in contest, it will not be Svein, I believe, that conquers;" and went off in a towering fumo. Consented, however, at last, had to consent; to get his fine fleet equipped and armed, and decide to sail with it to Wendland to have speech and settlement with King Burislav.

Tryggveson had already ships and navies that were the wonder of the North. Especially in building war ships—the Crane, the Serpent, last of all the Long Serpent<sup>7</sup>—he had, for size, for outward beauty, and inward perfection of equipment, transcended all example.

This new sea expedition became an object of attention to all neighbours; especially Queen Sigrid the Proud and Svein Forkbeard, her now king, were attentive to it.

"This insolent Tryggveson," Queen Sigrid would often say, and had long been saying, to her Svein, 'to marry thy sister without leave had or asked of thee; and now flaunting forth his war navies, as if he, king only of paltry Norway, were the big hero of the North! Why do you suffer it, you kings really great?"

By such persuasions and reiterations, King Svein of Denmark, King Olaf of Sweden, and Jarl Eric, now a great man there, grown rich by prosperous sea robbery and other good management, were brought to take the matter up, and combine strenuously for destruction of King Olaf Tryggveson on this grand Wendland expedition of his. Fleets and forces were with best diligence got ready; and, withal, a certain Jarl Sigwald, of Jomsborg, chieftain of the Jomsvikings, a powerful, plausible, and cunning man, was appointed to find means of joining himself to Tryggveson's grand voyage; of getting into Tryggveson's confidence, and keep-

<sup>7</sup> His Long Serpent, judged by some to be of the size of a frigate of forty-five guns.—*Laing.*

ing Svein Forkbeard, Eric, and the Swedish King aware of all his movements.

King Olaf Tryggveson, unacquainted with all this, sailed away in summer, with his splendid fleet; went through the Belts with prosperous winds, under bright skies, to the admiration of both shores. Such a fleet, with its shining Serpents, long and short, and perfection of equipment and appearance, the Baltic never saw before. Jarl Sigwald joined with new ships by the way: "Had," he too, "a visit to King Burislav to pay; how could he ever do it in better company?" and studiously and skilfully ingratiated himself with King Olaf. Old Burislav, when they arrived, proved altogether courteous, handsome, and amenable; agreed at once to Olaf's claims for his now queen, did the rites of hospitality with a generous plenitude to Olaf; who cheerily renewed acquaintance with that country, known to him in early days (the cradle of his fortunes in the viking line), and found old friends there still surviving, joyful to meet him again. Jarl Sigwald encouraged these delays, King Svein and Co. not being yet quite ready. "Get ready!" Sigwald directed them, and they diligently did. Olaf's men, their business now done, were impatient to be home; and grudged every day of loitering there; but, till Sigwald pleased, such his power of flattering and cajoling Tryggveson, they could not get away.

At length, Sigwald's secret messengers reporting all ready on the part of Svein and Co., Olaf took farewell of Burislav and Wendland, and all gladly sailed away. Svein, Eric, and the Swedish king, with their combined fleets, lay in wait behind some cape in a safe little bay of some island, then called Svolde, but not in our time to be found; the Baltic tumults in the fourteenth century having swal-

lowed it, as some think, and leaving us uncertain whether it was in the neighbourhood of Rügen Island or in the Sound of Elsinore. There lay Svein, Eric and Co. waiting till Tryggveson and his fleet came up, Sigwald's spy messengers daily reporting what progress he and it had made. At length, one bright summer morning, the fleet made appearance, sailing in loose order, Sigwald, as one acquainted with the shoal places, steering ahead, and shewing them the way.

Snorro rises into one of his pictorial fits, seized with enthusiasm at the thought of such a fleet, and reports to us largely in what order Tryggveson's winged Coursers of the Deep, in long series, for perhaps an hour or more, came on, and what the three potentates, from their knoll of vantage, said of each as it hove in sight. Svein thrice over guessed this and the other noble vessel to be the Long Serpent; Eric always correcting him, "No, that is not the Long Serpent yet" (and *aside* always), "Nor shall you be lord of it, king, when it does come." The Long Serpent itself did make appearance. Eric, Svein, and the Swedish king hurried on board, and pushed out of their hiding-place into the open sea. Treacherous Sigwald, at the beginning of all this, had suddenly doubled that cape of theirs, and struck into the bay out of sight, leaving the foremost Tryggveson ships astonished, and uncertain what to do, if it were not simply to strike sail and wait till Olaf himself with the Long Serpent arrived.

Olaf's chief captains, seeing the enemy's huge fleet come out, and how the matter lay, strongly advised King Olaf to elude this stroke of treachery, and, with all sail, hold on his course, fight being now on so unequal terms. Snorro says, the king, high on the quarter-deck where he stood, replied, "Strike the sails; never shall men of mine

think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let God dispose of my life; but flight I will never take." And so the battle arrangements immediately began, and the battle with all fury went loose; and lasted hour after hour, till almost sunset, if I well recollect. "Olaf stood on the Serpent's quarter-deck," says Snorro, "high over the others. He had a gilt shield and a helmet inlaid with gold; over his armour he had a short red coat, and was easily distinguished from other men." Snorro's account of the battle is altogether animated, graphic, and so minute that antiquaries gather from it, if so disposed (which we but little are), what the methods of Norse sea-fighting were; their shooting of arrows, casting of javelins, pitching of big stones, ultimately boarding, and mutual clashing and smashing, which it would not avail us to speak of here. Olaf stood conspicuous all day, throwing javelins, of deadly aim, with both hands at once; encouraging, fighting and commanding like a highest sea-king.

The Danish fleet, the Swedish fleet, were, both of them, quickly dealt with, and successively withdrew out of shot-range. And then Jarl Eric came up, and fiercely grappled with the Long Serpent, or, rather, with her surrounding comrades; and gradually, as they were beaten empty of men, with the Long Serpent herself. The fight grew ever fiercer, more furious. Eric was supplied with new men from the Swedes and Danes; Olaf had no such resource, except from the crews of his own beaten ships; and at length this also failed him; all his ships, except the Long Serpent, being beaten and emptied. Olaf fought on unyielding. Eric twice boarded him, was twice repulsed. Olaf kept his quarter-

deck; unconquerable, though left now more and more hopeless, fatally short of help. A tall young man, called Einar Tamberskelver, very celebrated and important afterwards in Norway, and already the best archer known, kept busy with his bow. Twice he nearly shot Jarl Eric in his ship. "Shoot me that man," said Jarl Eric to a bowman near him; and, just as Tamberskelver was drawing his bow the third time, an arrow hit it in the middle and broke it in two. "What is this that has broken?" asked King Olaf. "Norway from thy hand, king," answered Tamberskelver. Tryggveson's men, he observed with surprise, were striking violently on Eric's; but to no purpose; nobody fell. "How is this?" asked Tryggveson. "Our swords are notched and blunted, king; they do not cut." Olaf stepped down to his arm-chest; delivered out new swords; and it was observed as he did it, blood ran trickling from his wrist; but none knew where the wound was. Eric boarded a third time. Olaf, left with hardly more than one man, sprang overboard (one sees that red coat of his still glancing in the evening sun), and sank in the deep waters to his long rest.

Rumour ran among his people that he still was not dead; grounding on some movement by the ships of that traitorous Sigwald, they fancied Olaf had dived beneath the keels of his enemies, and got away with Sigwald, as Sigwald himself evidently did. 'Much was hoped, supposed, spoken,' says one old mourning Skald; 'but the truth was, Olaf Tryggveson was never seen in Norseland more.' Strangely he remains still a shining figure to us; the wildly beautifullest man, in body and in soul, that one has ever heard of in the North.

(*To be continued.*)



## THE BAYOU TÊCHE.

IN the semi-tropical land of Louisiana, which the Spaniard and Frenchman colonised, but which the Anglo-Saxon succeeded in wresting from both, there are many strange sights to be seen, which lie out of the route of the tourists' travel. Louisiana is an exceptional place altogether, and its natural features are as varied as its history; though the latter reads more like romance than reality. There is a foreign aspect about its capital city, whose name indicates its French alliances and affinities, which the appearance and language of many of its inhabitants impress yet more upon the stranger; and it is probably the most un-English place owned and chiefly peopled by Americans, to be found in the United States. Leaving the city, and taking the railway to the south-western portion of the State, the traveller finds himself in a most peculiar region, wherein land and water seem to strive for mastery; until it is difficult to decide which wins. The bayou region of Louisiana, covering a very large area of the southern and south-western portion of the State, is composed of the low-lying lands below the level of the Mississippi river, which are intersected and partially overflowed by the innumerable small streams, or bayous, which find their outlet in the Gulf or some of its smaller bays; forming a territory seemingly fitted to be the haunt of the amphibian only, such as the alligator and the snapping-turtle, with slimy snakes and humming mosquitoes, and other blood-sucking plagues of man. As the forlorn traveller traverses, by railway carriage, this region which looks all swamp, with pools of stagnant water interspersed, over which the sombre cypress and sparsely-leaved live oak wave arms, ghostly-looking in the twilight from

the long festoons of gray moss hanging pendent from them like a drapery, which grows as a parasite plentifully on these trees, the outlook is by no means cheerful. For many weary miles you may travel thus over what appears an endless bog, although full of a rank vegetation; and the sombre and weird aspect of the place oppresses your spirit, however cheerful naturally. The shrill shriek of the hurrying locomotive, and the rattle of the rail carriages, are the only sounds that disturb the hushed stillness of these swamps; except an occasional splash when the ungainly alligator slides into the water from the mud-bank whereon he has been sunning his lazy length, dragging his scaly bulk slowly over the brink, and disappearing with a plunge. Of cultivation the traveller sees little or nothing from the railway carriage; and hence hastily judges this whole region to be a waste of swamp and jungle.

But this is a great mistake, for these lands, wherever reclaimed and drained (as large spaces of them have been), are among the richest and most productive in the State—perhaps in the world.

Twelve years ago, in an English magazine, the present writer put on record his experiences of a passage through the lower and more swampy bayous, which lie between Barrataria Bay (the ancient haunt of Lafitte, the famous pirate of the Gulf) up to the Mississippi river and New Orleans; in an experiment at blockade breaking, at an early period of the war, before it was reduced to a science. Even under less exceptional and more ordinary circumstances, that transit must be the reverse of agreeable or comfortable, though ceasing to be extra hazardous. Yet it cannot be



denied that at all times it has its attractions, and in the season of early spring the profusion of flowering vines and green water-plants, with long open water reaches, makes pleasing pictures to the eye; though cultivation be impossible, where all nature, animate or inanimate, must be amphibious or semi-aquatic. The region, and the travelling over it, which the reader now is invited to see and undertake, differ very widely from those formerly described.

For there are bayous and bayous: those of Barrataria and Southern Louisiana representing the most unfavourable specimens, while those of the Tèche country, 'the garden of Louisiana,' represent the most pleasing. The former vividly recall the memories of that antediluvian world, with its mud-monsters and hideous amphibians, reproduced to haunt modern imaginations in the groves of Sydenham; the latter bring back to recollection the more modern instance of the love-lorn Evangeline, solacing her sad soul with the melodies of the mocking bird, and the green loveliness of the prairies which skirt these bayous, while following the footprints of her fugitive lover, destined to be found only in his death-hour far away from this southern land, and its images of joy and love.

Let us then take a trip up the Tèche, which is easily accessible from New Orleans—a jaunt now made with perfect ease and comfort by rail and steamer, and occupying only a few days' time, even should the visitor linger a little on the road, to partake of the hospitalities of the planters, whose homes and plantations of sugar cane and corn lie thickly strewn over the Tèche country, as it is called. There are other bayous of similar character and surroundings in the same section of the State; but a visit to one will convey a perfect idea of all. Here is our itinerary of a very recent visit.

At the early hour of six in the morning, in the month of February, we left the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, and passing through the as yet deserted thoroughfares, wended our way to the Levee, that necessary bulwark against the incursions of the Mississippi river, whose level, as is well known, is higher than that of this American Venice. At one point, however, early as was the hour, there were life and vivacity enough perceptible to eye and ear. The French market, in the French quarter of the city, is one of the most characteristic features of life in New Orleans, recalling its past history in colonial times. You could easily imagine yourself transported to one of the *halles* of Paris, so thoroughly French in appearance are the markets, as well as the vendors and the buyers, whose language is French or a *patois* of it. The creole negroes constitute a very curious feature, being also Frenchified to an amazing extent in look, language, dress, and gesticulation—showing the imitative nature of the race. For the artist there can be no richer study of costume and character than the fish and fruit markets afford.

Leaving this animated scene with regret, we pass down to the river's bank, and embark on a ferry boat, which is to take us across the river to Algiers, the suburb opposite to New Orleans, where is the *dépôt* of Morgan's Railway, which takes us eighty miles to Brashear City, on the Bayou Tèche, the objective point of our pilgrimage. This railway is the work chiefly of the energy of one man, Charles Morgan, now an octogenarian, but as full of life and work as ever. He has expended on this road and its improvements, as well as on a line of steamers which connect with it at Brashear City, and complete the connection with Texas by water,

many millions of dollars; taking all the risks, as well as all the profits, of a problematical enterprise, unassisted, and reaping a rich harvest from his audacity. There are very few instances anywhere of one man's having accomplished so much through his individual energy and means. At Algiers you take the railway, and traverse the eighty miles in four hours, over a steady road, which is built apparently, for most of its length, over a quaking marsh. As already observed, the outlook is most peculiar, and not generally pleasing. True, at some points you pass over solid ground, and see cultivation, but the greater portion of the way is through the swampy desolation already described, or through what seem grassy meadows, which are, in fact, treacherous floating prairies, over which the foot of neither man nor beast may safely pass.

With but a thin crust of soil, on which grow the short grass and reeds, with small shrubbery, under this treacherous surface the water lies, often very deep; and woe to the rash man or beast that ventures over these worse than Serbonian bogs. Even the ardent hunter, in pursuit of his game, has to pause in his chase when the birds seek refuge here; and as these prairies are intersected with innumerable small bayous, the wild duck and other water birds breed freely there. Whether these large tracts may ultimately be drained and cultivated, when proper scientific efforts have been made, is as yet uncertain. Thus far few or no efforts have been made in that direction, and the belief of well-informed planters is, that the water, having some subterranean source, and percolating under the soil, cannot be drained off without greater expense than could be made to pay. Still these prairies present the most attractive feature of the scene, being fresh

and green-looking, and covered with grass and wild flowers.

At Brashear City, where you find spacious wharves, and several of Morgan's large Texas steamers lying at them, with warehouses worthy of a large city, another steamer is waiting to take you up the Tèche, a navigable stream for more than a hundred miles of its length. But as the Bayou looks like a small river, yet is not one exactly, so this steamer has its peculiarities. In the first place it is very narrow for its length; in the second place it draws very little water, not more than four feet, though carrying heavy freights comparatively; thirdly, and lastly, its chief peculiarity is in its paddle-wheel, which is placed not at the side of the steamer, but at its rear. Both wood and coal are used on board; in fact the latter has been found the cheaper in this region, much of which is not well wooded, or whose wood has been too well saturated in water to make good fuel. Embarking on this small steamer, which is one of a line established through the energy of its President, Mr. Tupper, of New Orleans, we prepare for our trip up the Tèche to Avery's Salt Island, a run of twelve hours, provided we do not stick in the mud, for the Louisiana bayou fulfils the legal definition of water-lots, seeming only 'so much land covered by water,' not a *bonâ fide* conveyance. The Bayou, at this point tolerably wide, gradually contracts as we proceed, narrowing at some points to very ditch-like dimensions. These steamers run regularly up and down daily, stopping at almost innumerable stations *en route*. I counted thirty-seven of these stoppages from sunset until I retired to rest; since, arriving at about two o'clock in the morning, we slept on board the boat, which has good accommodation both for sleeping

and eating, until the next morning. The function of these boats is to bring the planters who live in this otherwise isolated region their home supplies, and to take down their crops and produce to New Orleans by the railway connexion at Brashear City. As the whole of the country lying near the Tèche is under high cultivation, and the sugar crops thence are among the largest in the States, these wharves at which the stoppages are made are perpetually appearing in view, with anxious natives standing thereon, with small parcels, or freight to send or receive. This steamer is their connecting link with the outside world, the Tèche country being a little world within itself. Before the war the estimated sugar crop of this region was full seventy thousand hogsheads. At this time it will not be more than a fourth of that quantity, in consequence of labour troubles, bad seasons, and overflows for successive seasons.

As the small steamer, with her stern wheel and high smoke stack, puffs and paddles along the Bayou, stopping first at a landing on the right bank, and then at another on the left, full opportunity is given for a survey of the scenery and surroundings. The houses of many of the planters are in full sight, a little retired from the banks, and most of them are comfortable looking, many very imposing looking buildings, the seat of old of an unbounded hospitality, somewhat restricted now by diminished means, but the welcome to the stranger is as cordial as ever. In fact, a hospitality almost as boundless and indiscriminating as that of the East is still exercised in this region, wherein an hotel is almost a superfluity; so ready are the planters to invite and entertain any presentable stranger who may be attracted thither by the shooting and fishing, which are famous.

Some of the planters have their shooting-boxes, and the snipe-shooting especially is as good as any in the world. Mr. Pringle, who keeps his book, showed me his entry for the day preceding my visit to him, and the number of snipe bagged had been 270 from sunrise to sunset. You also see smooth grassy lawns stretching down from some of these mansions to the landing places, and a well-wooded demesne surrounding it. The plantation, with its 'colony' houses for the labourers, is in the rear, at some distance, so that the residences are free from the inconveniences that would result from too close a proximity to the dusky sons and daughters of Africa, who still chiefly till the soil, though neither so well nor so profitably (even to themselves) as in the bygone days of slavery. The style of living formerly was more similar to that of the large English landed proprietor than that of any other class or community in the world; and many had incomes almost as princely, which were disbursed with far more reckless liberality.

But it is only the outer aspect of things on the Tèche with which this paper has to deal. After partaking of the planter's refreshments, either solid or liquid, and returning on board about sunset, the scenery presented to the voyager's eye is as charming as it is peculiar.

Over the placid bosom of the Bayou, which reminds you of the Grand Canal at Venice—though a canal which nature, not art, has made—your small steamer glides, and panoramic pictures are presented successively on either bank of fine old mansions and cultivated fields, with occasional long straight stretches of placid water before you, on either side of which stand, sentinel-like, the giant warders of the banks, in the shape of

gnarled old live oaks or cypresses, the gray moss waving from their lower limbs like hoary beards, and clambering vines with a profusion of flowers of every hue, forming festoons and arches and filling the air with perfume. Sometimes, too, the notes of the feathered songsters—mocking-birds and others—will make the air vocal with melody from their retreats among the interlacing vines; and when night comes suddenly down in these latitudes, and the moon rises, it is like witnessing a fairy scene to sit at the stern of the steamer, and as you watch the silver line left in the wake of the boat, see the rapidly receding panorama of the Bayou scenery, softened by the moonlight, with the great trees seemingly waving their arms to you in invitation. At night, the silence that prevails on these bayous is unbroken. You seem to have drifted out of sight or sound of civilisation, and meet no other craft, save the return steamer, since none others navigate the Tèche, with the exception of a solitary opposition one, whose trips are only occasional. It may be recollected by the readers of 'Evangeline' that it was to this region that the poet Longfellow brought his wandering type of female fidelity, the heroine, in her search for her lost lover; and the poet has given the peculiar features of the scenery with remarkable accuracy, considering that he never visited the spot. It may also be known to those who prefer prose to poetry, fact to fiction, that it was to this spot that the banished Acadians of Nova Scotia actually came; and that they colonised in considerable numbers in the parish of St. Mary's, whose chief town and "seaport," New Iberia, is our destination: and that their descendants, many of them small landed proprietors, live on the prairie lands there adjoining until this day. Evangeline is made to

take the precise route now taken by the steamers with the stern paddle-wheels, viz., from the Atchafalaya into the Bayou Tèche, and up that romantic stream, whose tranquil beauties could not stay the steps of her restless lover until her coming. For when the good priest said to her,

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far  
away to the southward,  
On the banks of the Tèche, are the towns of  
St. Maur and St. Martin.  
Beautiful is the land with its prairies and  
forests of fruit trees,  
Under the feet a garden of flowers; and  
the bluest of heavens  
Bending above, and resting its dome on the  
walls of the forest.  
They who dwell there have named it the  
Elen of Louisiana—

she 'arose and continued her journey.'

The third part of the poem opens with a description of the Tèche prairies, whereon the father of Gabriel, turned herdsman, fed his flocks, who asks her the question,

If you came by the Atchafalaya,  
How have you nowhere encountered my  
Gabriel's boat on the bayous?

Which question she could only answer by tears.

The moss and mistletoe, 'such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide'; the doves—'Love's perpetual symbol in scenes of endless wooing, and endless contention of rivals'; the bees and the humming-birds; the 'great groves of oaks skirting the limitless prairies'; 'the woodland meeting the flowery surf of the prairie'; the numberless herds of kine quietly grazing in the meadows; the prairie 'into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending'; the house of 'timbers hewn from the cypress tree,' with its roof large and low, on slender columns supported, rose wreathed, vine encircled, with spacious veranda.' All these the reader will find in 'Evangeline.'



One of these pictures I shall venture to reproduce—the twilight scene on the Bayou :

Softly the evening came; the sun from the  
Western horizon,  
Like a magician, extended his golden wand  
o'er the landscape;  
Twinkling vapours arose, and sky and water  
and forest  
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted  
and mingled together.  
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with  
edges of silver,  
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on  
the motionless water.

Then, from a neighbouring thicket, the  
mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung  
o'er the waters,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of  
delicious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the  
waves seemed silent to listen.  
Plaintive at first were the notes and sad;  
then soaring to madness,  
Seemed they to follow or guide the revels  
of frenzied Bacchantes.  
Single notes were then heard in sorrowful,  
low lamentation;  
Till, having gathered them all, he flung  
them abroad in derision.

No one who has not heard our  
Southern nightingale, that elfish  
Puck of sweet singers, the mocking-  
bird, whose name and nature are  
identical, can fully appreciate the  
fidelity of this reproduction of its  
style.

Steaming slowly up the Bayou,  
which, very wide at Brashear, our  
starting point, had gradually nar-  
rowed as we ascended it—although  
still of dimensions sufficiently re-  
spectable to entitle it to the appel-  
lation of 'river,' in Europe—we  
reached New Iberia before dawn,  
and here the steamer stopped to re-  
sume her voyage further up the  
stream, to St. Martinsville, in the  
morning. Our stopping point,  
however, had already been reached,  
for one of the objects and chief in-  
ducements of our journey had been  
to visit what is called *The Salt  
Island*, on the property of Judge  
Avery, distant eight miles, as the

crow flies, across the open prairie,  
which lies back of the flourishing  
little town of New Iberia, where we  
disembarked, if so large a word  
may be used for so easy a proceed-  
ing as stepping ashore on a bank to  
which we had been running so close  
most of the time, that jumping to it  
while the boat was in motion would  
have been easy; and the water was  
not deep enough to drown an adult,  
even had he fallen short and  
plumped in.

The chief exports of New Iberia  
consist of eggs and chickens, of  
which great quantities are 'shipped'  
to New Orleans. The descendants  
of the Acadians seem to have inhe-  
rited secrets in fowl-craft, which  
give them a monopoly in this pro-  
fitable small commerce. On the  
return trip of the steamer *Iberia*,  
which brought us up, 850 dozen eggs  
and two hundred chickens were  
sent down from this little village  
alone. Sugar and cotton transporta-  
tion from this parish is very heavy  
in season.

The Salt Island we came to visit  
has a curious history. One of the  
great wants of the Confederates  
during the whole war was the  
want of salt; not only as a luxury,  
but as a necessity. This, in common  
with almost every other article of  
common use, had been chiefly  
supplied by the North, although the  
Virginia Salines had been known to  
General Washington, and worked  
for almost a century. To these  
Virginia Salines, therefore, the  
Southern people looked for salt, as  
the Federals were sure immediately  
to discover and break up any  
establishments on the sea-coast,  
which they patrolled so vigilantly,  
intended to convert the sea-water  
into that indispensable article. But  
they well knew that their lease of  
the Virginia Salines was exceed-  
ingly insecure, as fierce fighting  
and incessant had been necessary to  
hold possession of them, and the

Federals were heavily massing troops around the mountain fastnesses wherein these springs were found, and whence the enormous supply of ten thousand bushels per day was sometimes drawn.

Just at the period of greatest anxiety on this score, a discovery, which to the excited minds of the Southern people seemed providential, was made in this remote region and out-of-the-way place, towards which we were now bending our steps. The news was trumpeted throughout the blockaded and beleaguered Confederacy, and hailed with great joy, that an entire island of solid salt had been discovered in Louisiana, out of reach of the Federals altogether—for this was before the latter had penetrated into the interior of the State, just having captured New Orleans a few weeks previous. There was some truth in the statement, although exaggerated, as such rumours in war-time ever are, and the facts were as follows. On the island of Petit Anse (now called Avery's, from the name of the owner) cultivated partially in sugar, and on which a saline well had long been known to exist, salt in small quantities had been made for the use of the plantation and neighbours by Judge Avery for several years.

On the 4th of May 1862, while attempting to deepen this well, the labourers found an impediment in the shape of what they considered a bed of rock, through which their spades would not break. On making this report to John Avery, son of the Judge, who was superintending the work, he descended in the well and found to his surprise and gratification that the obstacle was a bed of solid rock salt, of great hardness and apparent purity. No time was lost in conveying this important information to the Confederate Government at Richmond (all the Avery's being ardent Confederates), and

subsequent investigation proved the existence of a similar formation over a large area, and very near the surface of the soil. Immediate steps were taken by the Confederate Government to secure this prize, troops were sent forthwith to garrison and fortify the island, which was accessible by water through Vermilion Bay, which leads into the Gulf, as well as by land over the prairies, behind New Iberia. A causeway, two miles in length, over the marshes of the Bayou was constructed, to secure easy transit to the prairie, whence the salt could be shipped down the Bayou Tèche to any point in the interior, or up the Red River and Mississippi into other States. Incredible quantities of pottery were thrown out of the pits by the miners, mingled with fragments of bones of extinct quadrupeds imbedded in the soil, and overlying the salt-rock. Professor Forshey, who visited the island in 1867, speaks of seeing cane baskets, pottery, stone hatchets, a large stone anvil, thrown out in heaps with the fossil bones of mammalia, such as the mammoth, and other extinct animals. Upon the surface was found a well-preserved furnace for making the pottery found below. The Professor says:

My first impression was that these verdant hills were already formed and covered, as they are now, with a magnificent forest, whose undergrowth is cane thirty feet high, and that the animals browsed upon their vegetation, and were hunted by the Indians or their predecessors, who made the baskets and pottery; and that they all resorted to this valley among the hills to use the salt-rock, laid bare by the streamlet still running through it, whose floods have buried them and the salt with the washings from the adjacent heights. The bones did not seem to me older than the baskets and the pottery, yet as Sir Charles Lyell has observed, this is difficult to determine, because bones of recent animals, when they enter into the older deposits, may assume the condition of fossils belonging to those deposits.

He adds that the animals pro-

bably bogged and perished in the miry clay above the salt, as has been found in Texas to have been the case of the buffalo frequenting its sulphur springs within the recollection of living men. But none of these remains of the aborigines of Louisiana, or the extinct mammalia, can claim a very great antiquity. For the whole island of more than two thousand acres, is of comparatively recent formation, the *Quaternary*, which is more recent than the *Tertiary*.

A geological section of Petit Anse island, taken from its highest point where it is 182 feet above the Gulf or sea-level, showed 18 different strata, with the solid rock salt lying 18 feet below the surface. The pottery, baskets, and bones were found just 16 feet below the surface.

The land of the island is composed of irregularly stratified ancient alluvium or *loess*, termed by American geologists 'the bluff formation of the Mississippi:' the 'orange sand' which underlies this 'bluff formation,' elsewhere on the banks of the river is the base also of the hills of Petit Anse. At one of the lowest points, in a valley, the salt has been mined, and found to be sixteen feet only below the surface, and six feet above the tide level.

It was at this spot the pottery and bones were first discovered.

The Confederate Government occupied this island, and dug out and carried away the salt for eleven months, removing during that time, by Judge Avery's estimate, not less than twenty-two millions of pounds. From four to six hundred men were kept working, day and night, in mining, barreling, and loading the salt in waggons. From one hundred to five hundred teams are reported to have been at one time on the island, coming from every Southern State and waiting for a supply. The various pits were worked by the owners, the Government, and

the contractors. As the proprietor received payment and royalty in Confederate money, or promises to pay, his profits, though nominally enormous, were of little substantial benefit ultimately. The large pits dug by these workmen were managed in the roughest manner. The salt was simply dug out, not mined, and those pits are now useless for any continued and scientific working of the mine. The only place where the mine is now worked, is at the shaft house, where a shaft has been regularly sunk, and galleries run out laterally from its centre. Salt was struck there at seventeen feet below the surface of the soil. An attempt to drive off the Confederates by gunboats, coming up Vermilion Bay in November 1862, failed, but an expedition sent by way of New Iberia, April 17, 1863, attacked the island, drove off the Confederates, occupied the island, and destroyed all the works.

The transit across the prairies was made in carriages, our party consisting of six persons, an excellent artist among them, who came to sketch the curiosities of the mine and of the island, itself of very curious geological formation, thrown up in dome-like shape 140 feet above the surrounding level prairie by volcanic action ages ago, and having antediluvian relics concealed in its bosom. From New Iberia you travel the entire route, until reaching the causeway, a distance of about six miles, over a perfectly flat prairie, but a small portion of which is under cultivation by the Acadians, whose children, in the most primitive style of dress or undress, and often bareheaded and barefooted, you meet on the wayside, or see playing together in the distance. There are occasional elevations, and some small farms to be seen, as you bowl along over the short smooth sward, avoiding the cart-roads, which are

full of ruts, and making a new one of your own. The only impediment to doing so anywhere over this open table land, covered only with short grass, arises from the existence of certain mysterious little lakes, fed from secret springs under the surface of the soil, and which after heavy rains compel the traveller to make a circuit; although it will be found that the most imposing looking of these lakes seldom exceeds two or three feet in depth, and experts who know the ground splash carelessly through them.

After an hour's drive, on turning the base of a slight elevation, we came in sight of what seemed some dome-like hills in the distance, rising suddenly out of the surrounding level prairie, as though constructed by human hands. One of these was Petit Anse; the other four elevations were Week's Island, Dupuy Island, Côte Blanche, and Belle Isle, all of which are partially cultivated. No indications or discovery of salt has been made on either of the other islands, although of course the great value of the Avery mine during and since the war suggested search elsewhere on the neighbouring formations which seemed similar. Neither has careful investigation by experts proved its existence beyond a radius of 144 acres on Petit Anse; although, as a precautionary measure, Judge Avery bought, and still owns, the portion of the island not in his possession at the time of the discovery, from Mr. Hays, the only other landed proprietor there.

Towards the dome of Petit Anse we turned our horses' heads, and shortly after reached the causeway, substantially and solidly built to bridge the Bayou Petit Anse, on which the island is situated, and the wet marshy land made by its overflow in the rainy season. A solid road-bed has been laid down, planked over for additional

ease of locomotion; but as many of the planks had become loose, making what in America is termed a 'corduroy road,' whose peculiarities must be felt to be appreciated, as they were by Colonel Freemantle in Texas, in whose volume of *Confederate Experiences* (a very clever one, by the way) this Southern 'institution' is most feelingly described. A very little trouble and labour, however, would soon convert this causeway into an admirable road. Emerging from the reeds which line each side of this narrow strip of causeway, shutting out the view, you come in sight of a fine park, with Judge Avery's mansion snugly embowered on an eminence overlooking the prairie on the one side and the water on the other. Or rather you see his two mansions; for he has duplicate houses, near each other, to accommodate his ever-increasing family of children and grand-children—dwelling, like a fine old patriarch, in the midst of two generations of his descendants, on this their patrimonial possession. Grand old trees shade these mansions, and, before reaching the homestead, you pass through a grove such as few British noblemen can boast of; while on the distant hill-sides herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are peacefully browsing, and in the valley the sugar-cane stands in stately rows, all filling in and heightening the patriarchal picture. A warmth of reception and a hospitality which equals the Oriental make the analogy more perfect. You feel at home, on Avery's Island, an hour after you have set your foot within its owner's doors; and the promise of the beginning endures unto the end of your sojourn there. One inhabitant only is inhospitable; the musical but sanguinary mosquito, against whose attacks the 'bars' have to be put up at all seasons of the year.

After partaking of the hospitalities



of the mansion we started for the salt mine; the present pit with its galleries being about a quarter of a mile distant from the dwelling-house. The formation of the island (as it is termed, from having the bayou Petit Anse on the one side and Vermilion Bay on the other) is very peculiar, rising into dome-like hills, with valleys intervening, well wooded, and with two fine sugar plantations under culture, within its limits. The ground is broken as you approach the pit which is worked at present; a number of the pits, worked by the Confederates in a rough and careless fashion, having been left to fill up, while this one has been scientifically sunk and worked, with the machinery for elevating and crushing the salt raised from the pit placed just over the pit mouth. The whole of these works and machinery, which are moved by steam power, are just over the opening which leads down sixty feet into the galleries, and are covered by a long, substantially-built shed, so as to protect them from the weather. The pit, which is square, is protected at the sides by hard cypress timbers, each piece securely bolted to the others. The shaft now runs down into the solid salt twenty-eight feet, and has been sunk, for mining purposes, about thirty-two feet more, the depth vertically into the salt sixty feet. There are about forty feet of solid salt left for the roof, and the depth beneath the present floor is as yet conjectural.

We descended the shaft on 'the cage,' taking lights with us, and soon found ourselves standing at the foot in a kind of cave, eight feet from dome of floor, with two lateral galleries running from east to west, and west to east, branching off from the central point, at which we had landed. By the light of our lamps we surveyed these galleries, passing along their entire length. These

galleries are 325 feet in length, thirty feet wide, and eight feet in height. As we passed along, following the tracks of the tramway which runs through them their whole extent, the spectacle presented was to us entirely novel. We saw nothing but salt, above, below, around us, on roof, floor, and walls; all of which seemed to have been constructed of solid, though opaque, crystal, free from all earthly impurities; the stalactites of which glistened and gleamed like gems, when the light fell upon special spots. We could have fancied ourselves wandering through those wonderful galleries hewn into the *mer de glace* in Switzerland, so well known to all tourists, but for the absence of the dripping of icy drops from the roof, and the deadly chill of the atmosphere; both of which are wanting here. For there is neither wet nor even dampness in this mine, the walls being perfectly dry, and the atmosphere of an agreeable coolness only. The large lumps of the rock salt lying in these galleries were devoid of moisture, and the smaller pieces crumbled into a dry powder on being crushed. Large boulders of this crystal-looking rock were lying in these galleries, piled up at the sides, near the tramway which runs along the entire length, for the transport to the cage, on which it is elevated. They are either excavated with the pick, or blasted, as rock would be, in huge masses, which are dropped into the crusher above by the machinery as soon as elevated.

So entirely free from all impurities is this rock salt, that no other process than crushing is needed to make the salt ready for market—an exceptional case in the history of salt mines, although at Wieliczka, in Cracovia, a portion of the product is also pure. When the immense consumption of, and

demand for, salt—especially in America, whither the bulk is now imported from Great Britain in the teeth of a tariff duty, intended to protect the Syracuse (New York) salt production from saline wells, which, with those of West Virginia, have almost the monopoly of the home manufacture—is taken into consideration, the immense future value of this mine, which has been already ascertained, on a rough estimate, to contain 8,000,000 tons of pure salt, may be judged. Had we not seen, felt, and tasted the pieces we picked out of the walls, as we wandered through these galleries, the fact that it was pure salt would have seemed incredible. But scientific examination also has confirmed the extent of this deposit, after a most careful and thorough survey of the field, extending over several months, by the School of Mines at New York, which sent down a commission to examine and report, and their published report is conclusive. For, after the war, Judge Avery caused this scientific examination to be made by this Bureau, and the result was the formation of a company which sunk the shaft and erected the machinery, running also the galleries already described, and extracting the salt at the rate of 100 tons per day, which found ready and profitable sale at New Orleans, which is still one of the largest foreign markets for English salt, the consumption of which per head is double in the United States to that of Great Britain, i.e. 50lbs. per head to 22lbs. When this immense salt bed is worked, as it must be hereafter, on a large scale, the yield and the profits must prove equally enormous.

At this moment it is in the hands of the original proprietor, who is cultivating sugar on two plantations, and neglecting this far more profitable possession, which is

worked now on a small scale only. The two plantations on the island are capable of making 700 hogsheads of sugar. Cotton, rice, tobacco, and corn are also cultivated. So it will be seen that nature, in 'sowing with salt' a portion of this island, did not intend it as a symbol of sterility, the salt occupying but a limited portion of its area of 2,500 acres.

Ascending by the same elevator by which we had descended, and stepping out into the open air, the glare of light and sunshine was at first overpowering. For twilight reigns in the lower region of the mine, although it is but sixty or seventy feet in depth, and a day in February in this sunny region for glare and heat surpasses a June day in Great Britain, spring having set in already, as bud and blossom also testified.

The hill sides surrounding the mine are dotted with the clean white houses that constitute the miners' village, capable of comfortably accommodating one hundred and fifty men, with their families (though miners seldom have such incumbrances), as well as other buildings—manager's house, magazine, blacksmith's shop, &c., &c. The sight of this village gives a cheerful and inhabited air to this salt valley, the slopes being well-wooded and the wild vines clambering up the trees, making natural bowers. The salt being so near the surface (at an average depth of from ten to twenty feet), very little skilled labour has been required to work it. In fact, there are engineers who have been consulted, who insist that mining, as usually understood—that is sinking shafts, and working underground—is unnecessary in this instance, and that this immense bed could be more easily and economically worked by 'stripping' it, viz. by simply removing the earth and working

down into it from above or laterally, by a series of steps. But as it is not intended to give the reader too much of a saline draught, let us return to Judge Avery's hospitable roof, and collect some information, which his life-long experience of the country and region of the Tèche makes him so competent to give.

Of the descendants of the Acadians, who in great part people this neighbourhood, and who still preserve many of their primitive characteristics, Judge Avery spoke in most affectionate terms.

Living in this secluded region they have changed but little, and are still the same gentle, simple, credulous people they were in Canada. Neither in manners, moral or religious culture, has there been much alteration, and they cling tenaciously to old memories and old observances. They are "Americanised" less than any other race or nationality that has dwelt for two generations on American soil, save, perhaps, the creole French of Louisiana—their distant cousins.

They seemed to us a hardy and happy race, easily contented, and although industrious fond of combining play with work. They live and associate chiefly with each other, cultivating small farms on the prairie, and are willing workers in the salt mine whenever their services are needed, at a rate of remuneration which would by no means satisfy the foreign miners, being in comparison as one to two or three.

They are cheerful workers also, and never 'strike,' in which they differ also from their brethren abroad. The women pay but little attention to toilette, and are hard working also, while the children run about in very primitive fashion, with but very few garments, and those of the cheapest description. In fact this colony seems to have

reconstructed Acadia on the prairies of the Tèche, in this parish which they have named St. Mary's.

It need scarcely be added that they are all devout Catholics, and that the priest is an important member of the community, and a beloved and useful one.

The greater portion of the balance of the population of the parish is composed of the descendants of the French creoles, chiefly land-owners, and the negroes who used so faithfully to till the sugar fields in the vicinity, but who now work only in an intermittent sort of fashion—lazily and grumblingly for the most part—and whose appearance and condition does not seem to have improved under the influences of their newly acquired freedom. (On the outskirts of the thriving little city of New Iberia may be seen clustered together their huts or cabins, neither over clean nor over comfortable apparently, around which sturdy men and women, and half or entirely naked children may be seen lounging or playing; the little work that is done seemingly being 'washing,' or laundry work—an employment for which the negro women have a peculiar vocation. The passion of the men, next to sleep—in which they surpass the Neapolitan lazzaroni—is for fishing and hunting, through which they manage to eke out a scanty supply of food and clothing, with an occasional week's work on the plantation at intervals, for themselves and families. The consequence of their refusal or unwillingness to work on the plantations has been the reduction of the sugar crops in St. Mary's parish from 70,000 hogsheads before the war to barely 10,000 since, with a corresponding reduction in the cotton and rice crops. Whatever the blessings emancipation may have brought, both master and man have paid a heavy price for it.

Such is the Tèche, as peaceful-looking a region as the eye can rest upon in any land, and which was spared most of the ravages of the terrible war which convulsed less fortunate portions of the Union. All along the borders of the Bayou on either side, extending fifty miles higher up to St. Martinsville, to which the steamers run daily, are the remains of the fine old sugar plantations, which are now only imperfectly and partially cultivated, owing to the diminished means of their proprietors. Sugar-planting has ceased to be profitable in Louisiana, and the culturo of rice as a snbstitute, in great part, is seriously

meditated. These lands are equally suited to either, and rice-culture is less expensive than sugar, because of the expensive machinery required to refine and prepare the sugar for market, always a heavy tax, and demanding large outlays of ready money.

But the reader must begin to feel fatigued, so let us bid farewell to Acadia in the prairies of Petit Anse, and the hospitable home of the Averys reposing on its foundations of rock salt, as well as to the Tèche with its drowsy delights, its bearded cypresses, fragrant magnolias, and merry mocking-birds.





## GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

## I. SERVANTS.

THE mutual obligations between master and man, mistress and maid, form a vexed question, and a highly interesting one to many. The labourer has voted himself worthy of better hire and been fighting his battle; the artisan his; the miner has contributed to raise the price of coal and iron; the clerk and the shopman nowadays enjoy privileges of which their predecessors did not venture to dream. There is little danger of the fair claims of domestic servants being overlooked. But, on the whole, perhaps the mistresses have the better reason to 'strike' of the two—the mistresses, more especially, of middle-class households, where high (and daily increasing) prices in food, coals, and rent are not met by any proportionate increase of income. In fact, the eagerness with which poor ladies seek situations as telegraph clerks, accountants, post-office employées and cashiers, certainly leads one to regard with amazement the modesty and eagerness to work of the one class in contrast with the encroachments and pretensions of the other. We are apt to think of foreign, or at any rate of French servants, that they are cleaner, pleasanter, more easily satisfied, more amenable to reason, less boorish, and possessed of finer tact than are our English domestics. This may be so, though I cannot help fancying that the difference lies a great deal in difference of locality, and that we, in going to live abroad, are prepared to leave many of our habits and prejudices behind, and to accept, on foreign shores, that which we should un-

hesitatingly reject within our own borders.

German servants, and I can speak from many years' experience, are certainly not pleasant in their 'commerce,' nor easy to get on with. They have none of that bright French amiability (lip-service though it may be) which is so sympathetic, smooths away so many domestic difficulties, and recommends itself so pleasantly to a mistress's gratitude and recognition. The schools throughout Germany are numerous, excellent, and cheap. The poorest children must receive a fair amount of education, where education is compulsory and the fines for non-attendance severe; they are taught to read and write, to spell decently, and even the higher branches of culture are not altogether neglected; but they are turned out hopelessly uncouth; coarse in manner, and unhandy at their work; often incorrigibly dirty, without aptitude or willingness to learn, doggedly satisfied with themselves, and convinced that the right thing to do is to treat any attempt on your part to ameliorate their manners, or improve their condition, with a loutish ridicule.

Two instances occur to me as I write these words which will illustrate my meaning. Having a very delicate child, I brought for him from England a perambulator, and told the nurse, as he was not allowed to walk and I would not permit him to be swathed up in a mantle and carried for hours with his spine distorted (after the fashion in that part of the country), that she could take him out daily in his little carriage. She said nothing, but the next day I saw her, as usual, swathing him up in her mantle. I inter-

ferred, and reminded her of the perambulator. She stolidly refused to use it. I insisted, but to no effect. 'Die ganze Stadt wird mich auslachen' was all I could get from her, and she departed in triumph with the child in her mantle, to recount her exploits to her gossips, and to laugh at my English new-fangledness. The next day the same representations, the same remonstrances, and the same result. The third day she remarked that she would rather go than be made the laughing-stock of the other nursemaids; and upon my telling her that I had no objection to her going, provided she would do so at once, she calmly reminded me that as servants only changed their places on quarter-day, she would certainly not give up board and lodging and wages to please a fancy of mine. So, as I could not allow the child to be injured, I had no alternative but to take him out myself; the recalcitrant Jette walking sulkily by my side whilst I wheeled the perambulator. I was ridiculed, of course, by gentle as well as simple; but I took pains to reason with my new nursemaid as to this part of her duties, pointing out to her how much pleasanter and less fatiguing it must be to use the perambulator than to carry a heavy child for hours in her arms. It is only fair to add that at least twenty nursemaids refused the situation when they heard of the conditions attached to it. Perambulators are now doubtless as popular in Germany as elsewhere; but at that time they had not even been heard of in the remote town where I was sojourning.

Being much exercised in my mind as to the discomfort of the servants' meals, I bought them tablecloths, and had a table and some chairs placed in a small room near the kitchen, where I begged them to sit down to a cleanly-spread table,

taking their food at one time, with bread and salt and the etceteras comfortably arranged. They suffered the tablecloths to be presented to them with a sort of stolid apathy, but evidently considered I was endeavouring to tyrannise over them and unduly exercise my authority. The very next day, looking by chance into the kitchen, I saw the man-servant seated on the wood-basket, eating his mess of pottage out of the earthenware porringer in which it had been cooked, whilst the maids' empty plates stood in sloppy disorder, one on the windowsill with a pewter, the other on the table with a wooden spoon. There was no carpet in the kitchen, a brick floor, and only one wooden chair by way of furniture, but they persistently resisted all my attempts to make them comfortable, replying doggedly, 'Wir sind es nicht gewohnt,' and ridiculing my well-meant efforts to their acquaintances above and below stairs as part of the stupidity and fussiness of the foreigner.

A German servant has no sort of training for service, and has therefore no method or routine in her work. Every mistress of a household will understand my meaning when it is explained, that a young girl, having served in four or five different houses, will have done so in a different capacity in each. She will have been nursemaid, maid of all work, cook and housemaid, sewing maid, and consequently a Jill of all trades and mistress of none. Every servant on entering service is provided with a *Dienstbuch*, dealt out to her by the police authorities, and she has to announce herself (*sich zu melden*) at the police office every time she changes her situation. In this *Dienstbuch* are registered her name and age, and native place, and on each page is a printed formula, which the mistress she is leaving is

obliged to fill up, as to her cleanliness, industry, honesty, moral conduct, sobriety, &c., as well as the reason of her leaving her situation, the date on which she entered, and that on which she left it. At a first glance these books would appear to be most admirable institutions, but in fact, they are utterly worthless. Few mistresses care to be involved in the toil and trouble of bringing home any special charge, and if a lady cannot substantiate her accusations, she lays herself open to an action for defamation of character. Then again, a certain sort of feeble philanthropy leads one to shirk 'taking the bread out of a girl's month,' never considering whether one is justified in rendering a whole family miserable in order to supply the young woman with the staff of life, which we have ourselves found it impossible to afford her any longer—and again, the disastrous system of rambling, slipshod gossip that is carried on between mistress and maid, whilst the potatoes are being peeled and the carrots scraped, breeds a familiarity that is apt to turn to contempt in the inferior mind, and is destructive of anything like truthfulness or independence on the part of the mistress in these matters. All the morning the lady potters in and out of the kitchen, and between lifting the saucepan lids and deploring the scarcity of eggs and the dearness of butter, many little confidences are likely to pass. Christina has heard from Johanna this or that about the Frau Majorinn So-and-So; and Jetto told Dorette at market that it was quite certain that the Herr General had beaten the Frau Generalin black and blue last night; perhaps the Frau Generalin was not such an angel as she would have the world suppose; still, one mustn't believe all the people said, for there were plenty of malicious tongues about, but could the gnädige Frau ever have believed that the

Frau Geheimrätthin could have treated her daughter's Bräutigam as she has done? And so their talk flows on; the maid repeating the miserable tittle-tattle of the women of her class; the mistress helping the scandal further in the coffee-parties to which it is her custom to resort of an afternoon. Under these circumstances it is not to be expected that much candour will characterise the mistress's estimate of her maid. Just as she has listened to tittle about others, others will listen to tattle about her; and if she has not been above carrying contemptible gossip from house to house, she will not expect a more magnanimous forbearance; and thus a network of ignoble gossip and petty scandal is woven about 'society,' and covers it with an invisible, poisonous web.

In ordinary German households only one servant is kept. If there are children there will be a nurse-maid; and if perennial babes flourish, there will be also that disastrous institution, an *Anne*, a disgrace alike to the lady and the legislator; but of this more anon. If the household be that of a military man (and nine out of ten of your acquaintances wear uniform), there will be an orderly, who helps with the rougher work, such as the hewing of wood and drawing of water, but as a rule he will have no livery, but rather fulfil the necessary duties of 'odd man' about the household, departing when his work is over to his other avocations. In engaging a servant you will find that she invariably bargains for her 'Sunday out.' She belongs to a *Kränzchen*, or club; and it will be her privilege to depart early on Sunday afternoons to the coffee-garden where the festive meeting is held. Of church-going there is, in Protestant Germany, no question; but of much dancing during Sunday afternoons



with the 'Bräutigam' of the moment, there can be no evasion. This is a matter of custom and right, to which it would be useless folly to demur. Of 'walking-out' nothing much is said. At seven o'clock a servant's work is considered to be finished. It is then her privilege to take her stand in some convenient corner of the garden, or under the *porte-cochère*, and there, stocking in hand, to finish the day with gossip and flirtation.

Thus the custom of lounging in doorways makes locomotion far afield a work of supererogation, nor will the click of knitting-needles nor the clack of tongues be pretermitted, even though the master and mistress pass by that way. From Easter to Michaelmas your servants will thus stand; and however distasteful the custom or exasperating the rite to their employers, it would be useless to attempt to suppress it. It is their 'custom, and they will.' For stolid, heavy, unemotional sticking to their rights, for an inelastic temperament, and an unyielding selfishness, German servants are, perhaps, unrivalled in Europe.

Formerly (I am not speaking of so very many years ago) a servant almost invariably wore the 'Tracht,' or costume of her country or district. I was delighted in the first German town where I sojourned with the trim, picturesque maid-servants, all wearing bright-coloured petticoats, black jackets, and caps of lace and muslin, perfect marvels of whiteness and clear-starching, tied beneath the coils of shining hair in a miraculous bow; whilst their tidy baskets and umbrellas, substantial shoes and knitted stockings, their bright earrings and buckles, gave them an appearance of homely smartness that was pleasant to the eye. Who does not regret that neat bodice and homespun petticoat, the arrow fastening the

plaits, the little coquettish pointed cap of black ribbon, with its broad streamers, those silver buckles and *Mieder* ornaments, which formerly marked the distinction of classes, and that certainly not to the disadvantage of the maids? Now the ambition of every country girl is to go *städtisch*, or 'townily' dressed; to ape, that is (as, alas! with us), in inferior material the apparel of her betters, so that the bright, tidy national costumes have disappeared with alarming rapidity out of German households, *vice* vulgar finery and dingy frippery promoted. The consequences are unpleasant; the servants make themselves 'smart' like their mistresses for the afternoon, but it is with an unsatisfactory smartness, depending more on plaits and pomatum than upon cleanliness and freshness of attire. The outside of the cup and the platter may be clean enough for those who are content to take things on the surface; but even then, in the best houses the demure smartness of fresh print gowns, tidy caps, white linen collars and cuffs, and pretty white aprons, is unknown; and I have often seen a lady's maid come into her mistress's presence at one o'clock in the day in list slippers, hair undressed, a cap anything but coquettish, a coarse loose jacket, and a coloured apron, far from clean. You will see the same damsel going to her ball on Sunday in the wreath of flowers and muslin dress, which are indispensable to her enjoyment; but these doubtful glories are reserved for important occasions (in which you have no part), and for the young man who pays for the lemonade.

As a rule, in Germany, the servants change their situations only at quarter-day, and though now and again some spirited damsel may take the *mors aux dents* and summarily depart, the rule is generally observed; so that the mistress who

has been made miserable at Christmas has to endure the maid's presence until Easter, when quarter-day strikes the order for release, and the unwilling, incompetent, dirty, or disobedient 'help' carries herself off. Under such circumstances it is not to be wondered at if the 'ways' of domestic life are not paths of flowers. And even should you assert your independence, and, throwing off custom's thrall, refuse to be annoyed by the presence of a rebellious member of your household, you will scarcely find yourself any better off, since there will be no disengaged damsels ready to take the rebel's place. This being the case, you had better bide your time until quarter-day shall sanction the welcome change. As a rule, there is a great disinclination to leave a good place at Christmas. Between two stools it is difficult not to fall to the ground, and the out-going and in-coming maid is neither welcomed with, nor sped by, parting gifts. The wages of an ordinary female servant vary from three to five pounds a year, seldom passing the limit, unless in the larger towns, of six pounds; therefore Christmas gifts form an important item in their receipts. These, of course, vary according to the resources of the family; but in the most modest household the maid-of-all-work will receive not less than a thaler, a neat gown, some unbleached linen, a pound of coffee, and minor gifts in the shape of *Pfeffer* and *Honigkuchen*, a comforter, a pair of gloves, or a shawl. In larger establishments the *Trinkgelder* will be on a more liberal scale: two or three thalers each for the women, and four or five for the men, and the gifts in kind of a proportionately better quality. At the greater and lesser fair (festivals which take place in most towns twice yearly) your servants will expect at least a thaler, to be spent in fairings, and it is cus-

tomary to give that sum, or more, if you are liberally inclined, to the nurse who comes to tell you that your last infant has cut its first tooth. Servants, both men and maids, only consider the engagement to enter your service binding if you give them what is called *Handgeld* (the customary thaler), as a pledge that on your part it is a *bond-fide* transaction.

In almost everything domestics are allowed, provisions (not stores only) being kept under strict lock and key, and doled out from meal to meal according to want or necessity by the indefatigable *Hausfrau*. So much bread and so much butter is allowed, or board wages are given, so that the servants are independent in all smaller matters of the family food. In *bourgeois* families, where a certain national fare is the order of the day, masters and servants consume their *Hausmannskost* in friendly unison; but in better class households, where three or four domestics are kept, and somewhat of the French and English *cuisines* enter into competition with the German, an entirely separate table is a necessary evil. There is no eating of cold joints, no consuming of made dishes which have already done duty upstairs; the appointed dinner and supper for every day in the week is strictly adhered to, and any attempt to interfere with the gastronomic rights of the *Dienstleute* would cause rebellion in the kitchen.

Being ignorant on many of the more occult matters of housekeeping, I asked a friend to give me some safe rules by which to guide my household, and on which to frame my code of domestic laws. She supplied me with those I quote below, by which, she told me, she had conducted her establishment for years. I should premise the quotation by saying that the family consisted of herself and hus-

band, two children, a governess, lady's maid, cook, housemaid, and man-servant. Her husband holding a high position at court, carriages and coachmen were always at his command.

*Rules.*—Allow your servants four thalers (12s.) yearly for coffee and sugar, one thaler (3s.) for each fair, and at least the same as a Christmas-box. Twice a week fresh meat for dinner, on the other days the soup meat from which your soup has been made, with vegetables, potatoes, pickled cabbage, &c. For supper, soups either of oatmeal, flour, rice, Gries or Grütze, &c. If boiled with milk, no sugar is allowed, if with water, a little will be required. Tea being drunk in our house, according to English fashion, on Sunday and Thursday, they have what is left in our teapot, with the addition of two lumps of sugar and two white rolls each. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays supper consists of some kind of soup as above, and one roll of bread. Tuesday, potatoes, with herring or mustard sauce. Saturday, pancakes and salad. If pancakes are made one egg is allowed for each person. If rice and milk is cooked for servants, half a pint of milk and a teacupful of rice is allowed for each person. I see that the dripping from all joints is melted down, clarified, and put into jars; it is used for all servants' vegetables, frying, and basting. White beans, lentils, dried apples, pears and plums are used for servants' vegetables. If washing is done at home, allow half-a-pound of soap for each well piled up basket of linen. If wood is burnt in the stoves the ashes must be carefully collected to make *Lauge* for the wash. A laundress gets 17½ silber-groschen the first day (not quite two shillings) and 15 silber-groschen for the following days. She comes at four in the morning; her dinner and supper

are brought to her, coffee and white bread are allowed her, one ounce of coffee and six lumps of sugar, per diem. A charwoman gets 7½ silber-groschen the day; a mender 5 silber-groschen.

It is only fair to add that prices may have arisen since the late war, and I can fancy a fair young English woman turning up her nose in disgust at these mean details, and setting down the so-called 'lady' as a frumpish fussy old woman. She was, on the contrary, a very lovely person, giving brilliant balls and *recherché* dinners, and drawing an income of a thousand a year, independent of her husband, from her English property. To me, I confess, all this detailed domesticity appeared little less than a waste of life. I ventured even to say so to her, complaining that the German ladies did the cooking whilst the servants only cleaned the pots and pans. She agreed that the so-called 'cooks,' were miserably ignorant, but went on to say that a German servant who never saw her mistress in the kitchen would soon despise her as a bad *Hausfrau* and would probably begin a system of thieving, under the impression that her mistress was so rich it did not matter, or so stupid she would not discover it.

A housekeeper in Germany is called a 'Mamselle,' no matter whether wife, widow, or maid, and in large households she will have the control of what is consumed and will of course save the mistress much trouble and fatigue.

Every servant is expected to wash her own clothes, and those of the family, either with or without assistance: a custom which leads to an economy in matters of cleanliness, distressing to more senses than one. It is the pride of many a German *Hausfrau* to boast that she has a 'wash' only twice a year: this announces great hoards of

linen, and is intended to strike awe and admiration into your soul. To every reflecting person so disgusting a custom is calculated to inspire feelings of horror at the accumulation of unhealthiness and unpleasantness which (without entering more fully into the subject) must be the necessary consequences of so nasty a practice. In my time it was considered frivolous, as well as shabby, to send your clothes to the weekly wash; implied that you had only a change of linen, and had not been bred in thrifty ways. Servants cannot, of course, even by the utmost economy in cleanliness and the strictest devotion to dirt, make their clothes last them for six months; but no provision is made for their doing their laundry work, and, when it has to be done, they accomplish it without a murmur by rising two or three hours earlier in the morning, and pursuing their labours into the night.

In most houses a so-called '*Waschkammer*' is provided, the floor and walls being of concrete, so that rats and mice cannot penetrate, and the windows in the roof so arranged as to permit of a current of air; but even with these precautions the custom of hoarding quantities of soiled linen is one that cannot be too severely condemned.

A German girl continues to be a maid-of-all-work, until circumstances elevate her to a higher position. She becomes a mother, and this opens a fresh career to her as an *Amme* (wet-nurse). Her lines will thenceforward fall in pleasant places. It is extremely rare for a German lady to nourish her own child. It is a startling fact, but a fact nevertheless, that during seven years' residence in Germany, I only know two gentlewomen who had accomplished this natural duty. In the one case my friend, a still beautiful woman of five-and-forty, had had twelve children; in the other, the

son and daughter were already grown up, and the matter was mentioned amongst other *notabilia* connected with their mother's history.

Thus an *Amme* is a person of consideration. No disgrace or loss of character is attached to the irregularity of conduct which often is the origin of her promotion to a higher sphere. Her wages are quadrupled; her fare by comparison is sumptuous; she can never be scolded; she is called upon to fulfil but one duty, namely that which nature has imposed upon the mother, and which the mother delegates to her. In rich and noble families the *Amme* forms part of the pomp and circumstance of the house. She (probably) alone of all the serving women will wear her peasant's dress, and with a singular sort of coquetry her mistress will see that the smartest silver shoe-buckles and Mieder ornaments, the brightest scarlet cloth, the trimmest cap and bodice are hers; and when she carries her charge through the public gardens, or is driven abroad for an airing, she will attract more notice, and receive more admiration, than equipage, lady, horses, and infant all put together. In ordinary households this luxury of costume cannot be carried out; but still, amidst simpler details, the occupation is so much more remunerative than ordinary service, that one can scarcely be surprised if plenty of women are found ready and willing to follow the trade. With them the child is only a means to an end, with the lady it is an end without the means, and so the peasant woman comes to the front, and the little balance of irregularity in nature is struck.

Marriage amongst the lower orders in Germany is cumbered about with so many restrictions and conditions, that it has come to be looked upon almost as an impossibility. I remember once hearing a



lively discussion on this very subject, in a northern duchy, where emigration, cholera, and the impossibility of marriage amongst the labouring classes had more than decimated the population. The harvest lay that year rotting in the fields, and there was no hand to reap or garner in the golden grain. Let the ladies and the legislators look to it. The neglected peasant offspring cannot bring the same fibre to his work as though care and comfort had been his; and it certainly seems a false political economy which restricts marriage lest pauper families should come upon 'the parish,' and yet cannot prevent the migration, by thousands, of tillers of the soil, with their illegitimate offspring. But to return to our sheep.

My first German housemaid was a girl of twenty, born and bred on the estate where I was at that time staying. She was engaged for me by a relative, who congratulated me on the acquisition. She had been with me a few days when, going into the nursery, I found her talking to a little boy and girl. She pushed them forward, saying pleasantly, 'Wish the lady good morning,' and adding by way of explanation, smiling up at me with unembarrassed friendliness all the time, 'That is my boy and girl.' Forthwith I rushed to my relative. 'You did not tell me Elspeth was married,' I said. 'Married? Who told you so? Nothing of the kind.'—'But I assure you she is; I have just seen her two children.' 'Cela n'empêche pas,' she said, parodying the words of a greater personage than herself; and then she proceeded to enlighten me. 'Was willst Du?' she asked in conclusion. 'Marriage is the exception, not the rule, amongst people of this sort. It will make her

all the kinder to your child, that she is a mother herself.' The situation was new to me, and I could not accustom myself readily to it; but Elspeth went on calmly talking of her *Junge* and her *Mädchen*, and only left my service when I quitted that part of Germany, and she did not care to leave her offspring behind. A long train of Elspeths followed her; the circumstances only varying in degree, not in kind; the first intimation I had of them often being after this fashion: 'If the Frau Gräfin has done with that pelisse, it will just fit my youngest,' or, 'My second boy would be glad of those socks,' and so on. I never got anyone to be in the least surprised, sympathetic, indignant, hurt, or otherwise emotional on the subject. German ladies take all this, as, indeed, to do them justice, they take most things, very philosophically. It was the custom. *Lüdnlich sittlich*. That which precedent has consecrated let no man (or woman) cavil at. It had its conveniences. 'I partly agree with what you say,' a friend once replied, to whom I had been airing my grievances; 'but I was always particular that my *Amme* had only one *Bräutigam*!' There was a ring of high virtue in this, which suggested complications undreamt of in my philosophy, and thenceforth I thought it as well to shut my eyes and ears, and pass by on the other side of the inevitable. Vague misgivings were at least better than detailed statistics.

Let us now turn to the Chasseur. We are unacquainted in England with this resplendent individual, whose cocked hat out-cocks and out-plumes that of a general officer, and whose be-frogged and belaced attire is of so military a character, that involuntarily one straightens the dor-

<sup>1</sup> Braut and Bräutigam are only used for betrothed persons. From the hour of her marriage a woman is no longer a bride in Germany.



sal vertebræ and expands the chest in his martial presence. He is, as it were, the body-guard of his master, sits upon the box of the carriage, springs down when his lord alights, stands behind his chair at dinner, loads his gun at the battue, carves the roast, looks to the wine, keeps an account of the heads of game, polishes the fire-arms, and adds lustre and dignity to the establishment.

Of the German *Kellner* not much need be said. He does not belong to home life, and every traveller knows his quickness, his good-humour, his marvellous capacity for carrying fifty-two wine-glasses and three hundred and sixty-five plates at a time. He is an ubiquitous being, and *Ubi bene, ibi patria* is his motto. You find him in Rome, in New York, in London, in Constantinople, in St. Petersburg, in San Francisco, at Athens; and he is always the same: always ready, always cheerful, always obliging, always in a hurry, and always—unmistakably German.

There remain but the irregular corps of *Dienstmänner* and *Botenfrauen* to be disposed of.

In most towns a bureau for *Dienstmänner* is to be found. These men wear a blouse and a badge. They will carry a bouquet or a barrel of beer for you; they have a regular tariff, and on your engaging them, present you with a little ticket, which you keep in case of disagreement. Should such arise, you make your complaint to the *chef*, who sits in his bureau, surrounded by his unemployed regiment; the affair is adjusted, the culprit reprimanded, the fault is entered in a book, and another man will be told off in your service. For a lady shopping, who wants all her parcels quickly, there is no better plan than to take a *Dienstmann*, and collect them from shop to shop; he will carry them home for her, and save her the ex-

penso of a carriage, or the annoyance of sending a servant for the thirty-nine articles, since no German tradesman dreams of despatching his parcels himself; so soon as you have bought the goods they are your property, and it is your concern to fetch them. This the useful *Dienstmann* does for a few pence.

The *Botenfrau* is a creature to be immortalised by grateful hearts. You are, for instance, spending two or three months in the mountains; the nearest town is ten, twenty, five and twenty miles off. The villages produce nothing but children, pigs, and black bread. The *Botenfrau* steps in, a humble goddess out of a machine. She sets off with her deep basket on her back, her weather-beaten face tied up in a shawl, her petticoats short, her shoes thick, and a large piece of oiled-cloth rolled up for the protection of her purchases, should rainy weather supervene. You have written a list for her, and she goes off at a swinging trot. She will, if railways can help her, take a third-class ticket for some part of her journey, but if, as is more often the case, the shorter way be to walk, she accomplishes her twenty, five and twenty, thirty miles, and returns to you in the evening with your volume of Tauchnitz, your silk and wool matched, the boots you had sent to be mended, a pound of tea, your favourite tonic; and for this you give her a few pence, and receive in return thanks, a pleasant smile, and the last pieces of gossip from the town.

But space warns me that I must close.

Had our poet been born in the land of which I speak, he would never have written that line about the 'neat-handed Phillis;' neat-handed Phillises appearing to bear no part in the scheme of creation as regards the Fatherland. Their wage is low, but, after a long ex-

perience, I doubt whether any lowness of wage can compensate for the defects of which I have spoken. Our neat housemaids, nice nurses, trim parlour-maids, and capable cooks may cost a good deal; but we have something for our money. They do not jar upon our æsthetic feelings by their dirt and disorder, by their want of polish, uncouth manners, and pig-headed obstinacy. They have been trained in the traditions of service, and their bearing is seemly. No doubt a wide margin for improvement is still left, and, just because there are differences to be adjusted, a glimpse at foreign domestic life may not be without interest to Englishwomen.

As for the German Hausfrau, she must, I think, feel envious sometimes at the blissful ideal suggested by those curt sentences of the Roman centurion, whose boast it was that he said to one, 'go,' and he went, and to another 'come,' and he came, and to his servant 'do this,' and he did it. To say to a German servant 'come' is like pulling a pig by its tail; she will immediately rush in a contrary direction. And be sure that, though you may have said to her, 'do this' three hundred and sixty-four times during the year, if you omit to say it the three hundred and sixty-fifth, she will be certain, as Dickens said, 'how to find a way NOT to do it.'



## LANGALIBALELE.

**W**HO is Langalibalele, and what did he do?

In 1848, Mpande was tyrant of Zululand, in South Africa. From his tyranny the Hlubi tribe, amongst others, fled into Natal. After some little trouble in settling down they were put, by the English Governor of the Colony, on a location almost as big as Middlesex, at the foot of the Drakensberg mountains, and Langalibalele, their chief, was appointed warden of the marches to protect the frontier against the Bushmen.

'Langalibalele' means *the sun is glaring* or *The Glowing Sun*, because it was a terribly hot year when he succeeded his brother Dhlomo as chief.

Langalibalele brought in with him some 8,000 head of cattle; and no one ever thought of giving up either him or them, or a single man of his tribe, to his suzerain Mpande. For twenty-five years he guarded the frontier most efficiently; indeed, it is probable that the farmers would not have been so anxious to get rid of him and to annex his location, had there been any longer the least danger from the once formidable Bushmen. The resident magistrate did not like his way of answering questions; e.g. 'Come, you know all the faces and names of the young men of your tribe?'—'Who can know all the maggots in a piece of beef?' But nothing was ever laid to his charge till the new marriage rules were published in 1869. These fixed the price of a wife at a maximum of ten cows, a fee of 5*l.* being also payable to the Government, of which 7*s.* 6*d.* went to the chief, and 2*s.* 6*d.* to the official witness. This 5*l.* Langalibalele naturally represented as a great hardship. In tribes where the wife-price had been twenty or thirty cows it was so great a gain to have

the maximum fixed at ten, that a 5*l.* tax could be paid, and still the husband would be a gainer. But among the Hlubi the price had been six, eight, never more than ten; so no wonder the people murmured. Mr. Shepstone, Secretary for Native Affairs, charged the tribe and their chief with having hurried on a number of marriages without due betrothal in order to evade the tax. Langalibalele rebutted the charge. Whereupon the Secretary reproved him sharply, saying, 'You are like a woman—I mean an old woman. Why do you contradict me about this matter?' and fined him 10*l.*, which he paid. There the affair ended, and no fault was found with chief or tribe till the rush to the Diamond Fields, and the sudden demand for black labour.

Now, this is not the place to discuss whether guns, brandy, and other doubtful articles should or should not be sold to natives without restriction. A speaker in the Natal Legislature the other day said that, if the object was to get rid of the Kaffirs as quickly as possible, there was nothing more effectual than free trade in guns and brandy. However, in the Diamond Fields this free trade exists; Kaffirs go down to work, and buy guns with their wages. But early in 1872 the Natal Government took fear (the colony has a large Kaffir population, which does not die out—is, indeed, increasing), and ordered that the guns as they were brought back should be registered. A letter in the *Natal Witness*, last February 27, said to be by a member of the Legislative Council, asserts that 'in many cases the guns brought down were neither registered nor returned to the owners, because it was too much trouble to write a ticket and to stamp the gun. Can we, then, wonder that the natives

should try to secrete them rather than run the risk of losing them by complying with the law?' Hence undoubtedly registration became unpopular with the Hlubi and other tribes.

The rumour arose that Langalibalele was telling his men to get guns. When Putini, a neighbouring chief, died, and Langalibalele, his sister's son, went to visit the tribe, and to be 'doctored' on the occasion, it was reported that he went expressly to urge the young men not to lounge about the kraals, but to go to the Fields, as his young men were doing, and there to earn guns, which they were to be sure not to register on their return. By-and-by an attempt was made to seize some unregistered guns (the circumstances will be detailed by-and-by); the owners fled, and the chief, when appealed to, declared his inability to arrest them: 'They are become wild animals; how can I find them?' This was suspicious in the eyes of those already prone to suspicion, and Langalibalele began to be reported as insubordinate. At last (April 1873), being summoned to Maritzburg, he shams illness and won't go. The messengers refuse to tell him what he is wanted for. 'Go, and you'll soon find out,' is not reassuring to a Kaffir who has lived under the despotic *régime* of Zululand. Meanwhile (says the quasi-official report), 'he was making preparations for the inevitable conflict.' He certainly did not choose his time well; for all through August and September, while the Secretary Mr. Shepstone was away among the Zulus, with all the strength of Weenen County as his escort, he remained perfectly quiet, whereas, if he had risen then, he might have ravaged the Weenen farms and afterwards have escaped unchecked across the frontier.

At length (early in October) a final summons is sent, and Langalibalele, thoroughly alarmed, offers to pay a

fine instead of going up. This the messenger will not hear of. The tribe gets into a state of wild excitement, comparable with that into which native regiments used to get at the time of the Indian Mutiny; and, hiding their wives and children and old men in the caves of the Drakensberg, they make a rush up Bushman's River Pass, their cattle, owing to the time of the year, being already on the high ground.

In the Pass they are stopped by a party of Volunteers; the chief has gone forward, having left strict orders that his young men are not to resist, but, if they are attacked, to abandon the cattle, and hasten after him. They, however, fire and kill three whites, one of them the son of the Colonial Secretary. The Volunteers fly, and Sir B. Pine (in his despatch to Lord Kimberley) has 'no doubt that the similarity between this sad affair and the treachery of the American Indians, who recently killed officers offering them mercy, will strike his Lordship.' But, while Langalibalele had no plan but to escape out of British territory, the Natal Government had made its preparations; and, supported by detachments from Cape Colony, it hemmed the Hlubi people in, forced a small number of them to surrender, and got hold of the chief, who was betrayed by the Basuto chief (a son of Moshesh) with whom he had taken refuge. The tribe was (in Kaffir phrase) 'eaten up,' its cattle being shared between the Natal Government and the Basutos; and so was Putini's tribe, which had offended by sheltering some of the fugitives. Thus 15,000 people were reduced to homeless beggary, not a few perishing from hunger and exposure.

But there was worse to come. We know what is the usual reaction after a British panic; and the cruelty displayed in hunting the women and children among the



mountains, and smoking them out of the caves, is as deplorable as the fear which caused it was groundless. Finally, many of the prisoners were assigned for a term to farmers, i.e. were practically made slaves of.

But all this follows naturally enough from the unfortunate affair in the Pass. White men must never be beaten; and in service like cave-hunting it is impossible to control even British troops, much less their native allies. True it was not necessary to 'eat up' Putini's tribe. Their sin was that they were next door to the Hlubi; naturally, therefore, their kraals burned with the others. Besides, as the *Times of Natal* amiably expressed it, 'the extinction of Putini's tribe ought to convince our natives that it is better to be loyal than to be disloyal, better to have the Government with you than against you. We are glad that the Government has not hesitated to take this step.' Very soon, however, the Governor, who had praised 'the admirable movement by which Putini's tribe was enveloped,' felt anything but glad at the result, or satisfied with the cruel means whereby it had been brought about; it was admitted to be 'a step unwarranted, a grave State blunder which could only have been committed during a time of panic.' Restitution was promised as far as possible, and the Government showed itself heartily ashamed of having 'laid its hand on those that were at peace with it and broken its covenant.'

But far more degrading than anything that happened during the panic was the subsequent trial of Langalibalele, his sons and chief men. Fear, that evil counsellor, has often caused the English to do cruel things in hot blood; but it has always been our boast that afterwards, when the struggle was over, unimpeachable justice was sure to be meted out to the prisoners. The Hlubi chief was accused (under na-

tive laws, 'tempered with as much mercy as possible') under the following indictment:

That Langalibalele and the Hlubi tribe, having been refugees from Zululand in 1849, and having been received by the Government of Natal and allowed to live in the colony, on condition that they occupied a portion of the base of the Drakensberg and discharged certain duties necessary for the protection of the County of Weenen, did wickedly, seditiously, and traitorously conspire together to abandon that position and those duties, and, in carrying out the object of such conspiracy, did leave the colony and cross the Drakensberg as an armed force, taking their cattle with them, well knowing that so to do was a definite contravention of the law under which they live, and rebellion against the authority of the Supreme Chief.

That, in carrying out this seditious and rebellious design they pointed their weapons of war against the Supreme Chief and wounded his person, by killing the subjects of her Majesty the Queen sent by the Supreme Chief to turn them back to their allegiance and duty.

That Langalibalele, having been entrusted with the management of the Hlubi tribe, as Induna or Lieutenant of the Supreme Chief, did encourage and conspire with the people under him to procure firearms and to retain them, as he and they well knew, contrary to law, for the purpose and with the intention of, by means of such firearms, resisting the authority of the Supreme Chief; and that, with the same purpose and intention, he did enter into and carry on treasonable communications with others at present unknown; and that, emboldened by the possession of such firearms, and encouraged by expectations of aid and comfort from others, he proceeded to disobey and defy the magistrates placed over him, to insult and treat with violence and contumely the messengers sent to him on behalf of the Supreme Chief, and to kill the subjects of her Majesty the Queen sent directly by the Supreme Chief to cause him and the people placed under him to return to their allegiance.

Whereby he wickedly and traitorously placed himself and the people committed to his care in open rebellion against the Supreme Chief and the authority of her Majesty the Queen.

He was found guilty, and transported for life to Robben Island, a place for convicts and lunatics, near the Cape. His sons and friends got sentences of various lengths, one



son being transported with him for five years. Not one of his wives was sent with him, though the mother of the transported son begged with piteous earnestness that she might share his captivity. The appeal against this monstrous sentence was rejected; though Mr. Advocate Goodricke, who was at last allowed to plead in support of it, but kept closely to the record and not permitted to use any of the evidence which had come out in the meanwhile, said: 'There was no criminal intent whatever in this Kaffir's proceedings. Taking the facts disclosed within the four corners of the record, there is not one tittle of evidence to support the charges against him.'

It will be well to consider these charges a little in detail. But first a few words as to the rumours of 'treasonable communication,' on which the Governor acted when he assembled his forces. The rumour was: 'there was to be a general rising of the tribes. Langalibalele had been laying his plans; measures had been concerted with the Basuto and other chiefs, some of them his relations; and but for the prompt action of the mounted police, and timely help from the Cape Colony, the insurrection would have spread like wildfire.' That, of course, is the sole justification of all the severity, of all the illegality. Yet, after more than ten months, the *Natal Mercury*, selecting from a Cape Blue Book the evidence which is to convince everybody of 'the serious nature of the outbreak so happily nipped in the bud,' is forced to quote from one resident magistrate after another unhesitating testimony as to the loyalty of all the neighbouring tribes. Mr. Austen, magistrate of Cornet's Spruit, a secluded corner of Basutoland, says: 'I do not believe there was any organised plan between any of the chiefs in this district, or any disloyalty. . . . I saw no restlessness or

unusual anxiety to procure guns or ammunition. . . . Large tracts of land were cultivated and sown, and a larger amount of hut-tax was received than last year. These, I think, are the most substantial proofs of loyalty and contentedness.' Yes; nor should Mr. Austen's suspicions that, 'had not the rebel chief and his followers been captured *before they had time to form plans*, some of the Basutos, who undoubtedly sympathised with them, *might*, in ignorance of their own new position under the Government, have endeavoured to shelter them, and so have involved the country in an expensive little war,' be allowed to weigh on the other side—they are merely suspicions. And if this was true of an out-of-the-way corner of Basutoland—the annexation of which to the British Crown can scarcely as yet be realised by the natives—how much more of districts where we were better known? No wonder Sandili (as reported by Mr. Rose Innes, of King William's Town) said, 'I and my people wish to live in peace and quietness.' Again, Captain Blyth 'believes the Fingoes to be loyal; they have far too much to lose in joining any movement of this kind.' And from Mr. Orpen, the British resident in No Man's Land, comes the strongest testimony of all. It was supposed that Langalibalele was making for Adam Kok's country, which alarmists said would become an Alsatia for disaffected natives. But Mr. Orpen says: 'There is no doubt about Kok's loyalty, though he doubtless sympathised with Langalibalele; and when it was suggested that the Fingoes under him, Langalibalele's relations, were in complicity, I assured the Government of the contrary; nay, we at once raised in these parts a well-armed and mounted body of some seven hundred men, who blocked his way on this side.' Even Mr. Emile Rol-

land, magistrate of what the *Mercury* styles 'the famous stronghold of Thaba Bosigo'—a magniloquent gentleman, who calls the 'eating up' of the two tribes 'a glorious success'—is forced to admit that 'the reports of an alleged conspiracy, rife as they were, proved to be only the echoes of extinct projects, and of schemes possibly at one time canvassed.' And it was echoes like these, so indistinct, which Mr. Brownlee heard, who told Mr. Shepstone, in August 1873, that 'there is a rumour among the Basutos as to one of your chiefs intending to resist the order about guns,' and 'receiving no reply, *thought no more of the matter*' (*Cape Blue Book*, p. 16), but which the Natal Government caught up and intensified into the positive assertion that 'the chief and his tribe had told the Basutos they were going to fight the Government' (*Papers relating*, &c. p. 6).

But if he did not mean to go to Adam Kok, Langalibalele meant perhaps to get across to his brother, Ludidi, or to Zibi, his nephew?

'No,' says Mr. Orpen, 'I think not. These and the intervening Basuto clans I believe to be loyal. I consider the movement as a simple removal of their cattle to the difficult mountain country in their rear.'

This is not very like the outburst of a premeditated rebellion. But Mr. Orpen's most important statement is this: 'I observed no sympathy here with Langalibalele's conduct; and the feeling against him increased as I gradually discovered and was able to inform them how he acted towards Government. I never succeeded in obtaining any official information on this subject to counteract some statements of his own people. It would be well if some official statement was furnished to native residents.' No wonder the Government put out no official statement, when in the *sentence* it is stated that 'the charge

of treasonable communication with others out of the colony has not been inquired into; it would take a long time to collect evidence, and enough was proved against him without it.' Yet surely this charge was the gravest of all—the only one which, if substantiated, would at all have justified the breaking up of the tribe. Had Langalibalele, or had he not, 'in treasonable communication with Basutos and others,' been laying plans for a widespread rebellion? If he had, every act of his, from his grumbling about the marriage-tax to his stripping off Mahoiza's coat, assumes a new importance. If he had not, he was perfectly justified by Kaffir usage in stealing away from the colony; and those who met his 'young men' beyond the frontier, and tried to seize their cattle, were outraging native law. It is a mere abuse of words to speak (as Sir B. Pine does: Proclamation of Martial Law, Nov. 11, 1873) of the three Englishmen who fell in Bushman's River Pass as 'treacherously, and without provocation, fired upon and basely murdered.'

Lastly, in April 1873 Mr. Shepstone's evidence went much the same way as Mr. Orpen's. In a memorandum of that date he says: '*There is no change* in the feelings of the people; no sign of that dissatisfaction the idea of which alarms some of our Legislative Council.'

On the whole, then, it seems pretty certain that the notion of Langalibalele's treasonable dealings with Basutos and others was wholly baseless. Fear suggested it—the same kind of fear which during the Indian Mutiny made Europeans look on every native face as the face of an enemy. We have gone into details about it, for it is to our mind the most important point of any—certainly the one which the Natal Government should have been most anxious to establish. But as six months before the Secre-

tary for Native Affairs had soundly rated a panicmongering Legislative Councillor, and had stated that 'the alleged disaffection is wholly unknown to the magistrates, the missionaries, and to me, all of whom are in daily personal contact with the people,' it was, perhaps, the wisest thing they could do to let the matter alone.

Of ~~the~~ other charges against Langalibalele, undoubtedly the most important is, that he treated with indignity the Government messenger—important in itself, though it can have had but little influence upon the action of the Government, for Mahoiza's report was not made till after the expedition had started; even Mr. Shepstone was only informed of it on November 1. It is this report, however, which led to the matter being taken up by Bishop Colenso. The Bishop got information that Mahoiza, a man already by no means *sans reproche*,<sup>1</sup> had been telling a pack of lies. He said that he and his party were kept without food—that they were insultingly stripped, and prodded with assegais, before they were admitted to an audience, and then threatened and bullied both by the chief and by the young men. In this there appears to be just one grain of truth. Langalibalele's head-men, fearing treachery, made Mahoiza take off his great-coat and jacket—conduct insulting enough if there had not been some sort of justification for it. The justification is a rumour—quite as credible to Kaffirs as the rumours about 'treasonable correspondence' and snob-like were to colonists—that Mahoiza had a pistol with him, for the purpose of assassinating the chief, and Mahoiza's manner gave strength to this report. While he was waiting for an interview (not

starved, as he asserted, but eating up the Amahlubi oxen at a perfectly monstrous rate) Langalibalele kept sending his *indunas* (head-men) to him to say that he and the tribe wished to pay a fine. 'No' (said Mahoiza), 'I didn't come to speak about a fine; you must go up to the Supreme Chief at Maritzburg.' Now, a summons to the Supreme Chief is not a pleasant thing in the imagination of a Kaffir chief; amongst natives it is almost equivalent to the Sultan's traditional bow-string for obnoxious pashas. A brother of Langalibalele, summoned before his chief Dingane, was by him put to death 'when he had seen him.' Nor had matters much mended under British rule. Twice only had a chief been summoned to headquarters, and somehow in each case the result had been the flight of the chief and the ruin of his tribe. Poor Langalibalele was fairly frightened. He sent to pay a fine to Mr. Macfarlane, his resident magistrate; but he 'refused to interfere in a matter belonging to the Supreme Chief.' He sent a trusted *induna*, Mbombo, to Maritzburg with a bag of gold, the earnest of a horse-load of money which the tribe was collecting, and which fell by-and-by to the share of the Basuto chief Molappo. But it was all to no purpose: Mbombo was told by Mr. Shepstone: 'I don't know that money will help here. However, we shall meet again at Estcourt (i.e. when the force arrives there), and then we shall hear about that matter.' All these rebuffs naturally filled the Amahlubi with wild suspicions. Moreover, there was a personal reason for dreading assassination. Sixteen years before a petty chief, Matyana, had been summoned by Mr. John Shepstone, brother of the Secretary, to answer for the

<sup>1</sup> *Papers relating to the late Kafir Outbreak in Natal*, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, 1874.

*The Past and Future of the Kaffir Race*. By Rev. W. C. Holden, twenty-seven years Wesleyan Missionary. London, 1866.

death of one whom 'the doctor had smelt out' as causing sickness in his tribe. Matyana for a while refused to go. At last he went, under promise of safe conduct, he and his people leaving their weapons about a mile away; but during the conference Mr. J. Shepstone (on the concurrent testimony of several witnesses) is said to have fired his pistol, missed Matyana, but wounded one man and killed another, while his people fell on Matyana's men, killing many of them. The chief, however, escaped; and by-and-by, when his tribe was 'eaten up,' he managed to get across into Zululand. Now, this story demands the very strictest investigation. Thrice in the course of Langalibalele's trial Mahoiza referred to it: 'They thought I might have the same pistol which Mr. John Shepstone had when he arrested Matyana.' In point of fact, the Hlubi tribe was one of those employed in 'eating up' Matyana's people. Savages have long memories; and with such a story current in the tribe (the truth of which we do not, of course, undertake to assert; it is enough for our argument that it was confessedly current), no wonder Mahoiza had to take off his jacket and present himself in waistcoat and trousers. But, whatever may be the true explanation of the report (and for Mr. J. Shepstone's own sake it must be fully sifted), its effect on Langalibalele and his people is manifest. Their conduct, as reported by Mahoiza, maddened the already excited Volunteers, and also on the trial told more than anything else against the chief and his fellow-prisoners.

The mischief is that when, during the trial, evidence of Mahoiza's falsehoods was known to be forthcoming (had actually been heard in Mr. Shepstone's office) it was not received. 'His Excellency mentioned that evidence had been taken elsewhere which threw some doubt on

the statement about the stripping. The other members of the court, however, required no further evidence on this point.' No wonder, when we consider the composition of the court, which originally contained the whole of the Executive Council, who, with the Lieut.-Governor—Chief-Judge in this case—formed the Court of Appeal; so that for four out of the five days the whole Court of Appeal sat as members of the lower court. When this irregularity was pointed out and corrected, there remained the Governor, Mr. Shepstone, two (at first three) magistrates, and six or seven 'chiefs.' Of these the Governor had necessarily prejudged the case; any other view of it would stultify his whole conduct; so had the Secretary, by whose prompting Sir B. Pine acted throughout, and whose son was one of the three men killed in the affairs of Bushman's River Pass: while the so-called 'chiefs' (most of whom were only Government *employés*—*indunas*) were not likely, with the fate of Putini's tribe before their eyes, to venture to say anything contrary to the known feeling of the Great White Chief who was sitting as president. It is also unfortunate that, owing to the Supreme Chief's misunderstanding of Kaffir usage, the prisoners should have been refused counsel, and kept in solitary confinement from his arrival till his sons were sentenced (two months), and that the witnesses against him were examined by the Government Prosecutor, and were never cross-examined. The quasi-official 'Introduction' to the record says that *under native law* Langalibalele would have been killed as soon as he was caught; and that he needed no counsel, all natives, being born orators, and having a passionate love of the law courts. Indeed, a more curious mixture of British and so-called native law it is impossible to imagine than that furnished by the



whole series of trials. The accused, unhappily, suffered from both. English technicalities were brought to bear against them, and at the same time the rough-and-ready Kaffir usages were invoked to deprive them of such protection as English law undoubtedly entitled them to.

It should be added that on March 1, just after the trial of the chief's sons was concluded, a petition for right of appeal was presented to the Governor; and that, in consequence (after much weary correspondence), an appeal was lodged on June 24 strongly setting forth the illegal constitution of the court, exposing Mahoiza's falsehoods and other misrepresentations, and, above all, showing 'that whereas petitioner has been tried under Kaffir law, under such law he ought not to have been tried at all *in the colony*, inasmuch as he had escaped out of the jurisdiction of the Supreme Chief of Natal.' The whole appeal is a model of careful reasoning, with here and there a trace of irony — as, where 'the *indunas* of the Natal Government and of the Secretary for Native Affairs declared in the judgment that petitioner had done enough to forfeit his life under the law of any civilised country in the world, said *indunas* being totally ignorant of the laws of any civilised country.' But the gist of it is in what we have quoted above. Langalibalele was tried in Natal by Kaffir law for what, if Kaffir law had been strained to make it an offence, could only have been dealt with where it happened. If Basutoland was supposed to be under British rule, in Basutoland he should have been tried; if, as the Hlubis thought (and they might well think so, for it is not yet open to white colonisation), Basutoland was still independent, he had committed no offence at all. Anyhow, his being tried by native law in Natal for what happened beyond the frontier was wholly con-

trary to native law as laid down in the Compendium of Kaffir Law authorised by the Cape Government. Mr. Griffith, the resident in Basutoland, gave up native law altogether in surrendering one who had entered his territory as a refugee; and, since he thus acted under civilised law, the surrendered chief should have been tried in a colonial not a Kaffir court. All this points to the need of amalgamation among these disjointed colonies. Had there been a South African Dominion, Langalibalele might have been tried at Capetown, away from the excited feelings of the Natal settlers, and the case would not have been prejudged in the local newspapers, one of them prompted by a member of the court before which it was being tried.

But at any rate Langalibalele and his tribe had been illegally getting muskets. Here, again, is an instance of the crying evil of not having one law for all our South African colonies. At present what is legal at the Diamond Fields is illegal in Natal. True, the registration law was practically in abeyance, and it would almost seem to have been revived just to harass a chief who was out of favour with the authorities; other tribes who had registered fewer guns in proportion than the Hlubi were not at all interfered with. However, some guns were registered; and the chief said (in reply to the statement, 'There are more unregistered'), 'Merely give me the names of the defaulters, and I will send them in.' Instead of this, a native policeman, who had a blood feud with the Hlubi tribe, was sent to settle the matter. He burst into a hut on suspicion, without speaking to the head of the kraal, and tried to carry off the guns which he found there. The young men resisted, urging naturally enough, 'We work for white men at the Fields and they give us guns; and now white men take them



from us' (registration not seldom meant confiscation). They beat off the police, and then fled to the mountain. How, after that, could Langalibalele be expected to deliver them up?

The fact is, the authority of the chiefs has been so reduced, that, in British territory, their power over their tribes is now little more than nominal. There are only two consistent courses in dealing with races in this stage of civilisation: either (as Charles Buxton used to recommend) exalt the power of the chiefs and make them fully responsible, or else do away with them altogether. It is grossly unfair to let the chief remain, and yet to snub him on every possible occasion 'before the elders of his people.' 'I can't see you to-day; come to-morrow,' when he has come at your own appointment, may be a fitting answer 'to keep those black-fellows in their place,' but it is not the way to make a chief honoured in his tribe. Holden gives, in the case of Kama, unjustly stigmatised as a sheep-stealer, and of Nonesi, queen of the Tembookies, invited to a grand conference, and then accused of stealing an ox, instances of the way in which (most injudiciously, he thinks) chiefs have been too often degraded in the eyes of their tribes. The same Holden remarks that Mr. Shepstone has usually been complained of for quite a different reason, viz. 'for shewing too great a desire to re-establish tribal distinctions, and to bring native laws and institutions into as much prominence as possible. Indeed, he proposed to found a native kingdom to the south-west of Natal, thereby relieving the colony of its excess of population. Over this he desired to be placed, as chief paramount in British pay.' (Holden, p. 319.) If you keep up the power of the chiefs, you must maintain native usages. Now there is one and only one species of native

usage to which what Langalibalele suffered is only too conformable—the usage of Mpande and Chaka and other Zulu conquerors. But that is the very system which Mr. Shepstone's mission into Zululand, just before the Langalibalele affair, was intended to put a stop to.

As for Langalibalele's 'conspiring to get firearms,' it is sufficient to say that of his own thirty grown-up sons only two had each a gun. Guns, too, are of no use without powder and shot, and of this the runaway tribe had next to none. The idea of men rising according to a long-concerted plan, with two or three rounds of powder a-piece, and perhaps pebbles to help out the scarceness of shot! Thus count after count of the indictment breaks down. The insult to the messengers is explained; the 'treasonable communications with persons unknown' existed only in the colonial imagination; the storing of firearms was wholly unproved.

There only remains the charge of 'wickedly, seditiously and traitorously conspiring to abandon his position and his duty of protecting the county of Weenen against the Bushmen.' Undoubtedly the chief and his tribe ran away; but they did so in a panic far more justifiable than that which they saw seizing their white neighbours. War was gathering round. They were terribly frightened: 'We thought the waves of the sea were coming.' The chief felt that he was disliked by the resident and by the Secretary for Native Affairs. The best thing seemed to be to move off for a time, leaving women and children and old men to the honour of white men, and then, *from across the frontier*, to repeat the offer of the horse-load of money or to try to make other terms. This is what seems to have passed through poor Langalibalele's puzzled brain.

What there is 'wicked and seditious and traitorous' in this everyone who is at the pains to unravel the sad story

must judge for himself. It is a very sad story. There is no need, in order to prove its sadness, to adduce sensational stories of individual hardship (there are plenty of them—in the treatment of Putini's tribe for instance), nor yet to take high ground and dilate (as people often do in very unreal fashion) about 'the blessings of culture and civilisation to inferior races.' You can scarcely expect a colonist, a 'pioneer of culture,' especially one who has before him the example and traditions of the Boers on the one hand, and the wild licence of the Diamond Fields (grand lesson that to Kaffirs) on the other, to let Kaffir interests weigh much with him. You cannot expect him to accept the principle on which we profess to justify our position in India—that we are there for the good of the natives. He is in Natal for his own good; and if it suits him to keep a certain number of Kaffirs as hewers of wood and drawers of water, or that the beasts of the field may not increase against him, he will let them be for the present. If he 'desires their land' he will try to get them shunted from location to location, the process being varied by an occasional 'cating up.' But, however little regard he may have for the Kaffirs, the most selfish colonist must have some regard for British honour and British fairness. The secret whereby a country shall be 'civilised' without destroying the natives seems to be lost; we cannot perhaps afford time, in this go-ahead age, to try to recover it. The weakest go to the wall; but let them go by force of circumstances, do not help them on by a solemn mockery of justice; else you will make the natives distrust and hate your so-called justice; and the process of improving them will be very different from a euthanasia. Jason tells Medea that, in spite of his after-conduct, she ought to be infinitely obliged to him for making her 'understand right'—*νόμοις τε*

*χρησθαι μὴ πρὸς ἰσχύος χάριν.* Langelibalele's taste of *δίκη* has too much of the same flavour as that which Jason gave the Colchian.

But the Kaffirs are certainly not 'a rotting race;' there is no reason why they should die out. The land is broad enough for both black and white, and there is work for both to do. Years ago almost every thoughtful Englishman agreed that the system of isolating tribes on vast locations, where they are held back from civilisation, and whence it is certain an excuse will be found for ousting them when their land becomes valuable, is radically wrong. The question is dealt with fully and fairly in Holden (p. 412 *seq.*). Encourage them to acquire individual titles to land, and at the same time see that they gradually learn the value of land, and what selling it really means. Protect them for a season, by entail or otherwise, against the land-jobber; but let all artificial distinctions between white and black landowners eventually pass away. The Kaffirs are shrewd enough, and there is no doubt they can be educated up to appreciate the value of landed property. Something of this kind may be arranged with the remnant of the Hlubi.

Whatever is arranged, we are thoroughly confident that Lord Carnarvon means to see justice done. He has a very hard task before him; a blunder of this kind, committed in a country where some 20,000 whites are living among a quarter of a million blacks, it is almost impossible to set wholly right. The plan of gradually accustoming the Kaffirs to individual property in land, and so quietly but honourably breaking up the tribal system and the influence of the chiefs, will surely do something to prevent the recurrence of scenes which are a disgrace alike to the colonists and to the Colonial Government. Further, there must be one law, both as to guns and other

matters, for all the British States of South Africa; and, lastly, we must have strong, calm men as governors and subordinates. As the *Times* of November 17 says: 'The first duty of such a Colonial Government is to keep a stern watch on whites and blacks, and to guard against false alarms.' This the Natal Government certainly did not do. Sir B. Pine fairly lost his head; his despatches show the most lamentable weakness. He takes credit to himself because the native chiefs who sat on the trial 'would have advised the severer sentence,'<sup>2</sup> and because by Zulu usage (the usage of the savage tyrants Chaka, Dingane, and Mpande, *not the old Kaffir law*), a man who tried to fly from his supreme chief would have been put to death without trial. He shifts from what he calls 'native law' to 'the law of England, which declares that a person who, in committing any felonious act causes, even accidentally, the death of another is guilty of wilful murder.' (*Papers*, p. 47.) He is proud that, during the savage smoking-out and massacres among the caves, in which more than 200 people, many of them women and children, lost their lives, 'not a woman or child was intentionally injured, though it used to be a settled maxim with the Zulus (i.e. with the tyrants Mpande and Chaka aforesaid) that it was just and right to kill the women and offspring of a hostile tribe, so as to get rid of it for ever.' (*Papers*, p. 83.) So that England is to be proud because he who upholds her honour in Natal mitigates somewhat the ferocity of the worst class of African

despots! This is worthy of the man who destroyed Putini's tribe, ruining 5,000 people, and burning huts, looting blankets, clothing, &c., besides seizing cattle to the value of 20,000*l.*, on suspicion that they were accomplices of the rebellious Hlubi, and who was soon obliged to own that in this case a grave State blunder had been committed.<sup>3</sup> It is needless to say anything more of what the *Times* well calls 'that extraordinary trial.' The fearful severity with which Langalibalele's shortcomings were visited is of a piece with the conduct which, in direct contravention of English law, assumed the prisoner's guilt from the outset. The indecision, which would and then would not allow counsel, and above all the inexplicable suppression of Lord Carnarvon's April despatch (*Papers*, p. 80) during the whole time of the Bishop's Appeal, needs no comment. We are far from laying the chief blame on Sir B. Pine; that must rest on those who knew the natives well, who had been born and bred among them (one of them is the son of a Wesleyan missionary), and who unhappily seem to have developed those domineering ways which nothing but a system like that of the Indian Civil Service can keep in check. Sir B. Pine puts in the plea of impaired health (*Papers*, p. 6), and this, of course, should have full weight. But, all allowance made, he has strikingly proved himself the wrong man in the wrong place.

Our task has been a most ungrateful one. Happily it is seldom necessary to write in this way of the acts

<sup>2</sup> One member of the Court, a few days before the trial, wrote to a Natal paper: 'We have no pity to spare for the rebel chief or his advisers, who well deserve the doom, whether of steel, cord, or lead, which they must undergo.' This speaks for itself as to the constitution of the court. It also condemns as strongly as anything can, the system of Colonial journalism. Another of the white Judges, as they sat at first, had lost a brother-in-law, at Bushman's River Pass, and the Colonial Secretary, as has already been said, a son.

<sup>3</sup> *Papers*, p. 82: 'Many of the chiefs think Government has erred on the side of mercy. Under this cruel system of setting tribe against tribe they were, of course, greedy 'for a drop more of the buck's blood which we've been pursuing.'

of a Colonial Government. But no less, therefore, when the occasion does arise, should the truth be fully and fearlessly told. We have confined ourselves to documents. It has been necessary to go into dry detail, but those who have followed us must see that the Natal Government is condemned out of its own mouth. This must not make us underrate the importance of Bishop Colenso's work. But for him the matter would probably never have come to light. The Natal press has accused him of taking up a question which *did not lie in his path of duty*. If bishops are to

be the 'dumb dogs' which they used to be accused of being in the House of Lords, this may be so. But if Christian clergy are sent abroad to be teachers of righteousness and not of mere dogmas, he would have been shrinking from his duty in allowing the trial to go by without protest. Having begun, he was not the man to leave a thing half-done. And to him, and to Mr. E. Jenkins, M.P. for Dundee, who first brought the subject before the Colonial Office, we owe it that a great wrong will be as far as possible redressed.

H. S. F.





## QUAINT CORNERS OF MEDÆVAL BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

MEINWERK, BISHOP OF PADERBORN.<sup>1</sup>

**M** EINWERK, Bishop of Paderborn, was a native of Utrecht, born of noble parents, with royal blood flowing in their veins. His father, Count Imhed,<sup>2</sup> married Adela, a Saxon, and by her had two sons, Dietrich and Meinwerk, and two daughters, Glismod and Azela. Dietrich inherited his father's title, and the major part of his estates. Meinwerk was dedicated to the ecclesiastical state in the church of St. Stephen at Halberstadt. Glismod married a Bavarian, and Azela became a nun.

After having received the rudiments of ecclesiastical education at Halberstadt, Meinwerk moved to Hildesheim, and there made the acquaintance of Henry of Bavaria, son of Henry the Wrangler, who was being educated there at the time, and thus laid the foundation of that friendship with the future Emperor which led in after times to his advancement.

Meinwerk is described as having been at this time beloved by all for his courtesy and affability, as well as for his strictly moral and virtuous conduct.

The Emperor Otho III. died in 1002, apparently of small-pox; and as he left no children, the succession to the throne was disputed. It was claimed by Henry of Bavaria, Hermann of Swabia, and Eckhardt of Meissen; but Henry's party proving the strongest, he was crowned at Aix in 1002. Almost immediately he appointed Meinwerk, his school friend, to be his chaplain.

At Court, Meinwerk preserved his strict integrity, and succeeded in making himself generally popular. The King was pleased to have him near him, and he made him many and handsome presents, among which were two estates with houses.

In the year 1000, the city of Paderborn had suffered severely from a conflagration. The Cathedral and the houses were in ashes. Bishop Riethar appealed to the Emperor Otho and to the Pope to assist him in the work of restoration. On the death of Otho, Riethar visited Henry II., then at German Corbey, and with much importunity moved the King to relieve the necessities of the afflicted diocese. The King replied that he had nothing to give, whereupon his chaplain Meinwerk stepped forward and offered his master one of his estates. Henry readily accepted it, and gave it to the Bishop forthwith.

Riethar died in 1009, and when the news reached the King, he resolved on conferring the see on his chaplain. He called Meinwerk to him.

'Here is my glove,' said Henry smiling.

'Not empty, sire!' answered the chaplain.

'No, it contains the Bishopric of Paderborn.'

Meinwerk growled: 'It is a beggar's portion. What shall I do with it?'

'Thou art wealthy,' answered the King; 'therefore give I to thee a poor bride.'

'With thy assistance, sire, she shall be enriched,' said Meinwerk.

<sup>1</sup> Authority: A Life of the Bishop by an anonymous monk of Abdinghoffen, in the eleventh century, apparently in 1055. Pub. by Pertz, Mon. Ser. xi.

<sup>2</sup> A family Christian name apparently, for in 1051 Imhed, Imad, or Immico, the sister's son of Meinwerk, succeeded to the Bishopric of Paderborn.



Paderborn was one of the worst endowed of the German bishoprics, and the recent conflagration had made it undesirable to anyone who sought wealth or ease. But such seems not to have been the object of Meinwerk. Having accepted the bishopric, he set to work with indomitable energy to advance and benefit his diocese, perhaps in spiritual riches, most certainly in temporal ones.

He was consecrated on the Second Sunday in Lent, 1009. The Gospel for the day related the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman making supplication for her daughter who was grievously tormented with a devil.

Meinwerk took the Gospel to heart, and applied it to his own case. The Syro-Phœnician damsel was the Church of Paderborn, grievously afflicted, and the devil was that of poverty. 'We will expel the devil!' said Meinwerk.

On the murder or death of his brother, Meinwerk inherited large possessions, which he made over to the see, and he rarely omitted an opportunity of besieging the Emperor with entreaties for gifts. After his importunities had wrung from him twelve manors and villages, he begged a thirteenth.

'God forgive thee, Bishop!' exclaimed Henry, 'for thou plunderest me of everything.'

The King was invited by him to be present at the dedication of a monastery at Paderborn, which Meinwerk had erected.

The dedication took place at Christmas.

On the arrival of Henry, he was vested in a mantle of lambs' wool, set with martins' tails, instead of the usual ermine.

'How is this? Am I insulted?'

'Sire!' answered Meinwerk, 'the diocese is too poor to provide the

proper mantle for your majesty. You are robed in the skins of our poor canons, fleeced by your majesty's heavy exactions.'

'Well, well, Bishop,' said Henry, laughing; 'I will restore four-fold. Take now the lordship of Stein.'

After vespers the Emperor sent his drinking-cup to Meinwerk by his secretary, that he might examine and admire it, as it was a rare work of art. But, knowing the sort of man Meinwerk was, he strictly forbade his secretary to allow the cup out of his hands.

Meinwerk admired and coveted the goblet, snatched it from the hands of the secretary, thrust him out of the room, locked the door in his face, and sent for a silversmith at once, who worked all the evening to transform the drinking-cup into a chalice for the altar.

Meinwerk used the vessel at the first mass at midnight,<sup>3</sup> and then said to the Emperor, 'Reclaim it if thou darest!'

At the offertory of the second mass, sung at daybreak on Christmas morning, the Bishop went to the King, and asked for the town and lordship of Erwitte near Lippstadt. Henry refused, to the indignation of the prelate. At the third mass, when the Emperor came forward to make his offering, the Bishop turned his face from him, and muttered, 'I will take Erwitte, and nothing else!'

Henry endeavoured to press his oblation on the Bishop, who moved away, repeating, 'Erwitte, Erwitte.'

The Emperor followed him on the sanctuary steps. The scene was becoming undignified, humiliating to an emperor. The Empress, Cunegund, stepped forward and interfered. The Bishop obtained the town and territory he had so pertinaciously insisted on.

On the following St. Stephen's

<sup>3</sup> Three masses are said on Christmas Day by every priest, the first at midnight, the second at daybreak, the third at nine o'clock or after.

Day, Meinwerk borrowed of the Emperor various costly pieces of apparel for the temporary adornment of the altar of the monastery church; and then, from the pulpit, publicly informed Henry that to reclaim them would be sacrilege, and jeopardise his salvation.

Not content with this, finding that Henry had brought with him a magnificently embroidered and bejewelled mantle, to be worn at Imperial diets, he carried it off surreptitiously, and the Emperor next saw it, to his surprise and indignation, used as an altar cover.

In revenge, Henry persuaded one of the canons to scratch a syllable out of the collect for the dead of the imperial family, and by this means to change 'de famulis et famulabus,' into 'de mulis et mnlabus.' Next time the Bishop said mass, he read as was written; but instantly, hearing the titter of the Court, corrected himself.

After mass the Emperor said to him, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, 'Bishop, I desire you in future to pray for my dead kinsfolk, and not for my mules and she-mules.'

'I will be revenged for this trick,' said the angry prelate; and having investigated the matter, and discovered the canon who had erased the syllable, he fell on him with his stick, and cudgelled him unmercifully.

Another practical joke of a grimmer description was more severely chastised.

The Emperor contrived that, at a banquet, a paper should fall on the plate of the Bishop, on which was inscribed, 'Meinwerk, Meinwerk! set thine house in order, for in five days thou shalt die.' The Bishop started from table in blank alarm, hastened home, made his will, renounced all his worldly possessions, bade a pathetic farewell to his clergy, wrapped himself in his shroud, and lay down in his coffin, awaiting death.

But death tarried, and in its place arose a very hearty appetite, which forced Meinwerk out of his coffin, and, still in his grave-clothes, compelled him to attack some eatables that were ready at hand. At this moment the door burst open, and the Emperor, followed by his nobles, poured in with boisterous laughter, and congratulated the Bishop on his resurrection.

Then Meinwerk discovered how he had been duped, and his wrath waxed high. Next Sunday the gates of the cathedral were closed against the Emperor, and the Bishop met him on the stairs and excommunicated him. The altar-lights were extinguished, Divine service was interrupted, and not till the Emperor had done penance with bare feet, in a linen sheet, with a taper in his hand, was the ban removed.

Bishop Meinwerk accompanied Henry II. to Italy in 1013, when the Emperor went to Rome to be crowned by Benedict VIII., whom Henry at the same time reinstated in the chair of St. Peter, from which he had been expelled by the anti-pope Gregory, and John the patrician.

It was then that Henry, accompanied by Meinwerk, visited Monte Cassino, and was cured of the stone.

An anonymous writer, a contemporary apparently, relates that the Emperor underwent an operation at the hands of the great St. Benedict himself, who, although he had been dead some four hundred and eighty years, returned to earth to operate on the Emperor.

But it is very evident that the operation was performed on the Emperor whilst he was under the influence of narcotics by one of the Benedictine monks of the monastery. In after times this was of course represented as miraculous, but the words of the chronicler leave no manner of doubt in the reader's mind that the only thing extra-

ordinary about the cure was that surgical skill was so far advanced in the eleventh century as to accomplish successfully a dangerous and painful operation.<sup>4</sup>

In 1024 Henry II. died at Bamberg, and Bishop Meinwerk was apparently present when the Emperor, calling together the surrounding bishops and abbots, and the kinsmen of Cunegund, took the hand of his wife, and gave her to them, saying, 'Receive back again your virgin whom you gave me.'<sup>5</sup> Words which led Pope Eugenius III. in canonising St. Henry, and Pope Innocent III. in doing the same honour to St. Cunegund, to assert that they had regarded one another rather as brother and sister than as husband and wife.

Meinwerk is said by his biographer to have had much trouble with his mother. He wished her to enter religion and become a nun, and was highly incensed when she refused. A certain Count Balderic wanted to marry her, and a second marriage would materially affect the interests of the Bishop. Perhaps it was the perseverance of Adela in her opposition to her son's urgency that she should become a nun, which makes the biographer charge her with dissolute morals. If the woman were utterly vicious, why did Meinwerk think of making her into a nun? She asked him to give her the Castle of Neuhausen as a place of residence; he refused, and ordered her to leave his diocese and territories.

A graver charge than that of dissolute morals is brought against the unfortunate lady by the monkish biographer of her son. She is charged with having procured the assassination of her eldest son, Dietrich, at the instigation of her husband, Count Balderic. What truth there may have been in this charge cannot be decided, as we have only an *ex parte* account of the affair. Adela was formally accused of the murder by the Bishop, who, with singular want of feeling, appeared against his own mother before the Court at Dortmund in Westphalia, and obtained her condemnation to death.

But murmurs were heard, and the Bishop was told that, however guilty the Countess might be, he was bound to remember the tie of blood that united them, and that it ill became a son to insist on the execution of her at whose breasts he had been nourished. Meinwerk grimly answered that it were better for her body to suffer here than for her soul to perish everlastingly.

Popular opinion, however, set so strongly against him, that he was obliged to yield, *vis acquievit*, and obtained from the Emperor that her life should be spared. The Countess now sought to deprive Meinwerk of his inheritance, as his relatives saw with displeasure that he was alienating it, to the enrichment of his bishopric, and the abbeys he munificently founded. Adela claimed ten manors as her own share of the inheritance, and made them over to

<sup>4</sup> These are the words: 'Partem illam corporis, ubi calculus jacebat, *medicinali ferro*, quod in manu tenebat, aperuit, et avulso molliter calculo, hiatum vulneris subita sanitate redintegravit, calculumque quem tulerat, in manu regis dormientis reposuit.'

<sup>5</sup> Leo Ostiensis,—'Recipe quam mihi tradidistis virginem vestram.' Auctor Vitæ Anon.—'Hanc ecce, inquit, mihi a vobis, immo a Christo consignatam ipso Christo Domino nostro et vobis resigno virginem vestram.' But Ditmar says that at the Synod of Frankfort, in 1005, the Emperor said, 'Ob recompensationem futuram Christum hæredem elegi, quia in sobole acquirenda nulla spes remanet mihi,' which looks as if he had desired children, but they were denied him. In the privileges granted to the church of Hildesheim, he grants them 'pro conjugis prolisque regis incolumitate,' and speaks of Cunegund thus: 'Duo sumus, in carne una,' in a diploma to Paderborn. Perhaps he used the word 'Magd,' and meant that he surrendered to the Church her who had been so long its faithful servant, but was understood to mean something different.

the church of St. Vitus, at Elten. The Bishop at once went with his retainers to reclaim them, and drive his mother and her servants out of them. Having accomplished this, he rode off at the head of his armed followers to his mother's castle of Rodenheim, and, penetrating into it, found his way into her bed-room, and tore down the embroidered curtains of her bed, which represented in lively colours the slaying of a dragon, and which he had given to his mother on the occasion of her marriage with Count Balderic. The tapestry he now coveted for the adornment of the choir of his monastery in Paderborn, and so he carried it off 'with pious violence,' as his biographer gravely says.

Nor did his resentment end with this petty annoyance. He obtained of the Emperor the confiscation of all the property of Balderic and his mother, and the expulsion of the Count and Countess from their estates. The unfortunate couple wandered in destitution to Cologne, where they died in abject poverty. Adela was buried in the church of St. Paul, but as a storm burst over the building, the clergy supposed Heaven to be incensed, and the body was exhumed and flung into the Rhine.

Bishop Meinwerk was no friend of asceticism. He came one day across a half-demented priest, who wandered over the country in rags and filth, named Heimerad, and who has received local veneration as a saint. 'Whence comes that poor devil?' asked Meinwerk. 'I am a priest, and am not possessed with a devil,' said the hermit.\*

'Show me your office-books,' said the Bishop; and when he found them torn and thumbed, he flung them into the fire, and ordered the hermit to be severely beaten.

On another occasion, at a banquet provided by the Count of Wartberg, the courtly prelate found himself seated opposite the gaunt hermit. He sprang from table, red with anger, exclaimed that this was an insult, and vowed he would not sit down with a madman and an impostor. Heimerad apologised for having involuntarily offended Meinwerk, and the assistants in vain endeavoured to soothe the irritated prelate. 'He is no priest, he is a worthless vagabond. He is a deceiver of the people. If he is a priest, as he asserts, let him sing the Alleluia at mass with all its inflexions right.'

The Count of Wartberg remonstrated and entreated, but his words were like oil poured on a fire. It is to Meinwerk's credit that, when Heimerad sang the Alleluia sweetly and correctly, he fell at his feet, and apologised for his violence towards him.

The story of this Heimerad is curious, and may be briefly narrated here. We have his life from the pen of a monk of Hersfeld, who heard about him from his father and others who had conversed with the mad saint.

Heimerad was born in Swabia, where also he was ordained priest. He was of poor parents, and was the vassal of a lady. When this lady had another priest on her estate, Heimerad asked leave to be allowed to depart, and it was accorded him. Then he made a pilgrimage to Rome, and thence to Jerusalem. On his return to Germany he was careful to avoid Swabia, for no prophet has any honour in his own country, and he took up his residence in the Abbey of Hersfeld, where he did nothing but lead a vagabond life, sometimes preaching, but always setting an example of dirtiness. The Abbot, weary of his presence,

\* 'Episcopus ut vidit, Unde ille diabolus emergeret? inquisivit. Ille autem, cum se diabolum non esse humiliter et patienter dixisset, &c. Or, as in the Life of Heimerad, 'Episcopus Meginwerk in cute, non intus, vidisset; interrogavit unde ille diabolus emergeret? Ille . . . humiliter respondit, se dæmonium non habere.'



bade him take vows and join the order, so that he might be brought under discipline, or be gone. Hiemerad positively refused to become a monk, whereupon he was thrust out of the Abbey doors. He lounged against the stable door and muttered within the hearing of some monks, 'They little know whom they are thus treating. I, the brother of the Emperor, am thus turned out of a monastery!' The monks at once rushed to the Abbot and told him what the vagabond priest had said. The Abbot ordered him to be tied to a post and beaten. He was expelled from Hesse, and wandered into Westphalia, and settled for a while at Kirchburg, where were two churches, the parochial church and another which was falling into decay and was not served by any priest. Heimerad asked leave of the parish priest to say mass and preach in the deserted church. The asceticism, the ghastly face, tagged hair, and wild gestures of the strange priest, soon drew all the congregation away from the parish priest; even his curate's wife,<sup>7</sup> we are told, went with her offerings to the new comer. This was intolerable, and the incumbent drove Heimerad away. He was afterwards well whipped, by order of St. Cunegund, the Empress. But the fame of the man grew, and a miracle wrought by him on a dead cock roused the popular enthusiasm in his favour. A poor farmer one day came sorrowfully to Heimerad and told him how a naughty boy had thrown a stone which had struck the bird on the head as it was perambulating his yard, and had killed it.<sup>8</sup> 'And now, what should

he do?' With no cock to crow in the morning, he was certain to over-sleep himself and omit his daily assistance at mass. Not only so, but with the extinguished life of the cock all hope of young chickens expired.<sup>9</sup> Then Heimerad took the dead cock and made the sign of the cross over it, whereupon the bird revived and began to crow.

But to return to Meinwerk of Paderborn.

One day he went to inspect the monastery he had built, and entering the kitchen, whilst all the brethren were in chapter, and the kitchen was empty, finding nothing save some crusts of bread, and water, he rebuked the abbot, and ordered a couple of pigs to be killed, and the monks to be regaled on bacon. On another visit he put on a lay brother's habit, and entering the kitchen asked how things fared. 'Well enough for heavenly life, but very miserably for this one,' said the cook. Whereupon the Bishop read the abbot another severe lecture for not feeding his monks sufficiently well. But with all that was unsaintly in Bishop Meinwerk's character, there was also much that was good. He was pure in morals, learned, and a patron of art. He founded a school at Paderborn which became famous. His cathedral was rebuilt under his direction. When a skilful mason working on the cathedral died, the Bishop buried him in the crypt, with his trowel at his head, paying him the same respect as if he were a noble, 'for a skilful workman,' said he, 'deserves high honour.'

Meinwerk died in 1039, and was buried in his cathedral.

<sup>7</sup> 'Fama sanctitatis innotuit ejus, ut omnes viri ac mulieres jam dictum Presbytero negligenter, et ad hunc cum oblationibus suis convenirent; inter quos et uxor Vicarii Presbyteri.'

<sup>8</sup> 'Ostendit ei suum gallum extinctum, quem quidam malæ mentis adolescens, misso lapillo occidit deambulanti in atrio.'

<sup>9</sup> 'Qui se . . . matutinalibus horis ad divinum officium excitaret, quod non esset, quod domum in parte juraret; pullos educeret; sobolis futuram suppleret.'



HILDEGUND OF SCHÖNAU.<sup>10</sup>

IN the twelfth century, at Neuss, on the Rhine, lived a citizen with his wife, who had two fair children, named Hildegund and Agnes. On the death of his wife, feeling 'freer and more joyous,' as the monkish biographer Connwit quaintly observes, the citizen resolved on making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. As Agnes was a little girl, he left her in the care of some nuns in a convent at Neuss; but his eldest daughter, Hildegund, to whom he was warmly attached, he took with him.

After having visited the holy places, the father was turning homewards, when he fell sick at Tyre, and died. Hildegund was left in the charge of a servant man, who took advantage of his opportunity to possess himself of all his master's money, and to decamp, leaving the little girl asleep in the caravanserai, with nothing save the clothes she wore. The poor child when she woke found herself destitute, and ignorant of the language of the country. For a year she maintained herself on the precarious alms accorded her by charitable persons in Tyre, living in the streets, and begging from door to door. At the expiration of a twelvemonth, hearing a man speaking German, she went up to him, burst into tears, and told her piteous tale. The pilgrim,

moved with compassion, took the girl with him to Jerusalem, but, to avoid scandal, dressed her in boy's clothes.<sup>11</sup> The story differs slightly here in the account by Connwit. The German left her at Jerusalem in the hostel of the Knights Templars, and there she remained, till chance brought to Jerusalem a distant kinsman of her father, who, having heard that his relative had started for Jerusalem, went about the city making enquiry for him. When he came to the hostel of the Templars, Hildegund told him that her father was dead, and that she was his son Joseph. He took her with him on his return voyage to Germany, but he also died before he reached the Rhine.

Hildegund had now grown up a tall, slender stripling, active, handsome, bronzed with the Eastern sun, still in boy's clothes, with short locks, and a strong love of a vagabond life. So attached had she become to the freedom afforded her by her male attire, that she continued to conceal her sex.

On reaching Cologne she offered herself as servant to an old canon of the cathedral, and was engaged by him. Now it happened that the sister of this canon was in the convent of St. Ursula at Cologne; and the superiorship being vacant, she was elected by a majority of the sisters to fill it. But among the

<sup>10</sup> Authorities: A Life written by Connwit, the master of Hildegund, in the Abbey of Schönau, from the account of her adventures given by the damsel herself; she, however, did not confide to him the secret of her sex, which was only discovered after her death. Also another Life, differing from the first only in a few trifling particulars, by Cæsarius of Heisterbach, who received it from Hermann, a lad who had been the companion or friend of Hildegund in the monastery school. 'Fœmina de qua dicturus sum, quæ fuerit, vel quomodo ad ordinem venerit, seu quomodo in ordine fuerit, vel consummaverit, sicut nobis retulit monachus quidam, qui cum ea novicius fuerat in probatione, fide tibi pandam relatione.' And again, 'Monachum, qui hæc nobis retulit, Hermannum nomine, tunc puerum quatuordecim annorum, . . . ducens.' Also, Cæsarius heard the story from the Prior. For when Hildegund was dying 'she called the Prior, . . . and related to him her life, in order, as I have told it, only not mentioning her sex.' Cæsarius gives the story in the fortieth chapter of the 1st *Distinctio* of his *Dialogus Miraculorum*. Cæsarius died A.D. 1240. The first Life is given in the *Acta Sanctorum* for April, T. ii. p. 782-790.

<sup>11</sup> It is uncertain when Hildegund adopted male attire. She never told anyone when it was, it is therefore left to conjecture. Connwit thinks it was when her father took her from Neuss.

nuns was the niece of the archbishop, Philip of Heinsberg, and the minority deemed it more likely to secure the patronage and favours of the archbishop if they elected her. Philip of Heinsberg threw all his weight into the scale to obtain the office for his niece, and the canon was obliged to appeal to Rome against him.

At this time there was a schism in the Church of Treves. The clergy and people had elected Folkmar, Count of Bliescastel, to be their bishop, whereas the Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, had nominated Rudolf, Count of Wied (A.D. 1183); and as the clergy of Treves were resolved on an appeal to Rome against him, the Emperor forbade, on pain of death, any such appeals being carried out of Germany. It was therefore difficult for the canon to obtain redress against his archbishop.

After maturely considering the feasibility of conveying an appeal to the Pope, Lucius III., then at Verona,<sup>12</sup> he resolved on despatching it by Joseph, as Hildegund called herself still, enclosed in a hollow walking-stick; and visiting Verona himself, personally to support the appeal. Accordingly the canon and Joseph started on their journey, the former on horseback, ambling leisurely along, Joseph running at his side.

But when they reached Znsmarshausen, in Swabia, it was deemed expedient that, for greater security, they should part company.

Here the expedition of poor Joseph well nigh came to an untimely end; for as he left Zusmarshausen early in the morning, and was making his way through the wood, he lighted on a man with a sack, who, pretending that he had left something behind which he wanted to recover, asked Joseph to sit down on the sack till his return.

Now this fellow was a burglar,

who had broken into a house during the night, and had carried off a sackful of plate; but finding that he was pursued, adopted this expedient of throwing his pursuers off the scent, whilst he made off with some of the more portable valuables. Joseph was suddenly, to his surprise, surrounded by a party of watchmen, who with proverbial Swabian stupidity concluded without further enquiry that he was the thief. He was beaten, kicked, and haled back to Znsmarshausen. In vain with tears did he deny his guilt; the Swabian magistrate condemned him to be hanged forthwith by the neck till he was dead on the tree where he was found with the sack of plate. The unfortunate Joseph implored that he might be allowed to see a priest, and his impatient executioners tardily granted the request. To the confessor Joseph told his tale, without, however, revealing his sex. 'If you disbelieve me, look in my staff, and you will find the canon's appeal to the Holy Father.'

The priest rushed out to the officers and conjured them to delay the execution. 'Have you searched the wood and proved that the boy's tale is false?' No, they had not thought of that. Then these Swabians spread through the forest, and caught the real culprit. If we may trust the story of Cæsarins, Joseph and the robber were put to the proof by red-hot iron. Joseph held the bar, and his hand was not burnt, but the skin was taken off the palm of the true culprit. Joseph's innocence was revealed, and he was allowed to go free. The robber was forthwith hanged. But Joseph's misfortunes were not yet over. The friends of the burglar waylaid him, and, angry that he had not allowed himself to be strangled in the room of their kinsman, hanged the poor lad on the first tree.

<sup>12</sup> He was at Verona from July 25, 1183, to his death in 1185.

And now follows a very vague story of Joseph's visions as he was dangling in the tree. He thought he was basking in a warm and sunny clime, stayed up by angels' wings, that he saw a snowy dove fly up to heaven, and knew it was the soul of his sister Agnes, at Neuss. As is natural, the story here is confused. Hildegund can have only preserved a dim remembrance of how she was saved. According to the story, some shepherds cut her down, and the body descended so leisurely to the ground, being supported by an angel, that they were scared and ran away. When Hildegund opened her eyes, she saw herself in the arms of a handsome young man, whom she at once concluded to be an angel. He asked her whither she was going. 'To Verona.' 'And I am going thither also.' He mounted his white horse, lifted Hildegund to the pommel, and allowed her to fall asleep with his strong arm round her, and her head resting on his bosom. As he spurred on thus along the road to Augsburg, is it any wonder that all doubt as to his being an archangel vanished clean away? The handsome young angel accompanied her all the way to Verona. Cæsarius and Connwit both assert that the journey was accomplished in an incredibly brief period of time. No doubt the time passed swiftly. No doubt also that Hildegund tripped lightly over it in her narrative to the Prior.

At Verona they parted, and there she met her master, the canon, who, having urged and obtained his suit, set forth on his return to Cologne.

But Hildegund no longer accompanied him; why she left his service she did not tell. Perhaps Hildegund's restless spirit wished for change. Connwit says that she was attracted by the excellence of the schools at Spire, and went thither,

but Cæsarius says she went to Worms, where she lodged with a pious recluse named Mathilda. This 'venerable recluse' requested Theobald, Abbot of Schönau, to receive the youth into his monastery as a novice. Connwit says that Joseph made the acquaintance of an old knight, named Berchthold, who had retired from the world into the Benedictine monastery of Schönau as a lay brother, and he persuaded Joseph to accompany him thither, and embrace the religious life. But the story of Cæsarius is too detailed to be incorrect. The Abbot, persuaded by the recluse, consented to take Joseph with him. 'Jump up behind me on the horse,' said the Abbot—'supposing him to be a boy,' explains Cæsarius gravely. As they jogged along, Joseph began to chirp and chatter in girlish tones.

'Brother Joseph!' exclaimed the Abbot, looking over his shoulder, 'has not your voice broken yet?'

'Not yet, and never will,' replied Hildegund, astride behind the Abbot.<sup>13</sup>

So Hildegund entered the monastery as a novice. She received the tonsure, and ate and drank, and scourged herself, and worked like the rest. Her biographer, Connwit, says: 'I had then been received at Schönau, and had been placed in the house of probation. And the Lord Abbot Gottfried, that vessel elect, full of virtues, a burning and a shining light, hearing Joseph reading and chanting among his brethren, and finding him to be very backward in his learning, for some reason, why I know not, commended Joseph to my care in the house of the probationers, to be by me instructed and directed. Thus were we living among the brethren, reading, studying, day and night observing the discipline of the house exactly, and, as it pleased God, making daily advance. And,

<sup>13</sup> 'Quæ cum loqueretur voce feminea et gracili, dixit ei Abbas: Frater Joseph, nondum mutasti vocem tuam? Respondit illa: Domine, nunquam illam mutabo.'

to tell the truth, in or out, Joseph conducted himself irreproachably, making himself liked by all for his amiability; not regarding his delicacy of constitution, but subjecting himself to hard labour, carrying stones and timber from the forest, fasting and watching, and conducting himself as a stout man rather than as a tender woman.'

However, there was yet a touch of mother Eve in her constitution. One day Joseph and a lad of fourteen, named Hermann, who told the tale himself to Cæsarius, were at their dinner, when, the master's back being turned, Joseph nudged Hermann, and bade him put his face beside hers, and look at the reflection of their faces in the wine-cup.

'Hermann,' said Joseph, 'my face is pretty, is it not?'

'Tush!' said the little boy, 'you are as vain as a woman.'

Hildegund became crimson, and the master, turning, caught them talking, and they both received a whipping.

About the same time, and possibly on account of this whipping, Joseph got very tired of monastic life, and the craving for the old roving life returned upon her. Three times did she attempt to run away, and was thrice restrained from doing so; the last time by a sudden pain in her chest, undoubtedly pleurisy.

As she was being carried to bed, a monk exclaimed, 'That fellow is either a woman or a devil; his face bewitches me.' From which, observes Cæsarius, it is very obvious how strong is the force of nature. Hildegund, sending for the Prior, made her confession to him, and then told the whole story of her life from beginning to end, only concealing the fact of her being a woman. The Prior would hardly believe the story, and asked

by what token he could be assured it was not pure invention.

'Two years have elapsed to-day since I was hanging, and an angel foretold my death. If I die to-day, you may believe my story. And let me add, I shall astonish you much more when I am dead than I have now.'

That evening, April 20 (A.D. 1188), being Wednesday in Easter week, she died, and her sex was only then discovered. The whole monastery was thrown into agitation; and when the body was brought into the choir and laid with the face uncovered before the altar, not one of the monks could refrain from tears. The Abbot so far restrained himself as to recite the customary prayers, but not one of the monks could pluck up voice to sing the Amen.

As her real name was unknown, in the register of the monastery the entry was made: 'On the twelfth of the kalends of May died the handmaiden of Christ in Schönau.' But after a few days, when the monks and novices had talked the matter over, it was remembered that Joseph had spoken of having relatives at Cologne and Neuss. Accordingly enquiries were instituted at Neuss, where her little sister Agnes had been left, and it was ascertained that Agnes was dead. An old lady, a kinswoman of the father of the children, was found, who corroborated the early part of the novice's tale, and told her name.

Cæsarius appends her epitaph:

Omnis homo miretur, homo quid fecerit  
iste,

Hæc, cujus fossa cineres inclusit et ossa,

Vivens mas paret, moriens sed femine  
claret.

Vita fefellit, morsque refellit rem simula-  
tam,

Hildegund dicta, vita est in codice scripta.

Mai his senis est hæc defuncta Kalendis.



## A WEEK-DAY HYMN.

ALMIGHTY PLUTUS! Lord of Earth,  
And Giver of all Good,  
Thou who hast bless'd me, from my birth,  
With lodging, clothes, and food,—

Whose glory brightens every thought,  
Inspirits every deed;  
In whose great name are wonders wrought;  
Whose smile is virtue's need,—

Turn not Thy face from him who bends  
Untiring at Thy throne!  
Repute and station, wife and friends,  
I owe to Thee alone.

Thou helping—man dilates in form,  
And proudly looks around;  
Without Thee, he's a two-legg'd worm,  
But fit for underground.

The braggart sword, the subtle pen,  
To Thee are dedicate;  
Yes! all the works and wits of men  
Up on Thy service wait.

Barons and dukes are feeble things,  
At Thy goodwill they shine;  
Mere vassals are the greatest Kings,  
Their fleets and armies Thine.

Before Thy footstool Beauty bows,  
And Rank is cheap as mud,  
And thin as smoke the bands and vows  
Of Honour, Love, or Blood.

His body in Thy service doom'd,  
The Martyr's not afraid;  
Nay, gives his soul to be consumed  
To cinders, undismay'd.



In every tongue and clime confest,  
In many shapes adored,  
From North to South, from East to West,  
The nations own Thee Lord!

Thou other and thrice-golden Sun  
That dost the world illumine,  
Bright'ning whate'er Thou look'st upon,  
And gilding ev'n the tomb!

O may Thy sceptre, Plutus! be  
Supreme o'er land and wave—  
So bless Thou *me*, and smile on *me*,  
Thy servant, and Thy slave!



## THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF NEW ZEALAND.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

SIR,—The colony of New Zealand has always been regarded with especial interest on account of its similarity in size, climate, and geographical position to Great Britain; and of late that interest has been increased, and a still greater degree of attention directed to the colony, by the gigantic nature of its financial operations, and the boldness with which it has committed itself to a course which other countries feel reluctant to enter on.

Your readers have doubtless heard something of the New Zealand public works scheme, of the strenuous efforts to induce immigration to the colony, and latterly they may perhaps have heard allusion to a projected Polynesian Company, proposed to be started under the guarantee of the New Zealand Government.

But whatever interest these matters may be regarded with, I believe they will be found, on examination, to concern the English public more deeply than is imagined. I would therefore solicit permission to lay before them the following particulars, which I am enabled to furnish by the experience of more than six years passed in the colony, and from long and careful study of its financial policy.

From the prominence given to the public works scheme, and the plausible arguments put forward to show the justifiable nature of loans incurred for such purposes, many persons, no doubt, have derived the impression that it is for the construction of public works only that the New Zealand debt is being so enormously increased; and they may perhaps imagine that the money so obtained is applied to works presenting a reasonable chance of proving remunerative,

and yielding a return adequate to the charge they involve for interest.

Both these impressions are, however, erroneous. A large proportion of the sums borrowed, and being borrowed, is applied to maintain the regular establishment of Government, meet the interest of the already enormous debt, and provide for matters of ordinary expenditure properly chargeable against taxes only. And, as regards the public works that are being carried out, I shall have to show that they are of such a character as to leave no reasonable chance of proving remunerative, or contributing more than a fraction towards interest on their cost.

With regard to the practice of using borrowed money to meet current expenses, the reader may perhaps experience some difficulty in reconciling such a state of things with statements that have been promulgated in reference to the New Zealand revenue showing a surplus. The explanation, however, such as it is, is very simple.

Some years ago when financial affairs were well nigh desperate, and year after year the most enormous deficits had to be acknowledged, an expedient was devised for preventing their reappearance. Up to that time current expenditure had been defrayed out of the Consolidated Fund, which, as its name implies, was the reservoir into which all taxes converged. But by the new system there was called into existence what was termed the Special Fund, to be maintained exclusively out of borrowed money; and to this Special Fund was transferred the bulk of military expenditure, besides other charges for miscellaneous purposes.

To prevent the possibility of any misapprehension I subjoin an extract from the speech made by the

Colonial Treasurer in moving the permanent adoption of this system. He said :

You will not be surprised, therefore, after what I have already stated on the subject of Defence expenditure, to hear that the Government consider that the Colony is not justified, even if it were able to do so, in regarding the item of Defence expenditure as one to be defrayed out of ordinary revenue.

We therefore propose to do that which we believe a large section of the public men of the Colony regret was not done four years ago. We intend to ask for a permanent appropriation for Defence purposes of 180,000*l.* for the first year, 160,000*l.* for the second, and 150,000*l.* for the three succeeding years, the money to be borrowed from time to time, if required, and as required.<sup>1</sup>

This proposal being carried into effect, a loan was issued for 'Defence and other purposes,' and, as might naturally be expected, this resource, when once called into existence, was freely utilised for the 'other purposes' as well as to provide for the military establishment.

With such an appliance for the manufacture of 'surpluses' nothing scarcely could be easier than to make the accounts of the Consolidated Fund wear a blooming aspect; but, despite this, for the ensuing year the Colonial Treasurer had to admit a deficit of 122,000*l.* An inspection of the accounts, however, shows the deficiency to have been enormously larger. First there is an item of 171,134*l.* paid out of loan for the peace establishment of the armed constabulary, and entirely ignored as affecting the balance. Then there is another item of 118,572*l.* similarly devoted out of loan to miscellaneous or 'other' purposes; whilst a further sum of 52,000*l.*, being three months' interest on one of the loans, is carried forward to the accounts of the succeeding year, instead of being debited to the one under considera-

tion, to which it properly belonged. Instead, therefore, of a deficit, as stated by the Colonial Treasurer, of only 122,000*l.*, the actual deficit approached more nearly to half a million sterling. Thus:

1870-71.	
Admitted deficiency . . . . .	£122,000
Military expenditure paid out of loan . . . . .	171,134
Miscellaneous expenditure paid out of loan . . . . .	118,572
Three months' interest omitted . . . . .	52,000
	£463,706

Next year the Colonial Treasurer met Parliament with a jubilant speech, declaring that the day of deficits had gone by, and that the colonial accounts showed an actual surplus of 10,500*l.* But, on looking up the statistics, it transpires that one single item of 186,813*l.* was paid out of loan for the maintenance of armed constabulary, and this sum, being provided out of the Special Fund, is entirely disregarded as affecting the question of surplus or deficit. I find, too, that the debt of the colony, which at the commencement of the year was 8,304,020*l.*, had risen to 9,406,492*l.* at its close. This shows an increase of 1,102,472*l.*, of which only 711,611*l.* is stated to have been applied to public works, so that there remains a balance of 390,861*l.* incurred for other purposes. But even of this 711,611*l.* professedly devoted to public works, a large proportion is of the nature of current expenditure. I find 29,198*l.* put down for interest and sinking fund, 24,648*l.* for departmental expenses, and 39,272*l.* for discount and charges, making in all 93,118*l.* Thus:

Interest and Sinking Fund . . . . .	£29,198
Departmental expenses . . . . .	24,648
Discount and charges . . . . .	39,272
	£93,118

<sup>1</sup> Financial Statement of the Hon. the Colonial Treasurer in Committee of the whole House, June 28, 1870. B. No. 2, pages 25 and 26.

What I have stated in reference to such large items of expenditure being defrayed out of loan instead of revenue, may perhaps be new to the reader, and he may enquire how it is that such an important fact has been kept in the dark. This I can best explain by an illustration borrowed from the playground. When a new boy joins a school, and seems of promising simplicity, it is thought an excellent joke to confide to him the existence of a process by which a hair may be pulled out without its being felt. If sufficiently 'green,' he is induced to submit himself for experiment, when his instructor, selecting a single hair, plucks it out suddenly, and simultaneously gives him a tremendous cuff on the head, the pain of which completely overpowers that of the extracted hair; and so the engagement is held to have been strictly adhered to.

In like manner with New Zealand, the systematic borrowing to meet current expenses may be regarded as the single hair plucked out, whilst the expenditure on public works is represented by the knock on the head to distract attention. Had application been made purely and simply for loans to supply deficits, the proposal might have met contemptuous rejection, but the gigantic schemes of public works served to divert attention from the loans incurred for other purposes, and to cause a confusion of ideas on the general subject of debt.

In answer to the foregoing it may very likely be stated that these proceedings are strictly legal—that all the borrowing, and all the application of borrowed money, have been in accordance with Acts of the Colonial Parliament—and that the entire transactions have been duly audited, and entered in the public accounts. All that may be. I do not deny

that a parliamentary sanction has been given to these proceedings; still less that they are correctly entered in the published Government accounts. It is from those very accounts that my information is derived. But the important point to keep in view is, that an account may correctly express the financial facts, and yet those facts be very improper ones; whilst there can be no doubt that the public at large, more especially the English public that advances the money, have a right to know what those accounts disclose, and to what purposes their money is applied.

If further proof be desired, it may be supplied by the following extract from a speech made last year by Mr. Stafford, who for several years occupied the post of New Zealand premier. He said:

At present we are doing well, but I would ask. Upon what are we trading? We are trading upon our credit in London, and paying the interest on loans out of loans themselves, while we are borrowing money in addition to loans not yet paid . . . The revenue of the colony in round numbers is 1,100,000*l.* per year, and we have got a debt—general and provincial—of 10,000,000*l.*<sup>2</sup> the interest and sinking fund on loans amounting to 616,000*l.* per year. *This has to come out of loan. I know it ought not to do so by law, but part of it on loan can only go on till it is taken up . . . It is too much the fashion of districts to go in for what is called a share of the plunder, for what are known as 'political railways,' rather than for what would be reproductive works . . . Though the idea of opening up the country for settlement by means of railways is a good one, it has degenerated into a political scramble . . . As it is, the schedule to the Act is loaded with railways, none of which will be reproductive for some time to come. Indeed, they are 'political railways,' and not railways intended to serve any useful purpose . . . I think the colony will borrow recklessly while it can do so, and leave the day of payment to be met by some one, and at some time, no one knows exactly how or when.*

To realise a parallel case in England, we must imagine our Prime

<sup>2</sup> Since largely increased.



Minister informing the public that in the course of a dozen years we had run up a debt of more than a thousand million pounds; that in a time of peace, whilst in the apparent enjoyment of high prosperity, our everyday expenditure exceeded revenue by sixty millions a year; that in addition to these accumulating deficits, the debt was being enormously increased by the construction of public works intended to serve no useful purpose, but devised merely as a means of purchasing political support; and that this system was likely to go on unchecked, till the ruin of our credit prevented our borrowing more.

Since the delivery of Mr. Stafford's speech, we have been favoured with the production of more 'surpluses,' which, however, will hardly occasion surprise after inspecting the machinery employed in their manufacture. The most recent specimen is that for the year ending June last, and is represented as reaching the magnificent dimensions of two or three hundred thousand pounds. The purposes to which it is proposed to be devoted will, however, afford sufficient data for judging of its reality. With a professed surplus of that amount, it is proposed, *in future*, to pay out of revenue *half* the military expenses. With equal liberality, it is proposed, *in future*, to pay the interest on the public works debt out of revenue instead of capital. As to the cost of introducing immigrants to the colony—one half of whom, it would appear, leave it shortly after arrival—that, we can only infer, will continue to be met *in future*, as in the past, out of capital.

Here it occurs to me to suggest a question, which may be of interest to your readers, and might possibly be deemed suitable to propound to candidates at competitive examinations. If a 'surplus' of 200,000*l.* is requisite to enable a colony to

pay *half* the amount of certain current expenses, what must be the magnitude of 'surplus' required to provide for *the whole*, and so establish an exact equilibrium between revenue and disbursements?

In the foregoing review, I have confined myself, in estimating the amount of deficit, to considering the disbursements from the Consolidated and Special Funds. The Public Works Fund forms a separate account, and whatever deficit may result from its operations will be in addition to that upon current expenditure.

Proceeding to the consideration of this point, we find the Colonial Treasurer, in speaking of the railways under construction, puts down 475,000*l.* a year as the charge they will involve for interest, and he dwells upon it as matter for congratulation that they will, in all probability, *pay more than working expenses*. He does not, however, conceive the possibility of their yielding more than a fraction towards the 475,000*l.* a year. To meet that enormous liability, he points to an alleged increase of 412,000*l.* in the general revenue. This, I shall show by-and-by to be as fictitious as the alleged surplus; but, in the meantime, it is noticeable that the year selected for comparison is that ending June 1871, for which the Colonial Treasurer admitted a deficit of 122,000*l.*, and the real deficit on which, as above shown, was nearly half a million. If, therefore, the alleged increase of revenue had equalled the additional charge for interest on railways, the annual deficit of half a million would still remain undiminished.

But I do not admit that the revenue since 1871 has increased by the alleged 412,000*l.*, and a very simple explanation will suffice to show the erroneous nature of such a supposition. It will be requisite, in the course of this article, to direct

attention to the character of the public works expenditure; for the present it is enough to remark that it has reached colossal dimensions, and that the funds to maintain it are obtained in this country. Now, it will be immediately evident that the capital so borrowed does not go out to the colony in the form of current coin of the realm, or Bank of England notes. Two millions borrowed by the colony does not imply two millions of golden sovereigns sent there, but simply an extra two million pounds' worth of goods imported. These goods pay duty—some ten per cent. *ad valorem*, some much higher—and, as a consequence, the Customs receipts show an apparent increase. That, however, is not an increase of revenue. If the Government exacts, say, 15 per cent. all round, as duty on the extra food, clothing, and tools consumed by the labourers on public works, on the other hand it has to pay at least 15 per cent. more to the contractors employing those labourers; nor can anyone fail to see that as soon as the excessive public work expenditure ceases, that moment must the Customs receipts collapse from their fictitious dimensions. In the meantime, however, the enormous public works expenditure answers the purpose of creating an imaginary increase of revenue, just as paying current expenses out of loan serves for the manufacture of surpluses. Whilst the 15 per cent. charged upon the extra importations is assumed to be revenue, the extra 15 per cent. paid to contractors is not counted as expenditure, but regarded as if it were represented by an article of value.

As regards the works to which such large amounts are being devoted, Mr. Stafford, as we have seen, denounces them as 'political railways, and not railways intended to serve any useful purpose,' and

the recent financial statement of the Colonial Treasurer would lead to a similar conclusion. There is good reason for believing that a further loan of four millions will shortly be applied for on the English market. Nothing, therefore, could be more desirable than to place the financial affairs of the colony, particularly its public works policy, in a favourable light. But, despite this, what are the best results which the Colonial Treasurer ventures to predict? Why, that the railways will pay something 'in excess of working expenses,' and that the annual deficit they occasion will not exceed the alleged increase in general revenue, which he sets down at 412,000*l.* What opinion are we to form of the character of public works involving a charge of 475,000*l.* a year for interest, when it is regarded as matter for congratulation that they do not involve additional loss? I may be mistaken, but I cannot bring myself to regard them as very successful, even though they should pay something above working expenses and involve no greater loss than 412,000*l.* a year.

It may be imagined, perhaps, that indirect advantages resulting from the construction of such works might do something to compensate for the direct loss they involved. The railways of England, for instance, pay on an average about five per cent. per annum. No one, however, would attempt to define their usefulness as limited to the payment of that dividend. By diminishing the cost of innumerable articles, by increasing the value of land, they do an immense deal towards enriching the country. But if those lines of railway, instead of paying 5*l.* per cent., were of such a useless character that the traffic upon them was insufficient to produce a dividend of

more than a few shillings per cent., it is evident that their indirect advantages must diminish in corresponding ratio. Nothing is clearer than that people will pay for what benefits them, and of that they are the best judges. Here, then, is a principle affording an easy means of estimating the value of public works to the community; and we may accept it as a good general rule that the benefit to the public is in direct proportion to the profit they yield to their promoters. What, therefore, shall we say as to the public utility of works, which, so far from yielding a nett profit, involve an actual loss, modestly estimated at 412,000*l.* a-year?

Of course it is within the bounds of possibility that the view taken by the Colonial Treasurer may be too gloomy, and it will be well, therefore, to check it by such experience as is afforded by the public works thus far completed.

The first railway constructed in New Zealand was a line of about twelve miles, at the south end of the Middle Island. The cost of its construction was 367,168*l.*, and a year or two ago it was leased to the contractors, who worked it, for 1,200*l.* a-year. The interest on cost, at five per cent., would therefore be 18,358*l.*, or rather more than fifteen times its nett earnings. More recently it appears that the annual proceeds had risen to 1,644*l.*, but the increase is attributable to an extension, whose cost I have not succeeded in ascertaining.

Even this wretched result is spoken of with complacency by newspaper supporters of public works policy. One writer says 'it speaks volumes in favour of the question of railways, now before the public;' and he exults in the greatly increased traffic, which had nearly doubled. But as that increase was only brought about by

reducing the rates of carriage more than one-half, it practically amounted to the Government conveying twice the quantity of goods for the same amount of money. The gross receipts had not increased at all, and it is highly probable, therefore, that the nett receipts were less. However, the writer proceeds to say that 'the line is working most satisfactorily. Its collateral advantages are conspicuous,' &c.; and in reference, I suppose, to the annual loss it involved of 16,000*l.* a year for interest, he adds: 'If these are the effects produced by circumstances the most discouraging, who can fail to see that the establishment of railways as a general system must be attended with advantages of the highest importance?'

In the same province I was told a jetty had been constructed at a cost of 40,000*l.*, and that the only vessel that had ever lain alongside it was the one which discharged the timber for making an approach to it.

In the town where I resided a post-office was built at a cost of 35,000*l.* or 40,000*l.*, and as that town had a population of only 18,000, it will be seen that similar expenditure throughout the post towns of England would absorb about seventy million pounds.

In the same town is a costly edifice called the Exhibition Buildings. Some years ago it was thought proper to go in for an exhibition, consisting almost entirely of articles imported, and so the various tradesmen sent specimens of their showiest goods in plate glass cases. Well, for this essentially temporary purpose a permanent building was erected, and 20,000*l.* or 25,000*l.* is set down for that. When no longer required as an exhibition, it was turned into an hospital, a purpose it is exceedingly ill suited to, and for

which a proper building could have been constructed at a fraction of the cost.

Some eighteen miles from Dunedin is a work of engineering art, called the West Taieri Bridge. It is built at a place where the Taieri river issues from a chain of hills and enters upon a plain. The mouth of the gorge is bell-shaped, or like the capital letter A. It is obvious, therefore, that, by bending the road a little inwards, it would have been possible to erect the bridge at the cross-bar of the A, where the stream was narrow, and where, owing to the high banks, a sufficient elevation could be obtained to admit the passage of water in time of flood. Instead, however, of adopting this obvious course, the bridge was built on the plain, at the base of the A, and instead of being continued entirely across the stream, which here spreads out broadly, it was built only half way across, the remaining space being filled up with an embankment. The consequences were as might be anticipated. A flood came, and the river, not finding sufficient egress under the bridge, gradually rose till it reached the level of the embankment, which it then overflowed and ultimately washed away. Of course the embankment was replaced, and equally of course it was washed away again; the cost of replacing it after every flood amounting to a sum, which, if it had been profit instead of loss, would have been very handsome. Ultimately, it was resolved to discontinue the embankment, and when I inspected this work of art, the road went down into the bed of the river from which you ascended a steep inclined plane to the bridge. This plan succeeded admirably. When the river was low, you could cross it without wetting your feet; but in time of flood, when a bridge became imperatively necessary, you

could only avail yourself of it by swimming half the distance. In conversation with engineers, I was told the cost of this was 35,000*l.*, whilst a perfectly efficient structure could have been erected for a tenth part of the money. There is a little inn adjoining the bridge, at which I stayed with a friend to lunch. The landlord, who was a canny old Scot, spoke in glowing terms of the neighbouring erection. He appeared to have a very lively appreciation of its 'indirect advantages.' He told us that some time before, a party of workmen had been employed to repair the ravages of a flood, and proved splendid customers to him for several weeks. When their job was finished, he spoke to the foreman rather regretfully at the prospect of losing his boarders. But the foreman, he told us, replied, 'Bide a wee, mon, bide a wee. May be there will be another flood; so we'll e'en just bide a wee.' So the party of workmen stayed on with him; and after a pleasant week's holiday, sure enough, another flood did come, undoing all their work, which had to be performed again *ab initio*.

One of the public works completed whilst I was resident in New Zealand was the Port Chalmers Graving Dock. This cost no less than 55,000*l.*, and its nett return was 400*l.* a year. In conversation with the gentleman most interested in its management, I learnt that, in his opinion, it might perhaps ultimately pay as much as 500*l.* a year towards the 2,750*l.* of annual outlay it involved for interest. This appeared to be regarded as highly satisfactory, and I do not doubt that similar works will be freely undertaken when there may be a prospect of their resulting in similar loss.

Another work recently completed is the Dunedin and Port Chalmers



Railway. Dunedin, I should explain, is situate at the head of an inlet about twenty miles in length, half way up which is the main harbour of Port Chalmers. Above that point the water is too shallow to admit the passage of ocean-going vessels, whose cargoes accordingly had to be brought up to Dunedin in lighters. To accommodate these, jetties and wharves were built at fabulous expense; whilst, to facilitate their passage, dredging operations were commenced on a grand scale. The dredge itself, I think, cost 20,000*l.* However, after the expenditure of many thousand pounds, it was resolved to construct a line of railway between the two places, which, of course, would render valueless three-quarters of what had been spent on the harbour. The work was accordingly handed over to contractors on a guarantee of 8 per cent. per annum over and above working expenses, on 70,000*l.*, its estimated cost. When complete, it was generally understood to have cost its proprietors something like 90,000*l.*, and it was thereupon purchased by the Government for 175,000*l.*—a transaction which bore a very striking resemblance to flinging 85,000*l.* into the sea. I was present at a public lunch, given at the inauguration of this line, when the Superintendent or Provincial Governor made a speech; and in view of the intention of the Government to purchase the railway, I could not avoid being struck by the fact, that, instead of depreciating it with the view of buying it as cheaply as might be, he said all that was possible in favour of the line. Had that line, he said, been constructed by the province, it would have afforded the means of constructing all the other railways throughout Otago. Its nett annual receipts would be 50,000*l.*, and that, capitalised, meant a million of money.

The most extraordinary feature, however, in this transaction, was that the sum paid for the railway might have sufficed to deepen the harbour so as to allow the passage of large vessels; and it is noticeable that, no sooner was the railway purchase completed than an agitation sprang up for that purpose, which became necessary on account of local and intercolonial traffic. It is quite on the cards, therefore, that the 175,000*l.* paid for the railway may be rendered practically valueless by harbour improvement.

Among the lines in contemplation, and indeed partially commenced, is one between Dunedin and Christchurch, which are situated near the sea-coast, about 240 miles apart. The former town has about 18,000 inhabitants, the latter perhaps 12,000, whilst between them are one or two townships with populations ranging from 1,000 to 4,000. Most of these, too, are on the coast, and consequently enjoy the advantage of steam communication. It would be difficult, therefore, to hit upon a locality where a railway was less needed, whilst an inspection of the country through which it must pass shows that its construction would prove costly in the extreme. The first part of the road lies over an exceedingly difficult range of hills, whilst the other part, though generally level, is intersected by streams that are perpetually changing their beds, and consequently present unusual difficulties in bridging. These mostly rise in a range of mountains running parallel with the coast, and the sudden melting of the snow makes them liable to violent floods, which, acting on the loose gravelly soil, occasions the constant change of bed. I have been over this part of the country by coach, and, where the rivers have been bridged for ordinary traffic, it is not unusual to see the bridge high and dry, far

away from the stream it once spanned.

The difficulty and expense of constructing railway bridges across such streams are, of course, very great. One alone is estimated to cost 60,000*l.*, and the others may range from 20,000*l.* upwards. When, therefore, in addition to the enormous expense of construction, we consider the sparseness of the population through which this line would pass, it is difficult not to feel, with the Colonial Treasurer, that it would be matter for congratulation if such undertakings paid something over working expenses and involved no further loss than that for interest on their cost.

The commercial enterprises of the Government are, however, hardly even so financially successful as their public works. The latter, as we have seen, do sometimes pay working expenses, but the former never do. In the public accounts the two departments of electric telegraph and post office are blended together; but irrespective of interest of money sunk in post office buildings, lines of wire, &c., there was an actual loss on the two departments of 80,355*l.* one year, and 82,133*l.* the next.

This, however, will not be considered wonderful on glancing at the gigantic subsidies paid to steam services, and paid, too, not for the sake of obtaining quicker and more regular communication, but, to all appearance, with the very opposite view. When I was in the colony, the Peninsular and Oriental Service *via* Suez worked like a piece of machinery, and it would have been easy enough to have connected with it at Melbourne. That, however, would not do. The receipt and despatch of mails with perfect regularity was insufficient. It was decided we must have a line of our own, so the services of Webb's San Francisco line were obtained at a subsidy of

46,000*l.* a year. The style of its working may be mildly called eccentric. Sometimes a steamer would come. Sometimes none would come. Once a steamer came leaving the mail behind it. But whenever a mail did come it was invariably late; and, taking an average, it transpired that we purchased the privilege of having our letters *delayed* a week at an annual cost of 46,000*l.* But the incomprehensible feature in the affair is that this result was held to be highly satisfactory. The Government made no attempt to close the contract or even enforce fines for delay, and it was only got rid of by the contractors finding the service unremunerative and quietly discontinuing it. For doing so without notice they were liable to a fine of 10,000*l.*, but I have been unable to learn of its having been enforced. I remember, however, that one of the Ministry charged it as a great crime upon his opponent, that the latter entertained a sinister design to 'strangle those great works,' as he called the San Francisco mail service and other enterprises of a similar character; and a staunch supporter of the Government, speaking of the town selected as terminus of the line, said:

He thought it was impossible to overrate the results of that arrangement. In the first place it would introduce a little Yankee life amongst us, and the expenditure would not be 100,000*l.* but 200,000*l.* a year, which would be better than any goldfield yet discovered.

I would call special attention to this speech as affording an illustration of the almost universal tendency to embark in enterprises for other than their obvious and legitimate ends. If a new steam line is proposed, the swift and regular transmission of letters is the last thing thought of. The main consideration is, what town shall obtain the incidental advantage of supply-

ing the vessels with provisions, and some pounds a year additional profit to the butcher and ship chandler is regarded as sufficient to compensate a loss to the public of many thousands. Just the same with public works; the question of their proving remunerative is hardly thought of, the only object of each district being to secure as large a share as possible for itself for the sake of the temporary advantage resulting from the expenditure. So long as their construction is being proceeded with, almost everyone is satisfied. Accounts of the most flagrant waste excite no public feeling. There are no indignation meetings to denounce even the most outrageous extravagance, and the surest avenue to popularity is to aid and encourage it to the utmost.

To the English reader such a position of affairs may seem inexplicable, contrary to the principles of human nature, and most obvious dictates of self-interest. Such a course must evidently end, sooner or later, in great disaster; how, then, is it conceivable that a people, possessing representative institutions and complete powers of self-government, can tolerate such a state of things? Now, it is unquestionable that if the sums wasted upon public works, and if the annual deficits occasioned by Government extravagance, had been replaced by taxation, an outcry would speedily have arisen, and the whole financial policy have been brought under rigid supervision. But hitherto the disagreeable consequence of increased taxation has never been associated with the idea of wasteful expenditure. Instead of extra taxes being imposed to the extent necessary to make good the losses occasioned by Government extravagance, the deficits have merely been paid out of loan and added to the amount of debt. Consequently

the system, thus far, has produced no results of a disagreeable character. The day of reckoning has been postponed so often from year to year, that the people at last have got to think it will never come. The immediate advantages arising from great public expenditure have been repeatedly experienced, but the necessary drawback of severe taxation is as yet undreamt of; and so heavy is the amount that would be requisite to establish an equilibrium between revenue and expenditure, that it is hardly a matter for surprise that colonial politicians should lack the courage to propose its being raised by taxation. And as the evil, too, has such an obvious tendency to aggravate itself, it is to be feared there is much truth in what Mr. Stafford said, that:

He thought the colony would continue to borrow recklessly whilst it could do so, and leave the day of payment to be met by some one, and at some time, no one knew exactly how or when.

There are two arguments used by the supporters of the present system in reply to those who apprehend disastrous consequences. One is, that although each and every one of the public works may produce a loss, yet, in some inexplicable way, indirect advantages may result from the whole, and more than sufficient to compensate. The indirect advantages resulting from such works as the West Taieri Bridge we have already glanced at, and it is difficult to see that any of a more desirable character have accrued from other public works. It must be remembered that there is nothing new in this policy. It has been going on with increasing rapidity for the last twelve years; and if any beneficial results were directly or indirectly deducible, it is time they became manifest. At present, under the stimulus of excessive public expenditure, the revenue is made to show an apparent increase, but this, as

above explained, is fictitious and illusive; and the only indirect results as yet to be perceived are the enormous increase of debt and steady recurrence of deficits.

The other argument is the population theory. It is urged that, although the debt continues to advance, an increased population, by affording a wider basis on which to levy taxes, may enable the colony to bear its enhanced burdens. For this purpose an extensive system of immigration has been set on foot, and a great number of people induced to go out. It is hardly necessary to glance at the question, which obviously suggests itself, as to what these people might say were they to learn the chief reason for desiring their company. How would they be likely to respond to what is, in effect, an invitation to go and help to pay other people's debts? Putting their feelings out of the question, it is evident that, if immigration gives the Government a larger number of people to tax, it also necessitates an increase of taxation to pay the interest of what it spends in introducing immigrants. Assuming, however, the balance of advantages to remain with the Government, it is manifest that the benefit must depend on the *permanence* of the immigration. Now, I happen to have before me a New Zealand paper, of October last year, giving some important particulars on this point. It says:

The statistical tables published by the Government of the numbers who arrived in and departed from the colony during the year ending December 1872 are worthy of some attention. These tables show the very unsatisfactory fact that while we have been, and are, paying very large sums for the introduction of immigrants into the several provinces, a very large outflow of our population is at the same time taking place, and especially to sister colonies. Thus, we find that 2,527 persons were introduced, or perhaps, more properly speaking, arrived by sea, at the port of Auck-

land, while there left the province, during the same period, 1,776. At Otago the immigrants who arrived were 3,181, and the number who left 1,731. At Westland the departures are stated as 572 actually in excess of arrivals. Canterbury, arrivals 1,703, departures 580. Nelson received an accession of 154, and 74 took their departure. The total arrivals in the colony during the year 1872 amounted to 10,725, while the departures therefrom amounted to no less than 5,752 souls. Scanning more particularly the details of the tables, we find that although the exodus consists chiefly of males, there has also been a considerable number of families who have left, and further that a large proportion of those who have forsaken our shores have gone to other colonies.

It transpires, therefore, that, with regard to the Immigration Scheme, a clear half of the money devoted to it is thrown away, and, that, in return for whatever advantages may result from the residence of one immigrant, the colony has to bear the expense of bringing in two.

It is evident, moreover, that whatever weight may attach to the argument of increased population, depends on that increase keeping pace with the increase of debt. In England, as we know, the national debt is diminishing, not merely in proportion to population, but in actual amount. We should hardly congratulate ourselves if its reduction were only relative; still less should we feel satisfied if it went on increasing, though in the same ratio as population. But, in New Zealand, even this condition does not prevail; for, during the last ten years, her debt has increased at six times the rate of population. From 1862 to 1871 the population just about doubled, but the debt simultaneously increased twelvefold. It is nonsense, therefore, to talk of the increase of population counterbalancing the burdens of accumulated indebtedness. I subjoin the figures showing the comparative growth of each, so far as I have been able to get at them:



	Population at end of year	Total debt at end of year	Total debt at middle of year
1857	49,802	£501,516	
1858			
1859			
1860			
1861	99,021		
1862	125,812	758,806	
1863	164,048	1,219,059	
1864	172,158	2,129,725	
1865	190,607	4,232,484	
1866	204,114	5,218,784	
1867	218,668	5,482,202	
1868	226,018	6,797,888	
1869	237,249	6,889,968	
1870	248,400	7,786,244*	£7,268,469
1871	256,167	8,855,256*	8,304,020
1872	270,000*	9,957,728*	9,406,492

\* Estimated only.

According to the recent financial statement the total debt was 12,500,000*l.*, which, with a population of 300,000, gives an average of about 40*l.* per head, incurred in twelve years, as compared with the 23*l.* per head in England, which is the growth of two centuries.

Reverting, however, to the question of population, it is not to be assumed that its increase necessarily implies an increase of revenue. For four consecutive years the population of New Zealand increased, whilst each year showed a diminution in revenue. Thus:

Year ending	Population	Revenue
Dec. 1867	218,668	£1,225,584
„ 1868	226,018	1,194,512
„ 1869	237,249	1,025,516
„ 1870	248,400	960,368
June 1871		936,188

Subsequently, as we have seen, the prodigious Government expenditure has occasioned an apparent increase, which, however, I have shown to be unreal and illusive.

To the English reader it may perhaps occur that the Crown Lands of the colony present a resource available for the purpose of meeting its liabilities. In most of the provinces, however, the greater part of the land has already been sold; and in those where any still remains, it is being rapidly disposed of, and its

proceeds treated like current revenue. It is loudly proclaimed that the land sales have, of late years, increased. So, indeed, they have, as will be manifest by glancing at the subjoined table. But so far from that being an increase of revenue, as seems to be implied, it is in reality only a diminution of capital.

	Land Sales
1870-71.....	£208,091
1871-72.....	336,311
1872-73.....	889,642
1873-74.....	1,038,797

But in truth there are a large number of persons who support the present financial policy of New Zealand, without being misled by any of the arguments adduced in its favour, or indeed troubling themselves very much about arguments at all. Such persons admit the disastrous tendency of the present system, and acknowledge that its ultimate effect must be ruinous; but then they say, 'Why need we trouble ourselves about that? Granted that such may be its ultimate result, in the meantime its effects are very agreeable. The Government expenditure is exceedingly stimulating to trade, and our object, therefore, must be to make as much money as we can whilst times are good, and be prepared to leave when the day of reckoning draws near.'

In the foregoing review of New Zealand finance the following significant facts have come under our notice:

1. That it has grown into a permanent practice, sanctioned by the Legislature, to defray large items of every-day expenditure out of borrowed money, and that the annual deficits more or less obscured by this process have ranged between four and five hundred thousand pounds.

2. That vast amounts are being lavished on public works which it

is not even pretended will yield more than a fraction towards interest on their cost; the said interest being estimated at 475,000*l.* a year.

3. That large amounts of borrowed capital are being devoted to introducing immigration, which does not prove permanent; and that in the meantime the interest on this, as well as on the public works, is paid out of loan.

4. That the debt is increasing at a ratio sixfold that of population.

5. That whilst the debt is thus rapidly increasing, the available assets of the colony, in the shape of unsold land, are still more rapidly diminishing.

6. That in view of the only remaining resource, that of increased taxation, a considerable number of colonists wisely express their intention of leaving when the day for its imposition draws near.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the financial policy I have been reviewing contravenes all the accepted principles of economic science. I do not, however, mean to deny that there is in New Zealand, at the present time, a high degree of commercial activity. It is difficult, indeed, to see how it could be otherwise. Imagine what would be the result in England were one-third of our taxation remitted, and the place supplied by money borrowed elsewhere. Imagine, in addition to that, the Government spending a hundred millions a year, likewise borrowed elsewhere, on public works, or, indeed, in any conceivable manner. Can anyone fail to see that the immediate effect would be to bring about a period of delirious prosperity? Let the House of Commons paraphrase the statement of the New Zealand Colonial Treasurer, and pass a resolution affirming 'That we are not justified, even if we were able to do so, in regarding our naval and military expenditure as an item to

be defrayed out of ordinary revenue;' let it declare that the cost of those departments is properly chargeable against loan, and ought to be excluded from consideration in making up our annual balance-sheet; the Chancellor of the Exchequer might then lay before the delighted House of Commons a budget glowing with prosperity. He might proclaim a 'surplus' of twenty or thirty millions, and charm his hearers with proposals for its distribution. He might repeal the income-tax, abolish stamps, and do away with the malt duty. With such a contrivance for the manufacture of 'surpluses' there need be no end to the good things obtainable. Imagination revels in the prospect. It might even be asked—if so simple a means is efficacious in reducing taxation, why not apply it on a larger scale, provide the whole expenditure out of loan, and abolish taxation altogether?

Assuming such a policy as I have indicated to be adopted here, it is likely that the 'prosperity' consequent thereon would lead to a larger consumption of tea, coffee, tobacco, spirits, and other dutiable articles. The Customs and Excise might therefore show an increase, to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer might proudly point as an evidence of the soundness of his financial system.

To set against these delightful experiences it might certainly happen that a reaction should set in. The Ministry who had effected these 'wonders' might be ousted, and their places filled by a Cabinet who would insist on meeting expenditure out of revenue. To effect this severe taxation would be requisite, but that need not affect the happy features of the scheme as viewed from the standpoint of its inventors. They might emigrate to the United States, to Japan, or somewhere else; and, re-

ferring to their past labours, triumphantly contrast the 'prosperity' which attended *their* administration with the awful collapse that ensued on its discontinuance. Thus, perhaps, they might preserve the reputation of being sagacious, far-seeing statesmen, and resume their old trade of manufacturing 'prosperity' with augmented facilities.

But for one trifling difficulty, too, this 'policy' might be adopted all the world over. But for it we

might proclaim the Millennium, and realise the joys of the Golden Age. The one indispensable condition is, that every country should be a borrower, and no country a lender. That, however, is only a matter of detail, a difficulty which will doubtless be surmounted; and I am content to leave its solution to the brilliant genius that has already managed to go so far with so remarkable a scheme.

I am, &c.

CHARLES FELLOWS.



## SIR CHARLES BELL.

PERHAPS in all the literature of medical biography—a literature which has a scientific importance and human interest peculiarly its own—there is no life that leaves such a vivid and distinct impress as that of the great surgeon, Sir Charles Bell, and his fame doubtless stands at a higher point now than it did at any period of his lifetime.

The actual practice of Sir Charles Bell, which is the barometer of the popular estimate of a surgeon's ability, never, despite some occasional brilliant bursts of prosperity, equalled, neither in London nor in Edinburgh, his legitimate expectations or the fair standard of professional rewards. Those who were brought into frequent contact with him imagined that they saw evidences of his being a disappointed man; perhaps they thought also that this disappointment was not without effect on his high and generous temper. But they also felt most emphatically, more perhaps than in the case of any other teacher of the time, that in the company of Bell they were associated with a truly great man. The impress of greatness was in his looks, his eloquent words, his 'large discourse.' His views extended far beyond the limited range of personal and professional interests; and as all local, accidental, and temporary circumstances fade away from human memory, men are more able to do justice to a striking original genius and intrepid high-minded life.

In two great departments of intellectual effort Bell made his special mark. He made the greatest discovery in physiology since Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, that of the functions of the nervous system. The state of medical science in respect to the nervous system is still to a great degree tentative and unsettled, and

Bell's labours were largely supplemented by the late Marshall Hall, and, we may add, by such living writers as Drs. Russell Reynolds and Brown-Séquard. But Bell was the first to describe the anatomical structure of a nerve under the necessary conditions of uninterrupted continuity and circulation, and he will always be spoken of in medical literature as the great founder of scientific neurology.

He was not only surgeon but author. His Bridgewater Treatise, *On the Hand*, is a splendid exposition of the great leading argument of natural theology; and, whatever shapes the teleological argument may assume, will remain one of the classics of the language. For patience, industry, knowledge, accomplishments, originality, his reputation will remain in evidence in the series of his publications.

It has so happened that the world has been permitted to enter into a close and unrestrained intimacy with the private life of this remarkable man. We have been enabled to see the struggles and achievements of a wide and affluent mind, and affectionate and noble nature. We are permitted to see how a rare domestic felicity, the intense attachment of friends and relatives, fully compensated for the comparative neglect of the world, and the unworthy attempt to rob him of his laurels as a discoverer. Not long after his death an article appeared in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. lxxii.), evidently written by one who knew him well, and had full access to his letters and papers. Twelve years ago M. Amédée Pichot published a biography of no very conspicuous merit, but containing a portion of his correspondence and a fair estimate of his labours. Quite recently a most charming volume has been published, com-



prising a brief memoir and a large selection from the long uninterrupted correspondence which he maintained with his brother, George Joseph Bell. It is from these publications, helped by some scattered notices in scientific literature and some private recollections of pupils, that we propose to sketch a career of which the ethical interest is hardly inferior to the scientific value. Not only did Sir Charles, to an indefinitely great extent, heal or alleviate human suffering, expand the limits of medical knowledge, and make valuable and lasting additions to our literature, but he has unconsciously left behind him in his letters one of the most winning portraiture that have ever graced medical biography.

Charles Bell, born in Edinburgh in the year 1774, was the youngest son of a very poor clergyman in the small body of Scottish Episcopalians. The episcopal system at no period of our history has been noted for the equality or justice of its rewards. The father of Charles Bell was not so well off even as Goldsmith's curate, 'passing rich with forty pounds a year!' The income of the Reverend William Bell was *twenty-five pounds* per annum. He was obliged to withdraw a son from school because he could not afford five shillings a quarter for his schooling. Charles Bell never knew his father to the extent of any distinct recollection of him. It must be a question of much wonderment how the poor clergyman's widow contrived to bring up her family of sons. For many poor widows it must have been a sheer impossibility to have given her sons the most liberal education. But the mother of the Bells was a woman of very uncommon character, and Edinburgh has extraordinary facilities for the education of the children of struggling families. Edinburgh gave Charles Bell and his brethren the teaching of the High School and of the University. There is no simpler, nobler story

to be oftener told in Scotland than the struggles of poor students of high thinking and plain living to come fairly abreast with the culture of their times. Doubtless, too, the poor lady had kinsfolk and friends, who, according to the measure of their small strength, would give practical sympathy. Charles used to say that all the education which he really had was derived from his mother. The pinch of that early poverty, the *res angusta domi*, the spectacle of that good mother's constant struggles, always haunted him, much after the fashion of Mr. Dickens's recollections of his early days according to Mr. Forster. 'For twenty years of my life,' Charles Bell wrote, 'I had but one wish—to gratify my mother, and to do something to alleviate what I saw her suffer.' In his case the upward struggle was considerably simplified and lightened by the help of his elder brothers. They had gone before and made things comparatively easy for him. When he was only eleven, one brother had made himself famous, and he was only seventeen when another brother was at the bar. They were good lads, they all pulled together, and John especially took on him all a father's duties, while he freely admitted the youngest son to a brother's equalities. The struggles and efforts of these four boys might make up a story of which Scotland would be proud. A late professor in one of the Scottish Universities used to tell that in his country house he was one day engaged in watching the operation of coals being shot into his cellar. He recognised in the coal heaver a young student who had been attending his own class at Glasgow. He would make none the worse student because he joined manual labour to mental toil. It is hardly likely that the Bells were ever driven to labour with their hands, but there is abundant evidence that theirs

was the *nitor in adversum* experience for many weary years. On taking a retrospect of the past Charles was able to say, 'I am more grateful to Providence for the example set before me by my parents, than if riches and honours had descended from them—honours there certainly were.' He once wrote on the margin of a work of medical biography, compiled by the once well-known archæological physician, Pottigrew, 'People prate about education, and put out of sight example, which is all in all.'

All the sons of this excellent couple became good and distinguished men. The ties of natural affection were exceedingly strong in this family, in none more so than in Charles, and he pours out his whole soul to his brother George. He says, and no doubt truly, success was chiefly valuable to him 'as it gave happiness to the best of brothers.' It should be remembered, however, that this was before his brother's wife and her sister Marion came on the scene, who greatly altered for the better the complexion of his days.

This brother, George Joseph, who was next in years to Charles, and about four years his elder, was a very remarkable man. George Bell's legal work ought not to pass without notice. It expanded into a commentary on Mercantile Law, which has formed the basis of much practical legislation in Scotland, and has become a text-book not only in Scotland but also in England and Russia. Lord Cockburn says that it settles eighty out of every hundred mercantile cases in Scotland, and has done more for the fame of Scotland in law than all the other Scottish law books put together. He calls it the greatest book since Lord Stair's *Institutes*. The work is quoted in the American case before the Geneva Court of Arbitration. It may be mentioned in this connection that the first Lord Tenterden's book on

the *Law of Ships*, though practically superseded in this country, is a ruling authority in the United States. George Joseph Bell missed the judicial promotion which was his due, and, like his brother Charles, subsided into the University chair. Between these two brothers the tenderest affection subsisted, like that of David and Jonathan, like that of Nisus and Euryalus; or, to take a modern instance, like John Scott and William Scott, Lords Eldon and Stowell. Any moralist wishing to illustrate the fraternal relation would find one of his finest illustrations in the Bells.

The next brother in seniority was John Bell, the surgeon (more than ten years older than Charles), devoted in early childhood to the craft of healing by his pious father, in gratitude for a successful operation which he had undergone. As an operator John Bell attained European fame, and he had for many years a reputation at Edinburgh like Symonds of a later day, though from a pugnacious temperament he lived in a chronic state of warfare with his professional brethren. John Bell was a little man and a lazy, but a capital operator and a terrible controversialist; his eloquence, dexterity, ability, unrivalled. His health broke down; he was obliged to live abroad, and he died in Rome.

The eldest brother, Robert, was a Writer of the Signet, and became Professor of Conveyancing to the Writers of the Signet. He introduced law reporting into the Scottish Courts; and though one of the judges complained 'the fellow takes doon ma very words,' and other judges called him into the robing room to admonish him, with characteristic family intrepidity he persevered till the judges themselves acknowledged the utility of the practice.

Charles, having left the famous High School, began to study the

profession for which he had been always educated, and was naturally associated with his brother John. At the High School he had been a backward boy, but had a keen consciousness of his deficiencies. But the parents of dull boys need never despair; good wines mellow slowly. Charles was still very young when it was predicted that he would become one of the first anatomists of the day. Up to 1798 he was associated with his brother John, giving him special assistance in drawings and preparations. In that year he was made a member of the College of Surgeons, and from that time he was associated with his brother both in lectures and in literature. There was a famous society of learned and accomplished men at Edinburgh about this time, of whom the most illustrious were Playfair and Dugald Stewart; but little or not at all noticed by this society there was a group of young men destined to supersede them, and acquire a wider and more illustrious renown, — Brougham, Horner, Jeffroy, Mackintosh, Allen, Sydney Smith, and others. With some of these Charles Bell formed intimate relations which remained to the last. Such a bitter professional feeling existed in Edinburgh against the keen, eccentric John Bell that he was eventually forced to discontinue his lectures, and his brother Charles resolved to shift the scene altogether, and come up to London. Lord Cockburn, in his *Life of Jeffrey*, describes Charles Bell at this time: 'Gentle and affectionate, he was strongly marked by the happy simplicity that often accompanies talent, and was deeply beloved by numerous friends.' Lord Jeffrey, writing after Bell's death, shows how little that character was changed by the lapse of years and the conflicts of life.

What may with strict justice be called the autobiography of Charles Bell commences with his narrative

of going up to London by the mail-coach. It would not be correct to describe him as a Scotch adventurer, or even to say, as it is said in the notes to the *Correspondence*, that he had no personal friends in London. He had as friends of his youth men who were becoming very distinguished, and whom he would meet in town, or who would be able to give him some important introductions. But he was himself a man able to stand on his own name and merits. Between 1799 and 1801 he had published his *System of Dissection*, with his own drawings and plates, and had also been associated with his brother John in an important anatomical work. It is to be regretted that we have no adequate account of his first Edinburgh career.

When the first flush of enjoyment, of seeing the London sights and going into London society, had passed away, he saw clearly what very uphill work his professional progress would be, and at times he was deeply disheartened. We find him saying how 'weary' he is, and that, like the prodigal son, he must throw himself on his friends again. He would pace London streets — what De Quincy calls 'the stony-hearted terraces' — speculating where it might be his fate to dwell, and who, in the chances of the future, might be his associates. He had only a few good letters of introduction, but his reputation had gone before him, and we almost at once find him on terms of kindly intercourse with some of the most eminent men of science of the day. Sir Joseph Banks, 'a very kingly figure of an old man,' received him at one of his breakfasts, and gave him a standing invitation. The illustrious Bailey, who always made a point of giving the heartiest welcome to young men of promise, showed him as much friendship and hospitality as his immense practice would permit. He associated with

Sir Astley Cooper (who once told Bell that it was difficult for a man to retire from business who was liable to be called upon by 7,000 members of the profession whom he had educated), and he was especially familiar with Mr. Abernethy. Bell says in his note-book: 'When I first came to London I was a great deal with him, and many a moonlight night have we wandered over half London when Abernethy had no other intention than of bidding me good night at his own door.' Poor Abernethy would lecture the students who loved him against too much stimulant, and then invite some of them to dinner, where he would drink his bottle of port and sleep off the effects on the rug. The artists recognised and loved Bell. Sir David Wilkie, before departing for the Holy Land, told him how much his art had benefited by his teaching. Bell felt he was making way. He ventured to take a large, cheap, ill-repaired old house in Leicester Street, which once belonged to Spenser Onslow, though much depressed for a time by well-grounded doubts as to the wisdom of the step. Dr. Gibson, an American physician, who had been a pupil of Bell's, in his *Rambles in Europe* has a good deal to say about this house. He reports that Bell's servants left him one by one, that the house pupils dreaded sleeping in single rooms, and that once, 'while tossing about half asleep, Bell felt his foot seized by an ice-cold hand.' The house was supposed to be haunted by a beautiful girl who died while engaged to be married, and whose body was dissected by London surgeons. It was moreover the very house where the so-called 'Invisible Girl' had exhibited, and Bell discovered part of the machinery belonging to the trick. Bell stayed at Onslow House for five years, and, *inter alia*, wrote here a charming essay, still unpublished, *A Letter to my Earliest Friend on a Method of Drawing*.

The fees began to flow in after a pleasant fashion. We find him writing with cheerful glee that the night finished with a guinea and the morning began with one.

There is one work of Sir Charles Bell's to which we must especially advert, which was published during the earlier years of his residence in London. This is that delightful work the *Anatomy of Expression*, justly a favourite with students of anatomy and students of drawing. Refused by several publishers, it was a book which the author especially loved and valued, and sought to improve to the very last; and although this handsome quarto appeals only to a very limited public, edition after edition regularly appears. To a great extent, Mr. Darwin's last work includes and supplements that of Bell. Charles Bell's own sketches are of the most masterly kind, and give some of the highest examples both of humour and of pathos. But he chiefly dedicated art to the service of anatomy, in which his success was very great. 'I could not have conceived that anything could be so perfect and beautiful as his wax models,' wrote Jeffrey. 'I saw one to-day which was quite the Apollo Belvedere of morbid anatomy.' The letter-press of the *Anatomy of Expression* shows how thoroughly Bell deserved the hackneyed praise of being an accomplished man. There are many gems of criticism of a unique kind. The lover of letters will find various passages of Virgil, Metastasio, Shakespeare, Spenser, &c., illustrated in no Dryasdust manner. The range of authors is remarkable, and they are quoted in a way that evidences perfect familiarity. The poet-artist calls in the aid of his anatomical science, and demonstrates how precisely true to nature are the highest delineations of genius. To none of his writings did Bell more thoroughly address himself *con amore*. He takes up some



great picture—say one of Hogarth's—and shows how the artist has produced some specific desired effect. Again, taking the converse, from an analysis of the workings of nature he shows what should be the true character of art. Many of his pages would read like severe criticism on much of the meretricious and inaccurate drawing and painting of the human figure at the present day. He shows also how the highest beauty is not sensuous, but essentially exists in the expression. With his love of comparative anatomy Bell contrasts varieties of expression in man and in animals, and states a law of dissimilars which may be commended to the attention of those who would wish to see the converse of Mr. Darwin's reasoning. Everyone who wishes to study art intelligently must work on some such lines as Bell has indicated in his remarkable volume.

Bell would not fail to be highly gratified by the praises which many artists hastened to give his book, and also by the permanent place it occupied. But he was determined to be a man of science rather than artist, and he writes: 'I have often been troubled with the perverseness of people attaching merit to the drawings of my book, and closing their eyes altogether on the reasoning.' He became a candidate for the office of Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy, and Abernethy withdrew his candidature in deference to Bell's superior merit. Sir Astley wrote to say that he should tell the king that he ought not to vote for any other person. Bell was unsuccessful, repeatedly unsuccessful; then, as now, public competition by no means securing the selection of the best man. Still the little red fee-book yielded comfortable results, which at this time satisfied Bell's humble aims, though no larger sum is mentioned than a quarter of what has

been obtained by some provincial practitioners, and in his best days his professional income little exceeded two thousand a-year. In 1810 the skilful surgeon was himself attacked by scarlatina. Even in his delirium he retained his habit of scientific observation, and there are few passages in medical literature more curious than where he marks his sensations at the time which gave the utmost anxiety to his friends. 'As to the delirium, it was never such as you suppose; especially the first nights, it was rather agreeable. A painter, with a look of self-gratulation, seemed to place his piece on an easel; another, with an air of superiority, displaced the first, and substituted his own style; a third frowned and terrified the last, until, in rapid succession, I saw the finest pieces of history, the most romantic scenery—banditti, ruins, aqueduct. . . . Every absurdity of my imagination I observed to have a distinct origin in the impression on the sense. When the light was vivid, the candles and fire burning bright, the truth of sensation corrected all aberrations. In total darkness, too, I was free of false perception; but in the obscure light of the rushlight on that grey canvas that seemed to be drawn across the vision by the shutting of my eyelids, the reflex sensation perpetually exhibited the most romantic scenes, or the richest ornaments, or the gayest festoons of flowers.' Various passages might be cited from medical biographers, showing the care with which medical men have analysed and registered the phenomena of their illnesses, but none are so vivid and poetical as Bell's.

When he recovered he went to Edinburgh to visit his brother George. And there he renewed his acquaintance with the sister of his brother's wife. They became engaged, and we have some of his love letters, which contrast very

remarkably with the general run of this description of literature, and he tells her of all his early struggles in London. Next year they were married, and he had the happiness of taking his wife on their bridal tour to the Lakes and to Oxford. Then he brought her to the new home which he had prepared for her and himself in Soho Square. So commenced a wedded life that proved to be of the rarest felicity. 'I watch her ever,' he writes to his brother, 'and the animated colour in her cheek is sunshine to me.'

He now ventured on the great step of taking the Medical School in Great Windmill Street, connected with the Hunters and many other illustrious men. 'Charles did not sleep all night,' writes the wife; 'he wakened me with "Oh, May, it will be a noble museum."' Later he touched the highest point of his professional career in his election to be surgeon of the Middlesex Hospital. Still the money did not come in. 'Everything goes well with me but money. I confess to you, my dear George, I am sick and heavy, and out of heart, at being so poor. I have parted with my manservant, and shall not take another till toward winter. Let it go no further—make confidant of no one relating to my matters. There is not a creature in the world but yourself that can retain a respectable opinion of a poor man.'

The school in Windmill Street, before the establishment of London University and King's College, deservedly stood very high. Bell was an admirable lecturer (though not always so punctual as he might have been), and his brother-in-law, John Shaw, was the best of assistants. Bell was a wonderful operator; his right hand had a wondrous cunning for delicacy and precision, but he suffered intense nervousness before undertaking a difficult operation; and in lecturing too he was somewhat nervous; never more so than when one

day 'he descried the capacious white head, and cold impassible look of that sagacious old man Cline.'

Military surgery was his special forte. Many foreigners of distinction came to him; the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas sent him valuable rings for services rendered to Russian generals. In 1809, when the remnants of our army, after Corunna, landed at Portsmouth, Bell set to work at Haslar Hospital that he might mature and extend his knowledge of military surgery. He says in a letter: 'Each day as I awake I still see the long line of the sick and lame slowly moving from the beach. It seems to have no end.'

When the news of the battle of Waterloo came, Bell immediately started for the Continent. 'John, how can we let this pass?' he exclaimed to his brother-in-law, who had always been to him as another self; 'there is such an occasion of seeing gunshot wounds come to our door, and let us go.' They started with no other passports than the surgical instruments which the brothers-in-law shook in the faces of the officials, and which proved sufficient. When Bell arrived at Brussels it was eleven days after the great battle, and only then arrangements were being made for the reception of the wounded. From Brussels he wrote a letter to his brother, which the latter showed Sir Walter Scott, who was so filled with enthusiasm, that he at once came over, and afterwards wrote *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. In a letter to his friend Leonard Horner, he mentions how he worked for thirteen hours continuously, knife in hand, until his arms dropped powerless through his exertions.

Bell did much to promote the surgical knowledge which might be useful in aftertimes. His sketches of the wounded were afterwards reproduced in water-colours; many of

them are now the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; others in the University College of London; and seventeen, together with his note-book, are at the Royal Hospital, Netley. He vividly describes the French wounded: 'Low, exhausted, *beaten*,—you would still conclude with me that those were fellows capable of marching unopposed from the west of Europe to the east of Asia. Strong, thick-set, hardy veterans, brave spirits and unsubdued, they cast their wild glance upon you, their black eyes and brown cheeks finely contrasted with their fresh sheets. From all I have seen, or all I have heard of their fierceness, their cruelty, and bloodthirstiness, I cannot convey to you my detestation of this race of trained banditti.'

We must now say a few words on Bell's great scientific discovery. When Abernethy had perused his papers on the Nervous System, he exclaimed, 'What stupid chaps we have all been not to think of this before!' As Dr. Amédée Pichot says, 'This was almost the egg of Columbus over again.' We find him so early as 1807 writing to his brother George that he was *burning* as on the edge of a great discovery. 'I consider the organs of the outward senses as forming a distinct class of nerves from the other. I trace them to corresponding parts of the brain totally distinct from the origins of the other.' Motion and sensibility being the great functions of life, and at the same time being perfectly separable in idea and in fact, Bell inquired how nature could have given them one common conductor. Anatomists, by cutting through the trunk of a nerve, at once deprived the limb of motion and feeling. It was Bell who made the great scientific guess that what appeared one nerve must in reality be a bundle of nerves packed and tied together for the purpose and convenience of

distribution. 'But are those single nerves really single?' was his first inquiry, that at once went to the heart of the matter. He ascertained by careful dissections that the spinal nerves, in appearance single, sprang from two roots, and were composed of two distinct filaments. His fundamental principles are, first, that nerves similar in their substance and structures differ in endowments and functions as in origin; and, secondly, that the nerves owe to their roots in the great nervous centres (these being the brain, the cerebellum, the medulla oblongata, and the spinal marrow) their respective endowments—the one motion, the other sensation. Sir Charles Bell says: 'The key to the system will be found in the single proposition, that each filament or trunk of nervous matter has its peculiar endowment independently of the others which are bound up along with it; and that it continues to have the same endowment throughout its whole length. If we select the filament of a nerve, and if its office be to convey sensation, that power shall belong to it in all its course wherever it can be traced; and wherever in the whole course of that filament, whether it be in the foot, leg, thigh, spine, or brain, it may be bruised, or pricked, or injured in any way, sensation and not motion will result; and perception arising from the impression will be referred to that part of the skin when the remote extremity of the filament is distributed.' Sir Charles Bell, following the example of Abernethy, who abhorred vivisection, shrank from the experiments on the living subject, which would fully have verified his conclusions. It would not be correct to say that Bell altogether abstained from such experiments, but he made them as slight as he could, and threw them up when he saw they must entail intense suffering. His

view belonged mainly to 'the anticipations of science;' like Hunter, he saw by the force of reason, the penetration of genius, the cardinal facts which subsequent microscopic observation has confirmed. Bell's theory was fully confirmed by the experiments of the celebrated French physiologist, M. Majendie, who, in fact, was very near anticipating his discovery. The honour of priority, however, clearly belongs to Bell. Men of science by common consent have given to the principle of the distinct functions of the two roots of a nerve the name of the *Lex Belliana*. He complains somewhat bitterly in the preface to his *Nervous System* of the attempts that were made to deprive him of the honour of discovery. Müller, the German physiologist, says that the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey and the discoveries of Charles Bell in the nervous system are the two grandest that have ever been made in physiological science. Bell further worked out his theory of the 'Nervous Circle,' which led Dr. Marshall Hall to the discovery of the 'reflex' or 'reflective' functions. Brown-Séquard has been one of the best recent exponents of Bell's system.

We have now before us Bell's quarto work *On the Nerves*, published in 1830, consisting of his papers contributed to the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, the study of which book would be necessary for the purpose of comprehending the full character of his discovery. Before its publication the whole subject of the physiology of the nervous system was in a confused state. After it all students of the subject were obliged to begin *de novo*. So early as 1811 he had sketched out his leading ideas in a tract printed for private circulation, 'An Idea of a New Anatomy of the Brain, submitted for the Observa-

tion of the Author's Friends.' The chief use of this was that it enabled him to vindicate his claim against Majendie for priority of discovery. The whole controversy became so bitter and distasteful to Bell that he abstained even from reading the pamphlets that were published. We have been unable to do more than indicate the general nature of his discoveries; if we entered into it fully we should also have to notice the modifications which have subsequently been made by scientific men in Bell's experiments and conclusion. The whole subject may be easily mastered in such a popular work as Dr. J. B. Carpenter's *Principles of Human Physiology*. The late President of the British Association remarks that it is only in the vertebrata that the difference between the *afferent* and *efferent* fibres of the nerves has been satisfactorily determined. 'The merit of this discovery is almost entirely due to Sir C. Bell. He was led to it by a chain of reasoning of a highly philosophical character; and though his first experiments on the spinal nerves were not satisfactory, he virtually determined the respective functions of their two roots by experiments and pathological observations upon the cranial nerves before any other physiologist came into the field.'

Charles Bell was one who had a thorough love of nature. In his own phrase he 'warried' for the country. When he got out of town, was aware of the absence of din, felt the fresh breeze, saw the clouds over head and the green grass around, he would ask himself, 'What have I got in exchange for this?' He found, however, that it was not enough to get out of London. He perceived the necessity of having some object of interest, some pursuit, some pastime,

<sup>1</sup> Carpenter's *Human Physiology*, p. 123.



when he took his country holiday.

Charles Bell found his pastime in fishing. He rises into a vein of pictorial eloquence on the subject which would do the highest credit to Izaak Walton's *Piscator*. 'That varying darkness of the brown rushing waters, the pools, the vales, the fantastic trees—go round the world, you shall not see *these* unless you have a fishing rod in your hand.' Originally he took up fishing rationally and on principle, as he said, but it became a passion. Indeed, there were not wanting criticisms that he devoted too much time to the piscatorial art. He was very awkward at first, and learned all the delicacies of the wrist in his own drawing room in the evenings. He seems to have become an admirable fisherman. Christopher North says, 'Now for a fish. Let's show the heaviest salmon in the Tweed. Let's put on a bigger and a brighter professor. Would that Sir Charles Bell were here, who excels in all he tries—artist, anatomist, angler of the first water!' Bell's constant notices of his fishing show the sense of genuine enjoyment. 'I have got an order for Lord Cowper's water at Panshanger, which is a sweet valley with a pretty running water. The trout are as large as young salmon, and give me great sport. These English parks are, as you well know, the great ornaments of England. They afford solitudes and picturesque beauties.' He even contemplated writing a book upon the subject which should 'please everyone.' On more grounds than one it would have been interesting. But he subordinates even this amusement to the serious purposes of life. The whole theory of true recreation might be gathered from his example and precepts. 'If there be any best bits in *The Hand*,' he writes, 'they were written after a day of comparative retirement and relaxation at Panshanger or Chenies. I

have tasked myself, while throwing a line, how I should express myself on going to the little inn to tea. It is thus that one has the justest and fairest views of nature, which I believe would never rise into the mind of him who has the pressure of business upon him, at least such business as mine.' With fishing he used to combine sketching. He made his fishing a means of achieving all kinds of useful objects. 'By fishing you contemplate nature; you are interested in the weather, in the winds that blow, in insects, their season and their habits and propagation; and the fishes are a study; they are timid and voracious; they have their time of rest and of activity, and of feeding. Then your many faculties are in exercise; your eye acquires a capacity for distant and minute objects; your hand dexterity, your fingers neatness. Then in fishing you are brought to spots of secluded loveliness. M. said to me, "I do not believe that you ever look at the landscape." "You are mistaken," said I; "to-day I fell flat on my back, and when I looked up and saw the rocks, and hanging oaks and birchwood, I thought I never beheld such enchantment."'

In 1831 Bell received the Guelphic order of knighthood. He was one of a scientific band which included Herschel, Babbage, Brewster, admitted to the honour. Other more important changes in his life gradually took effect. The school in Windmill Street had had its day, but was absorbed in larger institutions. Bell had indignantly thrown up his Chair of Physiology in the London University through the difficulties of dealing with the Council. He was now without public employment, and had to depend solely on the practice of his profession. In 1835 the Chair of Surgery at the University of Edinburgh was offered to him. At the age of sixty-three, the process of transplantation must have been a some-

what perilous experiment. He, indeed, came back to the city of his youth, where he would find or make many friends, but it was covered with new buildings, crowded with a new population, 'other faces, alien minds.' Though his fame stood high, even a great reputation can rarely penetrate through the network of new interests; and as a matter of fact he found himself altogether mistaken in the estimate he had made of the large private practice that would flow to him. Yet there were many inducements to accept the offer—the comparative ease of professional life, the nearness to his brother and his family, the beautiful neighbourhood of the ancient city. He yielded to the invitation, but it was not without a struggle; and after its acceptance we find no expressions of regret. He left his old London home and was able to say, 'I leave no enemy behind me, and Marion is universally beloved.' Sir Henry Hallford headed his brethren in presenting him with a splendid testimonial.

At Edinburgh he was always close to a charming country. 'In forty minutes from the door I am in the most beautiful scenes imaginable, having an extent of river which affords every variety of long cast in smooth and deep water, the ripple and cascade and deep pool; and then I sit and sketch or fish in perfect solitude. God knows I am grateful. . . I never lose the sense of the comparative rest to my weary feet here, compared with that slippery position in London, where you must run to stand still, like the criminal in the treadmill.'

In 1840 he started for a tour, a genuine artist's tour. He went by way of Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Genoa, and Bologna. In all the medical schools at these places he found that his medical fame had preceded him. At Paris he was received in a most amusing way by

MM. Rout and Petit. When he handed in his card, one of the doctors said, 'Ah, Sharley Bell. C'est lui-même!' and the students all gathered round, and the ward resounded with 'Sharley Bell,'—and Sir Charles was greatly pleased. The eminent Professor, M. Rout, dismissed his class without a lecture, saying, 'Gentlemen, enough for to-day, you have seen Charles Bell.' Foreign philosophers, who may be said most truly to represent the judgment of posterity, delighted to do honour to Bell. Cuvier, whenever he visited England, came to see Bell and was a correspondent of his. When he was dying the thought of Bell's discoveries was in his mind, and pointing to the seat of his disorder he said, 'Ce sont les nerfs de la volonté qui sont malades.' Baron Larrey insisted on dining with Charles Bell. Tiedman esteemed it an honour to be his guest. Bell, as a thorough artist, especially enjoyed his visit to Rome. Sir Charles was a thorough artist, and many of his art criticisms are well worthy of study. He thought how he should be able to enrich his book on the *Anatomy of Expression*. It need not be said how he went and gazed on the spot where his brother John was buried. In returning from Rome Sir Charles was in the steamboat office at Basle. A travel-stained gentleman came in hastily. 'Are you Sir Charles Bell?' I am Dr. Arnold; we have been tracing you for the last three days. Mrs. Arnold has been ill, will you come and see her.' Dr. Arnold and Sir Charles Bell never met again. Sir Charles died in 1842, aged 67, and Dr. Arnold in the following June, of the same disease.

Bell had gone into England on a vacation tour. From the first, however, we find from his letters—those letters which, to our mind, are the brightest and sweetest in the whole literature of correspondence—that he complains

grievously of spasmodic pains, none other, indeed, than the fearful *angina pectoris*. While assisting at an operation he was suffering from severer pains than his patient. In the course of his tour he came to Hallow Park, near Worcester. One night he felt very ill, but the next day he seemed perfectly well. The day after that he and his wife strolled into the churchyard. There he sketched an old yew tree, some sheep feeding, the winding Severn, and some distant hills. He long sat in a shady nook sketching. At dinner a medical man who was at the table noticed a sudden pallor steal over his face, but it disappeared so quickly that he fancied he had been mistaken. That evening, in the drawing room, after pointing out the beauties of Da Vinci's Last Supper, he retired to rest. Again an attack came on, but it yielded to remedies. Feeling better he had his 'Evening reading.' The passage of Scripture selected was the twenty-third Psalm, and the last prayer was the beautiful evening collect for 'That peace which the world cannot give.' Then he slept soundly, but awoke next morning with a severe spasm. While his wife was rising to drop his laudanum for him, he laid his head on her shoulder and there 'rested.' The circumstances of his death were strikingly like those of the death of Dr. Arnold,

which happened so shortly afterwards.

We shall not think it necessary to add anything to our brief record of a truly noble life. Indeed, the autobiographical volume on which it is mainly based, with all its undoubted charm and value, has the drawback of being of a very fragmentary kind. But we think we have said enough to justify the lofty and affectionate estimate with which so many regard the memory of Sir Charles Bell. It has been his happy lot that the works by which he is chiefly known will have an abiding and increasing influence. His great discovery laid the basis of the exact scientific knowledge that will yet be fruitful of healing to thousands of sufferers. His work *On the Hand* greatly aids man's knowledge of the marvellous mechanism of his own structure, while it tends to strengthen the cause of virtue and religion in his heart.

The memory of his great discovery, the recollection of his eloquent reasoning, are strong upon us as we write. But above all, we recall the happy mixture of Bell's character; the cheerful piety, the serene wit, the love of science, of nature, of man, of God, which, so to speak, bring him down from the cold heights of intellectual power, and bind him to us with all the engaging qualities of a companion and a friend.

F. A..



## OPINIONS OF THE CONTEMPORARIES OF THE EVANGELISTS AS TO THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

**I**N a matter that has so keen a stimulus for the curiosity of mankind, it is extraordinary that we have to go back to the time when Arabio was the learned language of Southern Enrope, in order to find a systematic account of the varied opinions, held by the countrymen of the Evangelists and Apostles, as to the invisible world.

One of the most beautiful passages in the voluminous writings of Maimonides, the Second Moses, as he was not inappropriately called, is that in which he details the different opinions held, within the pale of Jewish orthodoxy, as to the good and evil promised and threatened by the Law; the immortality and future destiny of the soul; and the reign of the King Messias. With this should be read the very different explanation given, by the school of Alexandria, to the passages relied on by the several advocates of the five distinct theories designated by Maimonides. This we find most clearly set forth in the writings of Philo. Lastly, in the language of the writers of the New Testament, we find full and frequent allusions to now one, now another, of these varied and conflicting views.

That party amongst the Jews which may properly be spoken of as the old high church of that communion, namely the Karaites, resting on the unquestioned fact that the written Law is silent as to the invisible future, held, for that reason, that all knowledge of the subject was unattainable by mankind. A state of philosophic doubt, however, is so intolerable to any but the highly educated mind, that the Karaite view becomes more prominent, in literature, under the form of the scoffing questioning, or positive denial, of the Sadducees and Baitoceans; who are spoken of by

the Evangelists as saying that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit. It was consistent both with the more reserved habit of thought of the Karaites, and with the most zealous seotarian energy of the Sadducees, to hold and teach, that the good promised by the Law was exclusively temporal. Substantial earthly enjoyments; the prosperous condition of the people of Israel under a king of their own race; the due maintenance of the sacrifices and rites enjoined by the Law of Moses; the accession of numerous proselytes; and the existence of the kingdom of Israel as the envy and admiration of the world, and the terror and scourge of its enemies; were the outcome of the furthest glance into the future that was considered feasible by that grave and ancient party, which limited to the narrowest possible extent their acceptance of the authority of the Oral Law. It was as asserting the supremacy of the Pentateuch, and underrating the traditions, or at all events the later traditions, embalmed in the Mishna, that this great party was bound together; the views as to the future life being a deduction from this prime doctrine, rather than, at all events at first, a definite dogma.

The view most radically opposed to the doubt of the Karaite party, was that which reduced the difference between the visible and invisible world to a question of locality. This idea would naturally be most prevalent amongst the most uneducated Jews. It is also that in which they were, on the whole, the most in accordance with other nations. This view is most distinctly expressed in the parable of Dives and of Lazarus, addressed, in their own language, to those who regarded Paradise and Sheol as actual localities, to which the dead were



remitted immediately after death; and in which their existence, except in the unmingled character of its pleasures or its pains, does not appear to be very intelligibly different from that on earth.

Removed alike from the silence of the Karaite, and from the intense realisation, by the more ignorant devotee, of the unseen world, was the semi-classic view of Philo, which finds expression in one of the most beautiful passages of the most eloquent writer in the New Testament. With Philo, death itself was the anastasis, or npstanding, of the immortal principle from the body. The spirits of the departed hover in the air around us. Angels, demons, souls, Philo says, are only other names for the same things—for these aërial hovering beings. Such, beyond doubt, is the idea conveyed by the stirring words, 'We also are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses,' which directly follow the enumeration of the chief departed worthies of the Jewish history.

The thought of a future re-incarnation of the departed soul—that thought which reared the pyramids of Egypt, and which has not only been the origin of the practice of embalming; but is indicated, by the kneeling position in which skeletons are found, to have been held by the cromlech-builders of pre-historic times—is to a certain extent independent of the ideas entertained as to the immediate future of the spirit. The Karaite neither affirmed nor denied such an expectation. The Sadducee questioned, or even denied, it. It was, however, fully in accordance with the opinions of the Alexandrian Jews. It is not clear how a belief in a future resurrection, or in the appearance of ghosts, could be reconciled with the opinion of the relegation of the departed to Paradise or to Sheol. But the cynical phrase, *credo quia impossibile*, must

be remembered, as a warning to those who argue that any opinions entertained by any class of people could not have been simply because they are self-contradictory.

The remaining schools, or forms of opinion, as to the future world, which divided the contemporaries of the Evangelists, were so blended with the expectations entertained of the reign of the King Messias, that it is necessary, in describing them, to refer to the subject; although it is one not properly to be comprehended without a distinct and special study.

Thus we find that a class of people existed who, while agreeing with the Karaites and Sadducees in their estimation of the good of the Law as earthly and temporal, yet expected that such changes would occur in the physical climate and fertility of earth, as well as in the constitution of the devout Jews, as to convert Palestine into a sort of fairy land, or literal heaven on earth. These were to be the days of the dominion of the King Messias; who, prolonging his reign to an extreme old age, was then to be succeeded by his son, and so on for an endless dynasty. Human life was to be prodigiously lengthened; all sources of human enjoyment were to be intensified in their activity; the chosen race was to be as prolific as the heart could desire; earth was to bring forth new fruits, with all the savour of ready cooked dishes of the most exquisite taste; wine, and oil, and milk were to flow in literal fountains; the lion was to lie down with the lamb; and all the magnificent imagery of Hebrew poetry was to receive a literal accomplishment.

A fifth group of doctors agreed in these last described views, with the sole difference that they considered that this blessed state would not arrive until after the resurrection; and would thus only be entered by the grave and gate of death. In

this view there was the advantage, that it allowed those who held it to expect endless immortality for the Anointed King and for his people; instead of the protracted old age to which the former theory, also based on direct expressions of the prophets, limited this happy existence. In the one case, moreover, it might be thought that a sense of the very different condition of other nations would enhance the satisfaction of the blessed Jew. But if the reign of the Anointed King were to be deferred until after the resurrection, the whole earth would be thereafter filled with the teeming progeny of the Hebrew race. For it was the most received opinion, that the wicked, that is to say, those who were not Jews, were of the same nature as the inferior animals, and did not possess immortal souls. This opinion must have received powerful confirmation from the provisions of the Law as to the defilement caused by contact with the remains of the dead. So terrible was the pollution, that it could even be incurred, as it was called, by pressure. That is to say, that if a rope, passing over a pulley, were attached to a basket, containing even a fragment of the bone of a dead Jew no larger than an olive, the Jew who should raise the basket by pulling the rope was technically polluted thereby; and had to undergo a prescribed purification. But the dead body of a heathen no more polluted, even by actual contact, than did that, the Halacha taught, of a jackass.

Lastly, Maimonides speaks of a class of teachers who combined all the other views. Of course from these must be excluded the positive disbelief of the Sadducees. But the belief in the temporal welfare, promised as the good of the Jew, was not irreconcilable with that of the reign of Messiah, either in a transformed Holy Land, or after the

resurrection. This class of opinions is most fully illustrated by the writings of St. Paul; who combines the expectation of the visible advent of the Messiah, in the then existing state of Palestine, with that of the resurrection, and of the continuance of His reign after that change. In this the Epistle to the Thessalonians is more definite than Maimonides; describing the coming of the saints in the clouds, and the catching up of the Apostle and his followers, yet alive, to meet them in the air—change passing over them in some way equivalent to that attained, by the earlier saints, only through death and resurrection. The passages alluded to by the Apostle in support of this expectation are those on which the same belief was grounded by this class of his contemporaries; while they were differently explained, as compared with other parts of the Scripture, by the advocates of the other theories. Nor should it be forgotten that Jesus Himself, in arguing against the Sadducees, quotes no direct sentence of the Law; but only argues, by inference from a single expression, that the Sadducees greatly erred. The language of the Temple liturgy, in the prayers for the new year, was probably present in the thoughts both of the Teacher and of His hearers; as the inference as to the continued existence of the patriarchs is much more forcible, from the detached reference therein made to the object of the worship of the forefathers of the Jewish people, than is that of the book of Exodus.

In the parables recorded by the Evangelists we find beautiful examples of that wisest method of teaching, which addresses each auditor in his own language, and draws the appropriate lesson from his own convictions. No mode of controversy, no attempt to convey new ideas to the mind, or to contradict or eliminate old habits of thought, is comparable, for true

wisdom and for practical force, to the light that shines forth from the parable. Such an expression as, 'without a parable spake He not unto them,' becomes intelligible from this point of view. As His language is recorded by the Synoptic Evangelists, Jesus carefully avoided, in His public teaching, either direct opposition to the views of His hearers, or the announcement of any doctrine which they were likely, as a mass, to oppose. The denunciation of hypocritical pretexts, or of attempts to stretch the requirements of the Law beyond the existing ordinances of the Senate, form no exception to this rule. For, on these points, controversy was rife; and the opposition of Jesus to the strained views of the Pharisees, found a ready echo in the hearts of the majority of His hearers, whom those extreme views tended sorely to humiliate.

Thus, as before remarked, in the Parable of Dives and Lazarus is contained a direct and memorable monition, not lightly to be forgotten, addressed, in their own language, to those who held the strictest Jewish doctrine as to the invisible world. In the Parable of the Sheep and the Goats, the class who believe that the reign of the King Messiah was not to be expected until after the resurrection, is addressed with equal singleness of speech. No student can properly regard one parable as inconsistent with the other; distinct, and even opposed, as are the views of the invisible world which they respectively assume. For that the actual teaching—the dogma of the parable—is not bound to the particular form which it there assumes, is the very gist and excellence of that unrivalled method of tuition. Attention to the prescribed duties of religion, is the lesson common to both the parables in question; and

neither of the opposite Jewish doctrines, in one instance of the alternation of good and evil rather as matter of fact than of desert; and in the other of the purchase of future welfare by the good deeds of this life; although patent on the surface of the parables, can be said to be the direct dogmatic assertion of the Teacher. To those who held that paradise was a just compensation for evil endured in this life; and to those who held that it was the measured recompense of exact fulfilment of the Law, especially with regard to works of charity; the exhortation of the Teacher was equally applicable and acceptable. Such would not have been the case if He had attempted to correct their theoretical opinions before reading them His parabolic lesson.

The references made by the writers of the New Testament to the various shades of contemporary opinion as to the invisible and the future world, are numerous and distinct, and are contained in many passages which are only to be clearly understood by those who are acquainted with these different tenets. During the period of the teaching of Jesus Himself, there is reason to suppose that many of His followers were of the sect of the Sadducees. The condemnation so distinctly expressed of those enhancements of the rules of technical purity, for which the Pharisees were endeavouring to obtain the sanction of the Sanhedrin (in which effort they finally succeeded), must have been grateful to the Karaite and Sadducee doctors. The most distinct expression of the Sadducee doctrine, as to the temporal character of the reign of the Anointed King, is to be found in the phrase 'they thought that the Kingdom of God should immediately appear.'<sup>1</sup> The wife of Zebedee besought the chief places of rule in the King-

dom for her sons. The reward of those who left all to follow their master is described by the third Evangelist, as promised in this life.<sup>2</sup> There is a connection so close, that it might well be thought inseparable, between the central idea of the teaching of Jesus, to the effect that He was the rightful Heir of the line of David, and that the Hope of Israel was to be fulfilled in His person, unless that hope were rejected by the nation; and the belief in the strictly temporal character of that hope. While the Synoptic Evangelists narrate no distinct assertion of Jesus, on this point, until He was adjured by the high priest, after the formula which no Jew could disregard; the whole narrative is instinct with the thought that that claim ought to have been universally acknowledged. The term 'Son of Man' occurs, as applied to an expected restorer of the welfare of Israel, in the 80th Psalm;<sup>3</sup> and the Targum explains the term by the phrase the King Messias. When asked towards the close of His public life when the Kingdom of God should come, Jesus replied that it was not as a matter of expectation that it was to be regarded. Even then was it among them.<sup>4</sup> Repeated references to the unexpected or unobserved character of the coming of the expected kingdom, accord with this more positive utterance. That the establishment of a temporal reign, under the rule of the Son of David, was offered to the Jews, is a view no way inconsistent with the prediction that the overthrow of the nation should follow on their rejection of their Prince. Thus it is not to be wondered at that those references, in the unsuppressed passages of the Mishna, which point most distinctly to the early Christians, use the term 'Galilean Sadducees.' That the

Sadducee party remained distinct, even amongst the Christian Jews, is repeatedly indicated by St. Paul, who strove against them no less earnestly in his Epistles, than when brought before the Sanhedrin; which he divided by an appeal to the party spirit of the Pharisees, 'How say some among you that there is no resurrection?'<sup>5</sup> From such passages as 'who concerning the truth have erred, saying that the resurrection now has passed'<sup>6</sup>—'not to be swiftly shaken as that the day of Christ has been'<sup>7</sup>—it is amply evident that the opinion that the good of the Law, and the promise to the upright, were temporal blessings, to arrive in the natural order of things, and unheralded by any great catastrophe, was held by a certain number of the Christian Church down to the latest time indicated by the New Testament.

To that view which, in being exclusively spiritual, was most directly opposed to the expectation of a temporal prosperity, we have already referred, as being most distinctly stated by Philo; and most beautifully expressed by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, throughout which eloquent treatise the allegorising spirit of the Alexandrian school is most distinctly visible. This view of the anastasis appears to be taken in the reply to the question of the Sadducees as to the wife of seven husbands. 'In the anastasis they neither wed nor are wedded, but as angels of God in heaven they are.'<sup>8</sup> The present tense is here used, as it is by Philo; and the comparison of this with the previously cited passages shows that a distinction was drawn by the Evangelist between the resurrection and the reign of the King Messias. Thus the temporal character of the latter might be held by

<sup>2</sup> Luke xviii. 30.<sup>3</sup> Ps. lxxx. 17.<sup>4</sup> Luke xvii. 21, εἰς ὥραν.<sup>5</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 12.<sup>6</sup> 2 Tim. ii. 18.<sup>7</sup> 2 Thess. ii. 2.<sup>8</sup> Luke xx. 36.



those who opposed the grosser doctrine of the Sadducees as to the future, or the invisible world.

Of the twenty-four parables recorded by the Evangelists, fourteen distinctly refer to the expectation of the kingdom of God, regarded from different points of view. Of these we have already cited the parable of Dives and Lazarus, in which Paradise and Hades are referred to as existing localities. The parable of the Watchful Servant, and that of the Ten Virgins, teach the doctrine of the unexpected moment at which the Kingdom of God was to commence; and that of the Grain of Mustard Seed and the Leaven speak of its quiet and imperceptible spread. The parables of the Hidden Treasure and the Goodly Pearl convey the idea that those whose eyes were open to the fact that the day of the Messiah had actually arrived, were in possession of a great and important truth, as yet unperceived by the world at large. The parable of the Heir of the Vineyard is the complement of this teaching; indicating the danger incurred by the rejection of the claims of Jesus to be regarded as the Christ. But the parables of the Net, of the Wheat and the Tares, and of the Sheep and the Goats, are expressed in terms accordant with that view, which postponed the advent of the King Messiah, and the commencement of His kingdom, until after the resurrection of the dead; not in the sense in which that term is used by Philo, but regarded as a great general physical change. The parables of the Great Supper, and of the Labourers in the Vineyard, refer to the selection, or discrimination between 'those found worthy to obtain that age' and the resurrection of the dead,' and those who were not the 'sons of the resurrection.' The last of the parables in which distinct reference is made to

the doctrine of the Kingdom of God, is that of the Two Talents, in which the doctrine of proportionate reward for good actions in this life is inculcated, but the scene and time of the recompense is not distinctly indicated; although the temporal character of the promised good is the view most in accordance with the language employed.

The expectation of a glorious kingdom, to be founded literally on earth, with its royal seat at Jerusalem; during the days of which unusual felicity should abound, the earth should bring forth new produce, and Palestine should become a heaven upon earth; although no great physical convulsion should have occurred, and the resurrection of the dead should be yet in the future (which is the second of the classes of opinion described by Maimonides, and the fourth in the order we have adopted) is the idea which is clothed in the beautiful language of the Apocalypse. The dimensions there given of the New Jerusalem are exactly a hundred fold those ascribed by Herodotus to the area of Babylon; which magnificent city is also recalled to mind by the river flowing through the midst, and by the trees on either side of its course. If this separate vision be identified with the reign of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, it was to endure for a thousand years, following on, or rather being, the first resurrection; but to be followed by a second, or general resurrection of all the dead, which was to be preceded by the loosing of Satan, and the assault, by all the nations of the earth, on the camp of the saints and the beloved city. In this grand imagery is found a proposed reconciliation of the contrary views of the two schools, the one of which dated the commencement of the reign of the Anointed King

before, and the other after the resurrection. Another mode of reconciling these two different interpretations of the allusions of the later prophets is given by the Apostle Paul, which he, in the mode in which the learned Jews of his time supported their several opinions, states that 'we read in the word of the Lord ;'<sup>10</sup> to the effect that those alive at the advent of the Messiah should be caught up in the clouds to meet the first risen dead. 'Thy dead men shall live, with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust,'<sup>11</sup> is one of the passages cited. The Lord 'shall give a shout, as they that tread the grapes, against all the inhabitants of the earth,'<sup>12</sup> is another. 'The great trumpet shall be blown,' is a third ;<sup>13</sup> and was one of those quotations most relied on by the advocates of a temporal kingdom. But the most distinct and detailed prophecy is to be found in the fourteenth chapter of Zechariah, which is the portion of the Jewish Scriptures that, perhaps more than any other single cause, contributed to the obstinate defence of the city of Jerusalem against the enclosing army of Titus. Unless it be held that the unusually definite predictions of this book were fulfilled by the capture of Akra by the Greek king, and by its subsequent recovery by Simon Maccabeus ; it seems to be impossible to avoid the conclusion that the writer comes under the condition which the Law laid down as distinguishing the false from the true prophet—namely, the prediction of good which did not come to pass.

The general belief of the Jews as to the existence and functions of spiritual beings, other than the souls of the departed, underwent a material change under the influence of the captivity at Babylon, when the people were first brought into

close contact with the Oriental dualism. The language of the New Testament writers on this subject contrasts forcibly with the silence of the Hebrew Scriptures ; and at the same time is but a faint reflection of the prevailing credence of the time. No word occurs in the Old Testament which is equivalent to angel, in our present sense of the term, nor indeed, for that matter, is the Greek language more distinct. The Latin *angelus*, which is the Greek word transformed, is a translation of the Hebrew *Melach*, which means a messenger. The phrase 'a Divine messenger' may have any interpretation, from a dream to a human being. The Rabbinical writers have endeavoured to supply this absence of a definite term, by attaching the sense of supernatural power to different expressions found in the Bible. These include the *Elohim* and the *Beni Elohim* of the Book of Genesis ; the cherubim and seraphim of Moses and Isaiah ; the *Heuth*, or living creatures, and the *Ophanim*, or wheels, of Ezekiel ; the *Arelim*, or Powers, the *Hesh-emelim*, or scintillating flames, the *Melachim*, or messenger spirits, and the *Aishim*, which is merely the word signifying men, when applied as it is to the visitant of Manoah. To these we may add the *Knrsauth*, or Thrones, who are spoken of in Midrash as an order of angelic intelligence.

The book *Zohar* and the other Cabbalistic writings supply us with a score of words applied as proper names to distinct angels. Amongst these are the four archangels who support the throne of God, Gabriel, in front, Michael on the right, Uriel on the left, and Raphael behind. Suriel is called the prince of the Divine Presence. Metatron is synonymous with the *Logos*, or the power intermediate between the Divine Conception and the Divine

<sup>10</sup> 1 Thess. iv. 15.<sup>11</sup> Is. xxvi. 19.<sup>12</sup> Jer. xxv. 30.<sup>13</sup> Is. xxvii. 13.

Writing, or the animal and material creation. Duma, or Dumoh, is the Angel of Silence and of Death. Gedrezial is the prince of the East; the name being taken from that of a star. There are the prefects of the waters; of hail; of bread, and other fruits; and of travel and voyage. Uziel and Samchasai were the lovers of the daughters of men, and the fathers of the giants.

The darkest form in this Oriental hierarchy is that of Samiel; who is at one time spoken of as the angel of death, and at another as the prince of the air, and the king of demons, and corresponds to the magician Ahriman. The Book *Schaare ora* identifies this malignant spirit with the serpent who seduced Eve; and three passages in the Apocalypse<sup>14</sup> echo the language of the Cabbalistic writers, attributing to the same impersonation the names of Apollyon, Abaddon, the dragon, the old serpent, the devil, and Satan.

In the Hebrew Bible the last-mentioned word is never used as a proper name, although it occurs both as a noun and as a verb, some thirty times. In more than 300 places, the idea of an enemy, an assailant, or an accuser, is conveyed by seven different words, of which that which we have converted into 'Satan' is one. In the Mishna, this word is used in the sense of thief, as it is in Arabia at the present day. In the Septuagint, it is represented by words conveying the meaning of opposer, evil counsellor, or downcaster; with the sole exception of the eleventh chapter of the First Book of Kings, where first Hadad, and then Rezon, is described as a Satan to Solomon. Saint Jerome uses in this place, as in most others, the word *adversum*, in other cases he writes *detrahentes*. In four places only he transliterates

the Hebrew word. These are in the Book of Kings (i. v. 4), where the authorised version has the word adversary; in the Book of Chronicles (i, xxi. 1.), where the English translators have followed the Vulgate; in the Book of Job, in thirteen places; and in the Prophecy of Zechariah, in three.

In the two last cited books, the word has the article prefixed, and is translated accordingly by the Septuagint.<sup>15</sup> In Zechariah it also is used as a verb: 'And the accuser standing at his side to accuse him.' Neither the Divine name, nor that of either of the twenty local gods or demons mentioned in the Old Testament occurs (with one exception) with the article prefixed; and there can be no justification for the caprice which, by transliterating the word in some places, and not in others, has given us a proper name which does not truly exist in the Hebrew. In the Book of Job, the accuser is found amongst the Beni Elohim; in that of Zechariah he stands before the Divine presence. The identification of this minister of divine rebuke with the Samiel of the later writers, is a view posterior to the close of the Hebrew canon.

We cannot speak with such exactitude, as to date, in reference to the introduction of the magian view of demons and angels into the Jewish creed, as it is possible to do in the case of the successive additions made by the Sanhedrin to the Law as it stood in the time of Ezra. The sombre obscurity of the Cabbalistic writings does not attach the several dogmas to the name of individual teachers, as is the case in the Mishna. Our earliest distinct proof of the acceptance of the doctrines of the Mehistanites, is to be found in the Book of Tobit; which there is

<sup>14</sup> Rev. ix. 11, xii. 9, xx. 2: ἀντίκειμενος once, ἐπὶ βουλος twice, διαβόλου or διαβάλλειν repeatedly.

<sup>15</sup> ὁ διάβολος.

some reason for supposing to be anterior to the Grecian conquest of Asia. It dates, at all events, during the time of the second temple, and 200 B.C. is the latest date conjecturally assigned to it.<sup>16</sup> In this book the demon Asmodeus is introduced in a somewhat subordinate capacity, and Raphael is mentioned after the Persian, and not after the later Jewish, views, as one of seven principal angels, instead of as one of four. In the Gemara to the tract Gittin, Asmodeus is called the prince of the demons, and is identified with Abaddon or Apollyon. He was the spirit who was controlled by Solomon; and from whom the wise king obtained the worm Schamir, that polished the stones of the Temple.

The idea of demoniacal possession, although one that received unwonted development under the prevalence of the Mehistanite doctrine, is as old as that of Divine inspiration, to which, indeed, it forms the complement. Thus, when the Spirit of God departed from Saul, an evil spirit troubled him. The difficulty of discerning spirits, mentioned by St. Paul, and admitted as almost insoluble by the Catholic Church, is distinctly mentioned in the Book of Kings and by the Prophet Jeremiah. It is recognised in the Pentateuch in the special provisions made, that no sign or wonder, not even the fact of the fulfilment of a prophecy given by him, was to save the life of any prophet who led the people to idolatry. In the hieroglyphics of Egypt, not long since, Brugsch has read the legend of a princess, the daughter of a Pharaoh, who married an Eastern king, and who was subsequently vexed by the possession of a malignant spirit, whom nothing but the presence of the sacred animals

could exorcise. They were therefore sent for that purpose, at great cost, into Asia, and the queen recovered on their approach. The Agada, or poetical part of the Talmud, is full of tales of ghosts and of demons, which show how firm a hold a belief of this nature had obtained of the popular spirit, notwithstanding the opposition of the Karaites and Sadducees.

That the language of the Gospels and Epistles is tinged, however unconsciously to the writers, by the tenets of the particular sect or school to which each belonged, is a fact that cannot be doubted by any one who carefully compares those passages which admit of the investigation. In the Gospel of Matthew everything is regarded from an exclusively Jewish standpoint, although it is that of the Jew highly educated in his own special national learning. In that of Luke, a greater breadth of view in all that regarded the Samaritans or the Heathen is evident, and the language is clothed with an almost classical elegance of diction. At the same time the tenets expressed, as to Jewish matters, are of a far narrower and less philosophic nature than are those of the first Gospel. The combination is just that which might be expected in the writings of one educated by a Grecian father and a Jewish mother. Perhaps the most striking example of this difference of tenet is to be found in the two accounts given of the rewards to be expected by the followers of Jesus. In their corresponding accounts of the same incident, the first Evangelist says that this recompense is to be 'in the new life;' the third says 'in this present time.'<sup>17</sup> The essentially different ideas thus conveyed depend on the assumption, in the one case, that

<sup>16</sup> From the reference to Haman this book must have been written after the time of Xerxes; but there is no allusion to the Greek conquest. We thus approach the date of Nehemiah.

<sup>17</sup> Cf. Matt. xix. 28; Luke xxiii. 30.



the reign of the Anointed King was to follow the resurrection; in the other, that it was to precede that event.

Again, we find a notable difference in the manner in which the communication of the Divine will is ordinarily spoken of by the two Evangelists. In St. Luke the messenger is an angel, when in St. Matthew it is a dream. Not that different accounts are given, of the same occurrence, by the two writers; but that each, in the early portion of his narrative, refers exclusively to the one or the other mode of illumination. The appearance of angels, in the first Gospel, is rare, shadowy, and sublime. After the mysterious forty days in the desert, angels come and minister to Jesus. At the resurrection there is a great earthquake, for the angel of the Lord descends from heaven, with a countenance like lightning, and raiment white as snow, and the guards quake and become as dead in their terror. In the third Gospel these celestial visitants are neither few nor appalling. They are spoken of simply, in one place, as men in shining garments. No less than seven of these visits occur in the course of this narrative; and to the account of the descent of the Spirit at the baptism of Jesus, Luke adds the words 'in bodily form.' The occasion when, on a journey to Jerusalem, Jesus sent angels before him is excluded from the above list by the English translators; although no reason can be adduced for the arbitrary translation of the word, in that passage, in a manner different from that employed in every other instance. The heavenly visitants, in this stirring and imposing narrative, mingle far more frequently and indistinguishably with mankind than they do in the Hebrew Gospel.

On the other hand, the Jewish

belief in dreams, which is so strikingly brought forward by the canonical writers, from the Book of Genesis to that of Daniel, and which is illustrated in such minute detail in the *Ghemara* to the first treatise of the Mishna, plays a highly important part in the first Gospel. The movements of Joseph, on critical occasions, are five times regulated by dreams; and the wife of Pilate is as powerfully affected by the same agency as Calpurnia had been seventy-three years before. The Divine message conveyed by the dream is accepted by the Evangelist with a grand simplicity, which recalls the account of the mission of the dream in the second Iliad. To the pious and learned Jew, the addition of the 'words in a dream' in no way qualified the statement, 'the angel of the Lord appeared.' The single place where, in the first Gospel, we find an expression of the full and ready acceptance of what may be called the objectively supernatural, which is so constant in the third, is that which says that 'many bodies of the saints who slept arose, and went into the Holy City, and were seen of many.'

It is not within the scope of the present paper, to attempt to elicit the doctrines of the writers of the New Testament as to the invisible world. That is rather the task of the professed student of the subject. But when the distinct and contradictory views which each of the great Jewish doctors drew, as he believed, from what he 'read in the word of the Lord,' are rightly comprehended, it becomes perfectly clear that all those varying views are, to some extent, reflected in the imagery of the parables; and tinge the characteristic language of the several authors, of the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse.

F. R. C.

## CONTRASTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

### IV. ON THE STABILITY OF CIVILISATION.

TO a reader of history nothing is so painful as the destruction of the works of peace by the violence of war, especially when the destroyer is a ruder and more barbarous power. Most of all is this terrible when the destruction is not confined to one nation, but spreads equably over a great continent, so as to entail an age of new barbarism in which science is forgotten and art is marred. In Europe we look back upon, not a mere century of such degeneracy, but a period which may count as a millennium, interposed between two civilisations. In Asia also it is truly melancholy to one who travels through Turkey or Persia, to find ruins of stately buildings, huge quarried stones, or fragments of beautifully enamelled marble, amid unsightly petty villages; or immense systems of irrigation all destroyed, and, in consequence, drought and desert, or thin inhabitants, and miserable partial cultivation, where once was thriving and abundant population. Egypt and India likewise were formerly in a far higher state of power and opulence than now: there also great works were once executed, attesting and maintaining national well-being, which now are in decay or ruin; so that all the culture attained by man seems to have been, at least once, temporarily wrecked, and in large parts of the East is not yet fully recovered. Naturally then the thought is forced on one, May possibly this happen again? If not, this (in continuation of three previous articles) would be a remarkable *contrast* of our modern to the ancient state; namely, if their civilisation was unstable, and ours has won stability. Most melancholy is the thought that the world passes through cycles of prosperity and ruin, ever coming back into its old positions. The fruits of civilisa-

tion—in law and learning, morals, science, and religion—are so precious, that without them life would seem to us insupportable. What we most desire is, continuous progress; if slow, yet sure; so that each age may bequeath to the next ‘a better and a bonnier world.’ If progress be unbroken by convulsion, safe against barbarism, not to be undermined by tyranny, we shall not much murmur at its slowness, knowing, as we do, that great masses cannot change rapidly, and that custom makes a thousand hardships seem natural and reasonable to the less favoured part of society, which those on whom fortune has smiled regard as a sad marring of life. If no second wreck of arts and organisation be within credibility, this may be deemed the greatest of all contrasts between the new and the old; but scarcely can such a contrast depend on a single cause. In order to examine the question fundamentally, it is requisite both to detail the occasions of the past destructions, as known to us in history; and to analyse more closely what we mean by civilisation.

Civilisation, as popularly understood, demands not only the qualities of *mind* which fit men for the duties of citizens—which are its proper essential meaning—but also various *mechanical arts*, which conduce to save labour and aid interchange of thought, or add to the knowledge which is power. Because fresh and fresh mechanical and chemical inventions are a great boast to the last four centuries, we are apt to think *chiefly* of these things as civilisation, and to count all men barbarians who are without them. Yet our men of science tell us that the applications of science to art now advance with increased rapidity in each generation; according to which, every nation may regard

its own state three centuries before as barbarous, if one esteem this outward machinery to be the test of civilisation. On the opposite side, if we avow that civilisation is to be estimated as a mental state, independent of knowledge and art, those Tartars of Jenghiz Khan, whom we familiarly call barbarians, and perhaps think of as typical barbarians, were far more civilised than the population of many a modern European metropolis. No man among them thought that he existed for himself, but for his people and for his prince: from this sprang their union, so terrible to other nations. 'Among themselves,' as a Papal legate testified, 'the Tartars are very friendly; all are wonderfully enduring of hunger, want, and cold; everyone obeys the order of his superior, though it be to starve or lose his life.' Now, inasmuch as the possession of art and knowledge is matter of degree, it cannot be the essence of civilisation; but mutual cherishing, obedient co-operation, self-devotion to the State, submission to public authority, are positive qualities, and suffice to make a true citizen. But those same Tartars were to other nations scornful in the extreme, insolent to foreign ambassadors even from great and wealthy realms, Persia and India; ready for outrage and slaughter unlimited of innocent people, as much as are English seamen of innocent seals, or cockney sportsmen of sparrows and bats. It seems then that the barbarism at which we shudder is not the antithesis of civilisation, but the antithesis of humanity—of human expansive affection: nor perhaps will it ever be subdued by mere civilisation, but only by that universal kindness which is outside of patriotism—which fosters all harmless creatures, and abhors cruelty and injustice to man or brute.

If barbarism mean barbarity, inhumanity, many of the most civilised

nations have been barbarous, though possibly none with so little discrimination as ignorant Scythian and German hordes, who have rather despised than valued cultured accomplishment. The discoveries of the last thirty years give us higher and higher notions of the Assyrian attainments in art and science. No one, until of late, imagined such a thing, as that they had in their Government offices, engraved on stone, elaborate dictionaries (if that be the right word) to explain current ideographs; also trilingual dictionaries to render Persian and Scythian writing into Assyrian, and conversely. Of necessity, for the purposes of administration and taxation of an empire organised under civilians, there must also have been gazetteers in stone, recording the geography of the empire. All these things imply a very complex previous intellectual labour, carried on by consecutive effort. Again, we now know that in beautiful small sculpture for the adornment of furniture, they excelled, before Grecian art had its infancy. Indeed, in Homer, the elaborate ornaments on the breastplates or shields, or other pre-eminent excellence in art, is always either stated to be an importation from Asia, or ascribed to the gift of a god. Minute sculpture cannot become accurate and beautiful, unless it have first attained much perfection on a larger scale. We cannot doubt that alike in sculpture and architecture the Assyrians were eminent, while dealing with the hardest materials. Now this remarkably advanced nation of antiquity was fond of executing representations of events in basso-relievo, and after a victory the enemy's prisoners are often represented as *impaled* or *flayed*! We cannot doubt that this frightful cruelty passed as a common and glorious deed. And what was the offence which provoked it? To have done what the Assyrians regarded as a

duty—to have defended their native land against an invader. No greater barbarity could be, from a North American savage, or from a Tartar; though the massacres by the Tartars were on a scale quite unequalled. The fruit of such cruelty was of course hatred from the oppressed; hence, when the time of revenge came, the Assyrian cities, and Assyrian works of art, were destroyed with a most elaborate and unparalleled completeness. The stone dictionaries above mentioned, which the wonderful diligence and sagacity of the late Edwin Norris and others (worthy coadjutors of Sir Henry Rawlinson) re-established, were found broken up into small fragments so numerous as only to be attributable to hostile effort, anxious to annihilate the material through which the Assyrian organs worked. Nineveh, their chief city, a wonder of the world, so vanished that it never again was habitable, and its site became a disputed problem. Every royal palace was made a heap of ruins, instead of being taken as an ornament and delight of a triumphant rival. What cruelties fell upon the unhappy population when their day of overthrow came, we can but conjecture: but it would seem that from the great Nineveh none of the inhabitants escaped, except into slavery. Neither Babylon nor Ecbatana nor Persopolis, nor any known capital of these parts, ever vanished so suddenly and completely. In the total destruction of the ingenious workshops, the schools of art, the materials of linguistic teaching, together with masters, apprentices, professors and interpreters, who can doubt that a great retrogression took place in civilised accomplishment? The destroyers were not wild Scythians, but Medes and Babylonians. The latter, kinsmen to the Assyrians, speaking their language, and aspiring to become the head over all Mesopotamia, may have aimed to secure that Nineveh should never again be the local

centre; but cannot have wished to destroy material which they could themselves have used, if policy was listened to. But it may be, that blind hatred and fierce resentment held sway in both destroyers: both had been subject to Assyrian rule.

The Gothic invaders of the Roman empire, and other German tribes who came after them, slew men and women mercilessly, and occasionally destroyed works of art. Attila the Hun is execrated in history for his deliberate wide-spread ravage of fields and crops: but probably the most permanent ruin came, not from any direct and intentional mischief, but from the cessation of industry and of public oversight. In Italy, the great river Po, from the neglect of its banks, overflowed the country, and stagnated in vast marshes, as the Euphrates and Tigris have done. New and new irruptions continued for centuries: neglects accumulating in long time undid the labours of civilisation more effectually than any violence of the barbarian. Education also being almost universally suspended, the posterity of the civilised nations degenerated. In the pages of Tacitus, the German mind appears fairly comparable to that of the North American Indians, whom his description of the Germans often recalls to a reader's thought. The brain of an Ostrogoth or Visigoth holding sway in Italy or Spain was perhaps of the same calibre as that of a modern Bedouin chieftain. Six centuries pass after the conquest of the Western Empire, during which the mind even of the learned appears utterly deficient, according to Hallam, in talent and genius. Long time was required, before the German mind displayed any of the high qualities which we now recognise in it. Talent to direct armies, to entrap rivals, to attract followers, to discern when to flatter, and when to strike—were what a king or baron chiefly valued. Mental development and a new birth of civic



arts, came back to Europe first from Italy, where the traditions of higher culture had been best preserved.

The Saracens, who invaded and conquered Persia, may perhaps be thought even less advanced than the Tartars; for Arabia proper was then, as now, a land scarcely made for human habitation, and the Moslem leaders still retained the primitive enthusiasm. Imputing to the Persians fire worship and every moral abomination—abhorring sculpture as idolatry, and assuming impiety to exist in every record of the past—they elaborately destroyed all the literature of Persia, and much of its art; with such success, that the modern Persians, in professing to write history, show profound ignorance that their ancestors had any wars at all with Greece and Rome; ignorance of that, which we know cannot have been forged—the dreadful defeat of the consul Crassus with his army, and the Persian capture of the Roman emperor Valerian. Under the Mussulman invaders there must certainly have been great malicious ruin; but evils have gradually been intensified by long misrule.

But what of the Turkish invaders of the Eastern Roman empire? Seljuk Turks and Ottoman Turks alike were Tartars, with many noble qualities. With those of the house of Seljuk we had little permanent contact, nor do we know the interior of their rule: the Ottomans we know intimately. As individuals they may seem intelligent and sagacious, honest and pious, courteous and humane. As traders they are scrupulous and sensitive, jealous of honour; they never bargain, nor take less than they have asked. In religion they are grave and earnest; yet this very religion is so interpreted as to make their rule a curse, even while their intentions are best; for their religion enforces a despotic sultan and countenances a seraglio of sultanas. Under this

regimen everything goes to ruin. It is proverbial that 'the Turks repair nothing.' Great pieces of ordnance publicly rust into worthlessness. Palaces, city walls, city gates fall down, and are left in rubbish. Canals, tanks, and works of irrigation have perished. Roads there once must have been, but are seldom found in Turkey. Any track through rocks, bushes and stumps of trees, where a mule can pick his way and find breadth for his packages, is called a road. Rivers either stay within their banks or overflow, as pleases them. In the Tartar's 'high road' to Constantinople the bridge over the considerable river which makes the swamps of Nicomedia is covered with loose stems of small trees, which move about under the traveller's foot, and show between them the water below. (Such at least was their state at a recent time.) Standard weights in the market there are none: each dealer has bits of stone for his own use, and a stranger may be cheated to any extent. In taxation an ordinary Turkish governor is rapacious in the extreme, treating rich men as his natural prey. Merchants make no contracts in Turkish coin, but always in terms of foreign money, because of the unspeakable fraudulence in the Government mint. Since the Crimean war they have learned from us the vice of national debt, and the use of bank-notes, which (it is to be feared) cannot be sound. The sultans build palaces and yachts for their sultanas: the sultanas are believed to sell the Pashalics. Somehow, amid it all, roving Arabs plunder, and hinder cultivation: riches are dissembled, hoarding or idleness prevails, national wealth decays, in countries which might be the very garden of the world, and were once in high opulence. The devastation here is real; but gradual and stealthy, like an eating canker.

Some other devastations deserve mention. The persistent inroads of the Independent Tartars into Persia, carrying off men and girls as slaves, and burning the villages, has unpeopled long tracts of country which were once populous. The inroads of Arabs also, though far less cruel, yet forbid cultivation in a large part of Syria. In 1831 the writer was informed at Aleppo by the Pashâ's surveyor, a native gentleman of French blood and education, that he had surveyed the whole Pashâlic, and found not one-tenth of the fertile land to be cultivated. There is no ostensible reason why Aleppo should suffer more from this cause than other Pashâlics which are in contact with Arabs. Mesopotamia was a land celebrated for fertility, so long as it was duly irrigated from the two great rivers, which now do but make noxious marshes in their lower course. Alike in Persia and in Turkey it is uncertain how much of the modern desolation is imputable to roving Tartars or Arabs, how much to the incapacity of the governing powers; who do not seem much elevated above the Tartars from whom both claim descent, though with great admixture of Circassian and Persian blood.

North Africa, alone of all the Roman empire, was raised by Roman possession from a comparative wilderness into a cultivated and settled country. In the districts which our maps attach to Tunis, the Carthaginians had already planted numerous Libyphœnician colonies; but the Romans found in Numidia only a wild country and roving people, with a few considerable towns. This is the modern Algeria. Military Roman roads were constructed and a vigorous check kept upon highway robbery: cultivation became safe, villages sprang up, and towns became numerous. Tunis, Algeria, and Tripoli (where the Greeks had established colonies earlier) became ere

long an opulent and populous region, adding great strength to the Roman empire. Afterwards, whether from the violences of German invasion, or the incursions of African barbarians when anarchy prevailed, or later from inroad and conquest by the Mussulman Saracens, a great devastation was suffered, which never has been repaired. Under the hot sun of that latitude, all the lowlands must be much scorched, unless water be abundant. The rivers in general are short in course, mere torrents, perhaps often scant of water; but from the vast highland connected with Mount Atlas a full supply of rain is insured, which unless wasted in the flood season, or in barren swamps, would suffice to fertilise the country. All this, under Roman rule, was turned to service; and will be so again. In the first twenty-five years of French occupation, at vast expense to the French treasury, marshes were drained and roads made; apparently with no other result than to enhance the price of cattle and enrich the roving Arabs; for still, no sensible progress is made in cultivation; indeed, the French love neither solitude, nor Arabs for neighbours. In this case, as in Turkey and Persia, only a strong and sagacious government can impose peace, curb marauders, and restore fertility: hitherto, success has been attained by the French, only so far as they have ruled, *through* Arab chieftains, incorporating them into the Government. This, it can hardly be doubted, is the true way. They may be fanatical, and, in comparison to us, ignorant; yet they are not a stupid race; and if honourably treated, are sure to improve. What 'Abd el Kâdir was, shows how sagacious and docile all may be, in spite of temporary fanaticism.

In modern Christendom there have been some frightful direct ravages. The devastation of the Palatinate by Louis XIV. is stig-

matized by historians. Quite recently, in the late American civil war, fields were ravaged, stores of food and mills destroyed, rails torn up, in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, by the Northern armies, in order to cut off from the Southern armies the supplies behind them. But in a year or fifteen months the war was over, and every effort was made to repair the damage: then such destruction is soon forgotten. The same thing may be said of the Dutch breaking down their own dykes for protection against the enemy. It is the length of a war, yet more than its severity, which is destructive. The war of the northern nations—Germans, Alans, Huns, and Magyars—against the Western Roman empire, may be said to have lasted for six or seven centuries, during which time nothing was fixed, no institutions could take root: hence the terrible devastation. The worst war of more recent centuries was the 'Thirty Years' War of Germany, in which, to speak roughly, two-thirds of the human population, and of the cows, sheep, goats, and horses, perished. It was caused by the fanaticism of an Austrian prince, and by the obedience of a part of his subjects: no other religious war known to us has been so permanent in its ruin: though fanatical rule in Spain has been in other ways still more disastrous. But in each case the evil has been local, and has not been able to affect the age.

The question being now presented to us, is it likely—is it even possible—that events so funereal as those of our Middle Age can ever be renewed? we seem able on several grounds to answer NO. It is not likely: it is not morally possible. The devastations in the past have been occasioned, 1st, through martial nations who are accustomed to submit to a chief, but recognise no duties to the foreigner: 2ndly, through the organisation of standing armies in industrious, opulent,

and intelligent nations—armies which the prince can use as blind tools of his ambition. These two sources of danger are separate, yet by a single discussion it may appear that in the future the ruder nations collectively will never domineer over the more cultivated collectively; and that no one power among the more cultivated will ever be able to domineer over the rest.

There are regions of this earth on which it appears undesirable that men should live, since they cannot live there in settled habitations. Where no crops grow and very few trees, population must be thin on a given area: only by rapidity of movement could Tartars or Arabs gather forces so numerous as to overpower a settled people. Tartary has an abundance of grass, enabling it to feed cattle far beyond the scale of Arabia; and by the use of wheeled waggons it has far greater resources for a campaign. But the more advanced communities by means of the railroad have now prodigiously greater facility for concentrating troops than ever could be attained by a roving people. The agricultural nations must always be the more populous. The whole art of war has assumed a complicated and scientific aspect. In ancient times the roving hordes were as well armed as the agriculturists. They not only made swords of good steel, bucklers, helmets, pikes, arrows, and bows, but in some cases chain-armor to defend their horses—though with doubtful advantage. They did not attain the arts of siege. Neither Tartars, Germans, nor Arabs could make much impression on stone walls; but an enemy who was superior in the open country everywhere could generally reduce cities by starvation. Since the adaptation of gunpowder to war, a rude people is immeasurably inferior, unless, as the Ottomans, it can overpower industrial towns, and constrain their workshops to its service. Every further develop-

ment in the manufacture and use of deadly weapons gives new superiority to those who have knowledge and industry. The vast power of our workshops, by the enormous supply of material, and by the use of huge cranes and pincers, with the steam-engine and steam-hammer, turns out the whole material of war with a speed and in a variety which give us a strength unapproachable by a roving or a rude people. Difficult or useless as it may be to follow wild tribes into their own deserts, they cannot now be a terror, but at worst an annoyance. It becomes the duty and wisdom of the superior power to court, and not to irritate the savage. Brigham Young, the Mormon prophet, discovered that it was cheaper to give free dinners and many small kindnesses to the neighbouring wild tribes, than to incur their enmity. Nay, the Peruvian Incas on a great scale long ago showed, that if the power in which arts and opulence are more advanced will cherish the passion of doing good, the savage is turned from a wolf into a grateful and affectionate dog. Christian states will not always be deaf and blind to so simple a truth. To carry on wars and raids of revenge is conduct as mad as hereditary blood feuds among Arabs.

At the same time our geographical knowledge is now a great protection, and constantly becomes greater. We know the limits, the outlets, the barriers of wildernesses which it is inexpedient to enter. Approximately, we know the utmost numbers which could issue from such regions, and in what lines they must move. If by concentration into a new empire they might attain a new power, overwhelm some settled country and visit it with general devastation, the fact would at once be known to the whole civilised world, and would excite, not panic, but unmeasured indignation. All great powers would come to the rescue, before

the mischief could be other than local. The misery to the Roman empire was, that the whole military force was dependant on one centre, and (when the armies were most obedient) on the wisdom or folly of one man: and when the throne was contested, the armies which were maintained to repel invaders and crush insurgents, were called away by rival emperors to fight their intestine wars. At such intervals the outer barbarians rushed in and found wealthy provinces to be wholly undefended and incapable of resistance. By easy success at calamitous moments, their avarice and their contempt were whetted; nor did after repulse at all terrify them. No circumstances similar to these can be apprehended in the future. *First of all*, the region of the roving people then reached from Kamchatka to the Rhine. From this we now cut off Germany, Poland, Hungary, Russia up to the Ural Mountains, and Siberia, Western and Eastern. High Asia (as modern geographers call it) is and must be a great and terrible wilderness; but it is at a vast distance from Europe; it is separated from India by insurmountable barriers; if, through Russian and Persian neglect, its rude armies could burst out upon Persia, that must be the end of their conquest. China is not much better defended than she was, but the forces of her old enemy are greatly curtailed: moreover, it does not appear that the Tartar conquerors of China ever destroyed her arts and organisation, or wasted her resources. *But next*, there is not the slightest fear that civilised Europe will ever again (according to a market-dame's metaphor) put all her eggs into one basket; stake her prosperity on the wisdom and energy of one frail mortal; which occasioned the overthrow of the Western Empire. On the contrary, the utmost jealousy is traditional and hereditary in Europe against



the encroachments of any one overweening State. This is all that has been meant by the outcry for 'the Balance of Power.'

In ancient times, any great empire, as Persia, Macedonia, Rome, either aggrandised itself without encountering coalitions, or at least met with no intelligent, united and persevering resistance at the critical time. Probably geographical ignorance and the slowness with which news travelled, besides the lack of good military roads and the backwardness of navigation, had much to do with this. With the exception of the petty republics of Greece, where was a system of Europe in miniature, the States of antiquity were not alarmed into coalition until too late; and then were themselves swallowed up by the conqueror, nearly as the successive powers of India by the British. On the contrary, in modern Europe, each State, as soon as it began to tower above its neighbours, has excited the jealousy of all. Of these the earliest was SPAIN, where by a series of royal marriages the young king Charles inherited four kingdoms, Austria, Burgundy and the Netherlands, Naples and Sicily, with Spain; Spain itself being a union of three kingdoms. He also laid claim to the Milanese, and was elected emperor of Germany. By the genius and faith of Columbus, by the service of the mariner's compass, by the avarice and fanatical zeal of Spanish captains, the King of Spain simultaneously received transmarine empires in America and in the eastern archipelago. Gold and silver, in abundance previously unknown, flowed in to his treasury from the New World; and if a policy of ordinary astuteness, of common worldly wise selfishness, had prevailed, it is impossible to estimate how widely Spanish power might have spread. But Charles adopted a policy of religious fanaticism, barely because he resented the disobedience to autho-

rity which conscience inspires. He committed the education of his son Philip to the Jesuits (a new order), and bequeathed to him the counsel of exterminating heretics. This fanaticism pulled down the Spanish empire, not the power of its foes; though first France took the alarm, then Germany resolutely broke away, next Holland fought her single-handed dreadful battle of life or death; England also was driven into bitter-enmity; till, by French and English incessant efforts, and by aid of Spanish imbecility, the great empire became more pitiable than terrible. Next, FRANCE under Louis XIV. became the encroaching power which Europe unitedly resisted. Her glory was shorn by the joint exertions of Holland, England, and Germany, Holland being then the great naval state of Europe. But France too, like Spain, sank still deeper by inward decay than by the reverses of war. In the eighteenth century ENGLAND, the only great State which had preserved Protestantism and liberty, had unawares risen to such robustness as surprised both the world and herself. Her victories under the great Lord Chatham, and the extent of her colonial empire, excited her to great arrogance, and caused general disgust. Hence when her colonies boldly resisted her claims, France and Spain gladly seized the opportunity of attacking her; whence her greatest public mortification soon followed, the establishment of North American independence. Hence arose on the ocean a naval power which firmly resisted submission to her tones of dictation. Under the French Republic, which Austria imprudently undertook to suppress, the new energies of FRANCE and her violent successes once more, and with good reason, terrified all Europe; but a long and obstinate war at length disarmed the ambition of Napoleon I. After his overthrow RUSSIA was made too powerful for Europe. The princes of

Germany were dominated by her. By the war of 1829 she imposed very disadvantageous terms of peace on Turkey: in 1831 she subdued Poland for herself, in 1849 she crushed Hungary for Austria, and then believed her time to rule in Turkey was come. The German and Hungarian exiles in London avowed that there could be no freedom for the Eastern half of Europe without a great war to drive Russia back. They little dreamed that Western Europe would fight that war for the East; but it was done: and Russia in her turn was humiliated and repressed. So certain is the law that the European commonwealth will coalesce against any power which is too arrogant and confident of might. Hereafter there may possibly be grand federations of nations, to the end of repressing mutual war. The immensity which Russian and North American power will attain may quicken the stable confederation of other powers: but each nation will retain the control of its own domestic concerns. Neither will the savage from without ever again find a universal imbecility through the neglects of a concentrated despotism, nor will all great States moulder away through misrule prevailing in all simultaneously.

Another contrast has its importance—the interests of *commerce*. Commerce at all times, on the small or the great scale, is a principal agent in human union: the rise of eminently commercial states is the first influence whence the higher culture of mind has been diffused. Such were in very early times special cities on the Euphrates and Tigris; such were the Phœnician cities; such, afterwards, the isles of Greece. In the ancient world the commercial states occupied extremely narrow limits of land: the arts were cultivated in cities only, and the great rural areas were left very rude, from the want of roads and the great expense of land car-

riage. Commerce went on either down the great rivers or by sea, which greatly limited its action. But with the improvement of European roads, and the invention of *coach springs*, the difficulty of traction was lessened, and speed became endurable. Canals, long since used for the internal commerce of the far East, were opened in aid of roads. Last and greatest of all is the railroad, which makes the carriage of heavy goods at once cheap and swift. Prices are almost equalised by it in town and country—a mark that the entire breadth of a kingdom enters the market of the world. Every industrious nation is now a commercial state, and, so far as its sea-coast reaches, is nautical also. Moreover, the mariner's compass and the advances of astronomy immensely aid navigation. Hereby the pecuniary interests of the industrious peoples are entangled as never before. Each has a constant interest to know the interior of other countries for the sake of interchange of products. Mutual intercourse and common interests break down national prejudices and the barriers of language, so that collective mankind more and more coheres into a single community. The intercourse of diplomacy does but facilitate the spontaneous movements of the peoples. Already it is understood that rich customers are the best friends of traders, hence a commercial nation has to desire that all her neighbours be rich and prosperous. This is a valuable theorem of science.

The formation of solid nationalities, divided by national *languages* and in general by national *religions*, was necessary to the developments of the past; or at least, such is the course which human nature has actually pursued. Great good has resulted; but also, through mutual ignorance, great evil. In the future we are not to lose nationality, but we are to cultivate humanity. For all peaceful relations with the

foreigner, it is needful to observe the same law of morals towards other nations which we exact for ourselves. This will be enforced upon each by the pressure of all; until all are conscious of common moral sentiment and of the common human nature which it implies. The attempt of German and French and North American workmen to form an International bond—whatever objections may attach to the form it has taken—is an important indication of the tendency in the majority to estimate human ties and the interests of their class above those of national rivalry; the more so, since the Germans, while still smarting under the miseries of the war which the French rulers forced upon them, have been so forward in sympathy with the French people as to displease and alarm their own Government. It is probable that in the not distant future, the number of languages needed for intercourse will be greatly diminished, and that the ill-developed tongues will be gradually disused. The educated natives of Madras, and (I believe) of Bengal, in talking among themselves use English in preference to their mother tongue, from the greater ease and clearness which they find in English when higher and accurate thought is to be expressed. What Latin was to Europeans three or four centuries back, such is English to Indians now: natives who do not understand one another can communicate in English. For a like reason the Russian tongue will domineer over the vast surface of that empire, English in North America, probably Portuguese in South America. Where a local language is retained, it will be found expedient, and no hardship, to add to it the knowledge of some one of the wider-spread and highly developed tongues. We may also confidently anticipate, that religious hatreds will not divide mankind, after the more active minded can

converse in a tongue mutually understood, and discern that their moral sentiments are one and the same. Yet barbarism still retains a deadly power, as wars between the highly cultivated nations attest.

The Christian nations cannot pretend that their religion or their humanity or their institutions save them from war: nevertheless, two changes may be marked as fixed and important. Wars are shorter by far, and the victor is less able to abuse victory. As above observed, the length of a war is the most afflicting part of it, especially to the country which is the seat of war. The wars of the present day are thought long if they last three or four years: this is a great improvement on the last century, and it depends on abiding causes. Also, wars, even when they are wholly on the Continent, so damage the interest of neutral powers, that all the world of diplomacy is angry with combatants, and watches them keenly. In general also the neutrals are jealous of any change of frontiers; so that the motives for aggressive war are considerably diminished. In short, it is no longer from the direct ambition of governments that our worst dangers now spring. Our worst danger is from the immorality of degenerate civilisation; partly at home, and partly in the colonies of old nations.

There is no worse ruffian in the world than those whom the great Christian cities rear in thousands. Avarice impels traders to press the sale of intoxicating drugs; sympathy with capitalists, routine, political convenience, gains to the exchequer, moreover theories of freedom, induce statesmen to support the evil trade. Out of the intoxication of parents come pauperism, orphanhood, and half-idiotcy of children, and the reign of lust, and the perpetuation of a prostitution which the rulers of Christendom are mistaking for a natural and necessary condition of things.

As in the times of Marius and Sulla, so now in every rank a plentiful crop is produced of selfish profligates, hardened in vice, disbelieving in virtue, and ready for lawless action as soon as they are beyond the reach of law. Did not the collective governments impose restraint on each separate government, and each in turn on its subjects, the ocean would be covered with lawless buccaneers—not least from England and France—uniting all the mechanical knowledge and skill of their native realm with the atrocity of the worst savage. The slave trade still rages in Africa, through the complicity of European traders; and the countless islands of the Pacific afford abundant nests of piracy. England has annexed Fiji, to hinder its being the centre of a slave mart: how many more islands must she annex—putting a governor and an admiral and all their train on ‘every rock of the ocean where a cormorant can perch’—before this policy can be effectual? Our colonists in Australia, if left to themselves, would presently follow the course of South Carolina and Georgia, and glorify slavery. They will, ere long, be too great for England alone to control; and unless all the Great Powers unite to declare the slave trade *piracy*, and honestly suppress it, new dreadful evils may grow up from the dregs of our population and from the avarice of colonists.

But because *corroding vice* from within is now our chief danger, one may almost say of every capital, every large town in Europe: *De-*

*lenda est Carthago*. There was once a military reason for living very compactly—in order that a defensible wall might contain the largest number of people. But now, this is the way to make a population most vulnerable to an enemy. A Roman army encamped every night with ranks as close as possible. A modern army avoids this, as peculiarly exposing it to danger. For military safety, for health, and for moral reasons, our towns ought to be emptied out into the country. If English legislation ever looked onward, an immensity might have been done (indeed much may still be done) by enactments concerning the building of *future* towns. Every block of houses should spend its refuse on *agricultural* land in close contiguity: this would secure us against living too close, and solve several problems at once. Demoralisation is the terrible foe; and it cannot be grappled with unless society be organised, trained to industry, and kept in social relations. No private claims on the rustic areas must be allowed to forbid a due colonising of them, in order to transplant the towns. A vast civic battle, no doubt, remains to be fought; but unless it be fought bravely and our internal barbarism be conquered, England will not permanently stand high among nations, and possibly she may suffer a very humiliating fall. But the world will move on, without any general retrogression, as we see in the case of Italy and Spain. When old nations degenerate, others take the lead.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.





## THE SETTLEMENT OF VINELAND IN NEW JERSEY.

BY THE FOUNDER, CHARLES K. LANDIS.

SINCE I have been in England a few months, I have visited that great improvement known as the Shaftesbury Park Estate, and I see that, upon all sides, questions of social science are interesting all classes, in reference to government, to art, to education, and to homes.

For thousands of years what appertains to government has received the study and attention of philosophers, politicians, and soldiers; but with the progress of modern civilisation it seems to be recognised that there is something more important to human societies than that which relates to the general compact, or government, under which they live—it is what relates to the near and inner home and social life, what in this sphere will make men and families better off, happier, and morally and materially and aesthetically advance them. These are questions which modern civilisation is pressing forward with a powerful urgency. They are questions which no Liberal Governments, such as England, need fear; moreover, questions which the leaders of Government can direct and greatly help, and thereby elevate the character of Government in the minds of the people.

It is thought by many, that in my Settlement of Vineland, located in New Jersey, United States of America, many of these problems (of social science) have been solved, seeing the prosperity of the place and its people. Since its fame has become somewhat spread, I am in the receipt of many letters asking questions, concerning many points which would require great time and space to answer. It has therefore been suggested by friends that it would be best to write a paper covering all the main

points; a paper which the people of England could read, and thus satisfy themselves in reference to the matters in which they are the most interested.

This is my story. In the year 1861, being about twenty-eight years of age, and full of hope and courage, I conceived the idea of starting a settlement upon virgin land, near the great seaboard markets of America. I decided upon this location, in order to afford the widest and most certain scope for individual success, alike on account of the markets and of the opportunities for skilled labour in farming, gardening and mechanics. I selected a tract of about thirty thousand acres, or about forty-eight square miles, in the wildest part of New Jersey, on a railroad which had just been completed, but did very little business. On this land I had no resources but the soil itself; the largo timber had all been cut off years before, to supply the New York and Philadelphia markets; there was no coal, no iron, and no great navigable stream—nothing to help by way of commercial speculation. Besides, at that time there was no tide of emigration pouring into New Jersey—it all went West. Before my time, small tracts of land would not be sold to strangers, and emigration to that section was discouraged.

I knew, therefore, I had no chance help to depend upon, such as ordinarily allures people to new places, but that whatever was won had to be created by *industry*; yet I believed that if this could be attracted, and then placed in the most favourable condition for its development and increase, all the disadvantages would be overcome. It was necessary for me to create such a state of things that, when the people

were brought together, from the commencement, and during the progress of the Settlement, and after it had become a populous settlement, these people should prosper as a mass, and be contented. My own profits depended entirely upon this. If the people did not individually prosper, the Settlement would cease to increase or spread, land would not sell, and the result would be a financial failure. I therefore had to deliberate carefully upon all possible things which would benefit the settler directly or indirectly, develop industry, protect it—make the improvements of one man, in usefulness and beauty, redound to the benefit of each neighbouring man, make families contented by giving them religious and educational privileges, supply them with information as to the best things to cultivate, and how to do it, secure to them facilities for transporting their goods to market at the lowest possible prices, keep down all local trade monopolies, which would take money from the people without an adequate return. In short, selling land to them was but the beginning of the business; without their prosperity, the sale of land would soon stop, before a fifth of my immense purchase could be taken up.

I therefore had to address my mind to a consideration of the things that make people prosperous, conserve industry, promote contentment, and which will protect them from evils.

To do this I had to strike out some new paths. Civilisation had got engrafted upon it many things which would hinder or prevent the success of such a plan as I proposed to make, especially under so many natural disadvantages. The people all around my tract of land, whom I should first have to depend upon to open roads, clear lands, and make a commencement in farming, had been kept down by the great landlords and manufacturers in the vicinity,

in a state of degradation and brutal ignorance. They lived in log cabins, with dirt floors; they could neither read nor write; for their work at wood-chopping, they received about fifty cents per day—equivalent to two shillings, which was paid to them not in money but in orders upon shops, and the shop clerk would hand over to them each week a certain quantity of Indian corn-meal, salt pork, molasses, and whisky, about as much as he thought would serve them for a week. There were probably about twenty-five families of this kind living upon this tract of land, but not owning their homesteads, and many more in the vicinity. There were no schools; people around had the privilege of allowing their cattle to run at large; the roads were little more than bridle paths; and the wooden bridges across the streams were decidedly dangerous. To add to the complexity, the great civil war had just broken out, which threatened many evils.

It was in the centre of this place, upon a mile square of land, that I proposed to build a city which should be filled with manufactories, shops, and stores for mercantile purposes, schools and halls for public recreation, also churches of various denominations, and private residences, and around this mile square of city, as far as the boundaries of the land would reach, with farms, gardens, orchards and vineyards. To look at the thing just as it was, this would appear difficult: but I saw no reason why the enterprise might not be successful, if in the first place I chose a practical and convenient plan for the growth of the town, and one which, as the streets were gradually opened, would develop its beauty; and if also I adopted a system or scheme which would allow all who purchased property from me, and improved it, to be directly benefited by the increase in

the value of their property, thus protecting industry from its ordinary evils, and providing for it more than ordinary encouragements. This I resolved to attempt, if possibly I might bring the people around to my views; and this was the real difficulty. But, in the first place, I decided to theorise and reason with nobody—to do nothing to affect my character as a practical man, to be reticent always until the time of action arrived; that I would make the fixed principles of my plans of improvement the subject of contract, to be signed and sealed; and in respect to the other things, I would explain them to the people before they bought land, as occasion made it necessary; then if they did not like what was proposed, they would not buy. The special and definite designs which I meant to work upon shall be explained as I proceed.

The broad design of the Settlement was that it should be agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, and educational—one object could not well prosper without the others.

The first question to be solved was the labour question. On the 8th day of August, 1861, I went upon the railroad, near the centre of the tract of land, and fixed the spot for the city. It was the highest ground, and near the centre of the tract, upon the railroad which ran to Philadelphia. I decided that all my roads should be wide and straight, and at right angles. I would make up for the want of the picturesque in the straight line and the right angle by requiring trees for shade in single or double rows, according to the width, to be planted along all the roads. The engineer drove the centre stake, I cut down the first tree myself, and the axemen then proceeded. During this time an old backwoodsman came up, and, looking at the surveyor's instru-

ment very curiously, asked me what in the world we could be doing. I explained to him that I had just driven the centre stake of a city; that I would at once proceed to open a street two miles long and one hundred feet wide; and that in ten years' time, upon the spot where he stood, there would be churches, schools, factories, and dwellings, and thousands of population; and around this city for miles and miles would be stretching orchards, vineyards, and farms; and that over the very ground which his feet were then upon, would be passing hundreds of carriages every day. The old man saw from my eye that I was in dead earnest, and as I proceeded he moved off farther and farther, and, when he was at a safe distance, he said, 'Young man, I am now old; I have lived here all my life—my father and my grandfather before me. You can never do this thing.' Afterwards he went up to one of the axemen, and confidentially told him to be sure and get his money on Saturday night, 'as that young man evidently meant well, but was out of his mind.' This old man now lives in the city in a corner plot, opposite the public park.

The same week I set a large force of men to work, and it was not long before I had a magnificent avenue opened, two miles long and one hundred feet wide, along the sides of which I left some of the beautiful forest trees for shade.

At the end of the first week I decided to take action upon the labour question. I reasoned that it would not be consistent with the good of the place to have any kind of labour degraded—that it would militate against my interest as well as that of the public. That it would be better for me to encourage all labourers, that they might have hope, energy, and sympathy for my efforts, and be able to live in their own freeholds, in order that their

prosperity might be a part of the prosperity of the Settlement.

When my foreman hired the axemen, they said nothing about the amount of pay they were to get—they took it for granted that they were to have the ordinary pay of two shillings per day in store orders upon the shops in Millville, where they would go and get their tobacco, whisky, and Indian corn-meal. I decided to stop this entirely; therefore, when Saturday night came, I paid them at the rate of four shillings a day in gold. Then the premium on gold was light. I afterwards raised their wages above this. When they received their pay their amazement was inexpressible. One man objected to receiving money, saying he had never used any, and would not know how to spend it. I told him that it was time for him to learn. I made no explanation to these people, only asked them to save all they could, which they promised to do. The next week they worked with great good-will, accomplished much more, and spoke well of Vineland—the name I had decided on. I then told my foreman to give me the names of all the men who were steady and industrious, and had families. When the names were given to me, I called the men to me, and told them my designs about the place, and that, as they were steady and good men, it would be well for them to have homes which they could call their own, and that I would allow them each to select ten acres of land at twenty-five dollars per acre, which they could pay for in a term of years, and that I would furnish them with a carpenter and timber, and help them to erect houses for themselves of a cheap but convenient kind, which they could pay for in the same way. I added that they must have no fear of failing—that they must have faith that I would not take the property away from them, but would give them a

deed in fee simple, as soon as the land was paid for, and that I would bind myself to do so in writing. They had faith, and went ahead. On off-days and hours they worked for themselves, and cleared their land. The next season they had their crops growing, and this was the nucleus of the Settlement, and the way I solved the labour question. I will remark that every one of these men succeeded, and got his deed, and there was not one with whom I had any trouble. At the same time, I erected a plain school-house of timber, and at first employed a teacher at my own expense, until there were enough settlers and pupils to organise a school district. My system or plans upon which I founded the Settlement may be classed under two heads—the Material and the Moral.

In each contract I required that—1st. The purchaser should erect a habitation, not nearer than twenty feet from the side of the street, in the city plot, or seventy-five feet from the roadside, in the country. This got rid of the greatest evil in new countries—speculation, and it made each colonist labour personally to improve his lot and co-operate with his neighbour, and with myself, for our mutual benefit. It also kept the Settlement continually growing, and made the outlands successively saleable.

I will also here state that in the same sense I did not allow myself to become a speculator by raising the price of my city lots and farm lands as the place improved and increased in population. I at first placed them at such price as I considered would give me a fair remuneration, and then I depended upon my profits in the rapid sales which would be produced by allowing the settlers to have the benefit in the rise in the value of land and their increased prosperity.

When land nevertheless would



fall back on my hands by reason of parties not complying with their improvement stipulations, I used to dispose of it at its market value. The rock upon which many owners and companies split, in real estate operations, is that they keep raising the price of the land as the demand increases until the favourable time passes, and there is no longer any demand at all, when their enterprise, of course, comes to a standstill.

The stipulation about setting the houses back removed them from dust, and induced great attention to the ornamenting of front gardens with flowers and shrubbery.

2. That each person in front of his or her homestead, should plant trees for shade at proper distances apart, within one year. My own engineer set the stakes for the trees. This was to turn the uniformity of straight lines and right angles in the roads to a feature of beauty as well as utility. The trees forming long vistas, in time would become surpassingly beautiful; they would also prevent droughts, and make a harbour for birds, which are necessary for a fruit country. As a protection to roads, and affording a grateful shade in summer, we all know their value.

3. The next stipulation was that the roadsides should be seeded for grass within two years, and kept seeded. This was done to add to the beauty and to economise land which ordinarily was allowed to go to waste; as also to prevent the spread of noxious weeds that had been usually allowed to grow up by the roadsides, from whence the seeds spread over the adjacent fields.

I employed numerous road-gangs to work, and opened through my land one hundred and seventy-six miles of road, and built numerous causeways and bridges upon the plan before mentioned. This I did at my own expense.

I also laid out squares in certain

localities for public ornament, and donated a park of forty-five acres adjoining the city plot for the same purpose. These were intended for fairs, festivals and public amusements.

The marsh land I drained by opening the streams and digging ditches through the centre of them. I dug eleven miles of centre or main ditches, which reclaimed a good deal of the best land, and laid bare beds of muck which proved to be an excellent fertiliser. I gave all the people the privilege of digging muck upon my land free of cost.

But there were other questions which had to be decided at once, or all this work would be lost in the ultimate failure of the Settlement. By the laws of the State of New Jersey, cattle were allowed to run at large, and all persons who improved land were compelled to fence their ground to keep out their neighbours' cattle. This was a wasteful habit. It involved an immense outlay to begin with; also the cost of keeping the fences in repair and the loss of the manure of the cattle. Upon an estimate, I found it would cost over a million of dollars to the settlers to fence the Vineland tract. To keep the fences in repair would cost ten per cent. per annum, which would be 100,000 dollars, and the loss of interest at six per cent. would be 60,000 dollars per annum. I therefore got a law passed, prohibiting all cattle from running at large, and repealing the Act requiring fences to be built, so far as it related to my district. People then kept their cattle in enclosures, and soiled them, as the farmers term it; much to the good of the cattle, the saving of manure, and the saving of capital. It also induced them to cultivate root-crops, which added to their wealth and benefited the land. This almost produced a war upon me from the native Jersey men, who lived around my property: but

they have since seen the benefit of it to such a degree that in all the surrounding counties they have followed our example and adopted the same law.

Another important question was the economising of manures and sewerage. I introduced earth-closets—simply a sliding box under the seats, and a keg of dry earth, or generally a compost of muck and plaster, which was thrown into the box, and used with a little shovel, the whole of it to be emptied once a week. This kept it thoroughly deodorised, and the manure was almost immediately suitable for use upon the land, and at the end of the year amounted to considerable value. In the aggregate, in the whole Settlement, its money value was very large. I explained to the colonists that Nature taught us that nothing should go to waste, that these things should be turned to advantages and blessings, instead of being allowed to foul the air and produce typhoid fevers. I had a law passed making it finable in the sum of two hundred dollars to dig any cesspool that would possibly reach the water level of the wells. The sewerage was managed in this way: The farmers disposed of it by running it in receptacles for liquid manure. In the town it was disposed of by running it through a box holding muck, sawdust, and sand; the water would run out clear, the filtering matter would retain the fertilising properties, and after a certain time would be emptied and replaced.

Vineland is probably the only place in the world where all excrement and sewage whatever is economised; and the large crops raised are in great part owing to it. The saving to the people amounts to many thousands per annum, and no difficulty has been found in carrying out the plan. The central village has a population of 4,000 people, and as you walk through the

beautiful little town no noxious smells will ever assail you. The remarkable health of Vineland is no doubt greatly owing to this cause. Other towns in the neighbourhood that live under the old system are greatly troubled with fevers and epidemics. If the same system were adopted in London, you would have something more valuable than all the guano beds of the Pacific, to keep up the value of your lands. The saving of life would be very great, and the plan is perfectly feasible.

The next important question was in reference to the sale of liquor, a subject I now find greatly agitating the British public, and even the Government. I considered the subject solely as it would affect the industrial success of my Settlement. I had witnessed the evil effects of the immense number of taverns which usually planted themselves in new places; I had seen many towns with every natural advantage to favour them, and which at first were highly prosperous, finally fail, in a manner most unaccountable to the ordinary observer; but when I noticed the abundance of taverns, and considered the number of people they withdraw from productive industry to carry them on, and then the effects on their customers, I could easily account for such enterprises falling sick and becoming paralysed. My success depended directly upon the success of each individual who should buy a farm of me. I had noticed that those individuals who were sober in their habits were usually the successful ones in all pursuits; that those who were intemperate were the unsuccessful ones; that the families whose heads were sober were happy families; that where they were intemperate they were unhappy. It was of vital importance to me that a man's means should be economised, that he should be inclined to labour, and have the health to do it, and that his family

should be contented, especially his wife. Intemperance is productive of discontent in families, and when the wife is in a new place, away from her relatives and friends, and the husband grows intemperate, she becomes panic-stricken. Happy, cheerful homes were necessary to the success of Vineland.

As the best account of my action in reference to this subject, I will give you an extract from a speech I delivered before the Judiciary Committee of New Jersey in 1873, which was appointed to examine into the question: 'I am in candour compelled to say that I did not introduce the local option principle into Vineland from any motives of philanthropy. I am not a temperance man in the total abstinence sense; I introduced the principle, because in cool abstract thought I conceived it to be of vital importance to the success of my Settlement. If I had seen that liquor had made men more industrious, more skilful, more economical, and more æsthetic in their tastes, I certainly should then have made liquor-selling one of the main principles of my project. Whilst disclaiming all motives of philanthropy, I cannot deny the feeling of intense commiseration that I have felt for the victims of intoxication.'

The question came up as to how I could give such direction to public opinion as would regulate this difficulty. Many persons had the idea that no place could prosper without taverns—that to attract business and strangers taverns were necessary. I could not accomplish my object by the influence of total abstinence men, as they were too few in number in proportion to the whole community. I had long perceived that there was no such thing as reaching the result by moral influence brought to bear on single individuals; that to benefit an entire community the law or regulation would have to extend to the

entire community. In examining the evil, I found also that the moderate use of liquor was not the difficulty to contend against, but it was the immoderate use of it.

The question, then, was to bring reform to bear upon the immoderate use of it. I found that few or none ever became intoxicated in their own families, in the presence of their wives and children, but that the drunkards were made in taverns and saloons. After this conclusion was reached, the way appeared clear. It was not necessary to make temperance men of each individual; it was not necessary to abridge the right or privilege that people might desire of keeping liquor in their own houses, but to get their consent to prevent the public sale of it; so that people, in bartering, might not be subject to the custom of drinking; and might not have the opportunity of drinking in bar-rooms, away from all home restraint, or influence. In short, I believed that if the public sale of liquor was stopped, both in taverns and beer-saloons, the knife would reach the root of the evil. The next thing to do was to deal with settlers personally, as they bought land, and to counsel with them as to the best thing to be done. In conversation with them I never treated it as a moral question. I explained to them that I was not a total abstinence man myself, but saw clearly the liability to abuse, when liquor was placed in seductive forms at every street corner; that it incited crime, and made men unfortunate who would otherwise succeed; that most of the settlers had a little money to begin with, sums varying from two hundred to a thousand dollars, which, if added to a man's labour, would be enough, in many cases, to obtain him a home, but which taken to the tavern would melt away like snow before a spring sun; that new places were liable to have this abuse to a more terrible extent than

old places, as men were removed from the restraints of old associations, and brought into the excitement of forming new acquaintances; and that it was a notorious fact that liquor-drinking did not add to the inclination for physical labour. I then asked them, for the sake of their sons, brothers, friends, to help establish the new system, as I believed it to be the foundation stone of future prosperity.

To these self-evident facts they would almost all accede. Many of them had witnessed the result of liquor-selling in the new settlements in the far West, and were anxious to escape from it.

The local option law of Vineland was not established by temperance men, or total abstinence men only, but by the citizens generally, upon broad social and public principles. It has since been maintained in the same way. This law has been practically in operation since the beginning of the Settlement in the autumn of 1861; though the Act of the Legislature empowering the people of Landis Township to vote, upon licence or no licence, was not passed until 1863. The vote has always stood against licence, by overwhelming majorities; there generally being only from two to nine votes in favour of liquor-selling. The population of Vineland Tract is about 10,500 people, consisting of manufacturers and business people upon the city plot in the centre, and around this centre, of farmers and fruit-growers. Most of the tract is in the Landis Township. I will now give statistics of police and poor expenses of this township for the past seven years.

POLICE EXPENSES.		POOR EXPENSES.	
	dollars.		dollars.
1867	50	1867	400
1868	50	1868	425
1869	75	1869	425
1870	75	1870	350
1871	150	1871	400
1872	25	1872	350
1873	50	1873	400

(The dollar is 4s. 2d., English money.)

Were licences for saloons and taverns obtainable with the same ease as in New York, Philadelphia, and many country districts, Vineland would probably have, according to its population, from one to two hundred such places. Counting them at one hundred, this would withdraw from the pursuits of productive industry about one hundred families, which would average a population of six hundred people. Each of these places would sell about 3,000 dollars' worth of beer and liquor per annum, making 300,000 dollars' worth of stimulants a year. I include beer saloons, as liquor can be obtained in them all as a general thing; and in the electrical climate of America, beer leads to similar results as spirits. Think of the effect of 300,000 dollars' worth of stimulants upon the health, the minds, and the industry of our people. Think of the increase of crime and pauperism. The average would be fully equal to other places in which liquor is sold. Instead of having the police expenses at 50 dollars, and poor expenses at 400 dollars per annum, the amount would be swollen to thousands.

The home example of Vineland has been such that the neighbouring cities of Millville and Bridgeton, which previously could number liquor saloons by hundreds, and were often scenes of disorder and crime, have abolished them, with the same favourable results as in Vineland. The example has also spread to other townships of the State, and over one-half of all the townships of the great State of Pennsylvania.

1. The results in Vineland have convinced me that temperance does conserve the industry of the people.

2. That temperance is conducive to a refined and æsthetical taste.

3. That temperance can be sufficiently secured in a community by suppressing all the taverns and saloons to protect it from the abuse



of excessive liquor-drinking, and without interfering with the right of all classes of people to keep liquor and beer in their own homes.

The next thing I will mention is Education. I designed that in Vineland it should be of an advanced character, and that in time the place should become noted for its educational advantages. As fast as the population sufficiently increased in the different sections, in connection with the citizens I had school districts formed and school-houses built. As the school-law of New Jersey at that time was far behind the requirements of the age, I moved for a special Act applicable to Landis Township, under condition that it be submitted to a vote of the people. Owing to the misrepresentations of some demagogues at the time, the Bill was defeated. With some friends, however, at the next meeting of the Legislature, I had the same ideas embodied in a general Act for the whole State, and it was passed. Under this law education has taken great strides. In Vineland we have built some twenty school-houses, consisting of primary and grammar schools; and this year we have built a large high school, as it is called, at a cost of over 30,000 dollars, for teaching the higher branches of education: which school was opened the 22nd of last August by the President of the United States, and most of his Cabinet. The next step will be to connect with all our schools an industrial and technological branch of education, that boys may be trained in physical industry, and have the sciences, and agriculture, and horticulture practically taught to them in their everyday work, step by step, in connection with their studies.

When the Settlement started, most of my land was in the Township of Millville. This was soon found to be an inconvenience, and

it was important that the main features upon which I had founded the Settlement should be made a law. I therefore got an Act of the Legislature passed embodying the main features of my plan, and setting off the most of my territory into a separate township. To this Act I have since got supplements passed as they became necessary. The most important principle is that the entire Township is governed by a committee of five men, elected annually by the people. I have had no city charter, no aldermen, no imposing body of councilmen. I believe the more the governing body is increased in number, the more is individual responsibility divided and lessened: thereby the more is corruption likely to creep in. A system of few legislators, with powers strictly defined, who have to appear often for re-election, is what experience has proved to give the greatest satisfaction. This has secured to us a faithful performance of public duties at the lowest possible rate of taxation.

In the progress of the Settlement, as the number of members belonging to any religious denomination increased, I donated them land, and contributed money towards erecting churches, showing no favour to any creed, and treating all alike; only encouraging a good style of church edifice as far as possible. We have erected Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Unitarian, and Swedenborgian churches; some of them are spacious and fine buildings. The Catholics are now building. For the first few years I contributed to the salaries of the clergy.

I also assisted in the organization of various societies of a useful and literary character. I found that as people had no liquor saloons they felt more interest in such societies. In fact, the difference is a marked feature, and a subject for the most interesting study. Some of the

societies were beneficial—such as Masonic and Odd Fellows; others Agricultural and Horticultural, Floral and Literary. To encourage a taste in such matters, I offered various premiums. In 1865, I offered 350 dollars in agricultural premiums. In the year 1866 I offered premiums as follows:

1. One hundred dollars, divided into two sums, for the best essay on the History of Vineland, the Historical Society being judge of the composition.

2. One hundred dollars, divided into two sums, for the two best pieces of prose and poetry.

3. One hundred dollars to the Society of Agriculture and Horticulture, to be distributed in prizes for the best specimens of products.

One hundred dollars to the Society of Agriculture and Horticulture, to be given in prizes for the best specimen of fruits.

One hundred dollars, to be given in the form of gold medals, with appropriate inscriptions, to the male and female pupils who shall be judged to be the most advanced scholars, independent of every other consideration.

One hundred dollars to the two pupils, boy and girl, aged from 14 to 18, who shall be judged to be the most advanced scholars, independent of every other consideration.

One hundred dollars to the Band of Music which might have given six public concerts, three in open air during summer, and three in winter.

One hundred dollars, in the form of gold medals, with appropriate inscriptions, to the two persons who prove themselves most graceful and agile in gymnastic exercises.

Fifty dollars, in the form of a gold medal, to the lady who cultivates with her own hands the most beautiful garden of flowers.

In the year 1867 I offered the following prizes:

Twenty dollars and a diploma for the best cultivated acre of field carrots.

Twenty dollars and a diploma for the best cultivated acre of turnips.

Twenty dollars for the best kept farm.

Twenty dollars for the best cultivated orchard of at least two acres.

Fifty dollars to the lady who shall have cultivated, and laid out with the greatest taste, a flower garden.

One hundred dollars to be distributed among the three persons who shall best play the violin, cornet-a-piston, and the flute. The competition to be held at the

exhibition of horticulture, the decision being left to a committee.

Fifty dollars to the lady most agile at gymnastics.

Fifty dollars to the gentleman who is strongest and most active in gymnastic exercises.

The distribution of all these prizes was made at the time of the Exhibition of the Society of Agriculture.

As the societies became strong, I withdrew my assistance, excepting in cases of emergency. As an illustration of how much can be done by a little timely help, to encourage people, I will mention an incident. The Baptists erected a very large and handsome brick building, with a very heavy slate roof. I was driving past one morning, and I noticed a crowd of people collected in the front of it, with a most woebegone expression of countenance. They informed me that the roof had proved too heavy for the walls, and that it was pressing them out, and they expected the building to fall any minute. They had spent their last dollar, and were in despair. I replied I would at once contribute one hundred dollars towards bracing the building—that they should telegraph for an architect to come down from Philadelphia in the next train. They had this one hundred dollars to go upon, and soon raised more. The architect came down, the walls were temporarily braced, and in a few days fine iron rods were stretched across the inside of the building, clamping the walls, and it is now one of the most substantial and beautiful church buildings in South Jersey. I mention this not to show what I did, but how necessary it is for a proprietor to do something himself, in such emergencies, in order to encourage the people to effort, and accomplish things that help him and themselves.

At the first it was necessary to introduce the cultivation of such products as were adapted to our soil and climate and markets. For the produce most sought after in the

markets of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, our soil and climate were well adapted. These were fruits, such as grapes, pears, peaches, apples, and berries of different varieties; also vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, or yams, as they are called in England, early white potatoes, table and field beets, onions, lima beans, cabbage, turnips, cauliflowers, asparagus, pippins, and melons of different varieties. These all grow to perfection, and ripen early. Our people also raised wheat, Indian corn, grass, millet, and stock for home consumption, but the other articles were raised to send away. I succeeded in getting the settlers to plant extensive orchards and vineyards; I think there are now at least 1,500 vineyards and orchards in Vineland, presenting one of the most beautiful sights imaginable.

Special attention was also paid to the introduction of the best stock of cattle, pigs, and poultry, in all of which Vineland now excels.

As produce was raised, it came to be necessary to market it: and considering that the colonists were strangers in the country, I employed an agent at my own expense, whose duty it was to take their produce to market, dispose of it, and return them the money, free of any charge for his services. In time, as the colonists became acquainted with business and the markets, this became unnecessary, and I withdrew this assistance.

As the Settlement grew, people who had capital to invest came to Vineland and settled, for the purpose of residence. I noticed that this capital generally sought investment out of Vineland—in the State of New York and other States, where the rate of interest was seven per cent. instead of six per cent., as in the State of New Jersey. I made an effort to have the law, so far as related to my own township, changed, so as to

allow seven per cent. interest, but failed in the Legislature the first session, owing to the prejudices of some of the members. The next session I was more successful, and the Act was extended to the entire State, much to the advantage of Vineland, and the rest of New Jersey. This alone gave an impetus to industry beyond what many believed possible.

After the Settlement had so grown as to number some thousands of inhabitants, and had a great deal of produce to send to market, we had reason to complain of the high charges for freight upon our single railroad. I remonstrated with the Company, and received from its general manager fair promises about reduction, but these were not fulfilled. I then, with much difficulty, obtained a charter from the State Legislature for a new railroad leading direct to New York and Baltimore. After a severe struggle of five years, I succeeded in getting this new railroad built, when there was an immediate fall in the rates upon both railroads.

Then more produce was raised, and manufacturers came in, who before were deterred on account of the high rates of freight.

The building of the latter railroad increased the trackage through the Vineland territory, from eight miles to seventeen miles, adding vastly to the value of property, as well as to the prosperity of the people, and affording new outlets.

After the agricultural portion of my plan had become developed, the next thing to be done was to introduce manufactures. To facilitate this I erected a large building, at the cost of some thirty thousand dollars, divided into different rooms. I introduced a steam-engine of some fifty-horse power into the building, and the necessary shafting through the rooms, and let out room and power to manufacturers

for a very small sum—what was barely adequate to pay expenses. To some I gave rooms for nothing, or rather in consideration of their introducing their business.

This was the nucleus of what is now an extensive manufacturing interest; and besides this, I encouraged it in other ways. The result of it is that boots and shoes, buttons, straw-hats, pocket-books, woodwork of different kinds, and various other things, are extensively manufactured in Vineland, constantly adding to its wealth and population, and always increasing and giving employment to men not naturally farmers, and working girls and boys.

Another subject of serious concern was to keep down commercial monopolies, especially in those things nearly related to the staff of life. Being so near the great markets of New York and Philadelphia, the colonists found it more profitable to raise fruits and the finer vegetables for market, and to depend upon purchasing flour and feed with the proceeds of their sales.

They purchased this flour and feed from the storekeepers of the place, and the storekeepers were supplied by the millers in the surrounding country. I heard great complaint about the prices they had to pay for this flour and feed, and upon examination I found that these prices greatly exceeded the market prices elsewhere. This I knew my colonists could not stand. They must be able to compete with other places, and in order to compete they must be able to buy cheap. I had introduced a grist-mill in my steam-factory buildings, which I let out; but those who hired it did not know how to contend against the combinations, and always failed.

I therefore decided to run the mill myself, and to fight the combination upon these principles:

I would buy nothing but the best of articles, and for cash, in order to buy cheap. I would place the price of my articles at the lowest possible price covering cost and expenses. I would only sell for cash. I would have articles delivered all over the tract without extra charge, though all to whom I had previously let my mill said this plan would fail. I also had a shop opened in the centre of the town. I put the prices of feed and flour down at once fully thirty per cent., and instead of selling poor articles, which people had been previously getting, I sold nothing but the best. In the first days only a few people bought. The number increased. The business ran up to hundreds of dollars a day. The demand came from all sides; the trouble now was to supply the demand; more machinery had to be introduced, and more power. The demand extended beyond Vineland. Teams came for twenty miles to load up with supplies. The fame of the good flour reached Philadelphia, and the Continental Hotel tried it first, and then got its supply of flour from the Vineland Steam Mills. The 'corner' or combination was broken up, and the entire Settlement appeared to take a new start of prosperity as if by sudden impulse. Bringing down the prices was equivalent to saving to each family for themselves and stock two hundred dollars a year, which for two thousand families would be four hundred thousand dollars a year. They were able to prosper by so much better. That prosperity encouraged them to new efforts; thereby resulting in a co-operative benefit to myself, which is the reason why I mention the circumstance. In connection with this, as illustrating the principle still further, I will give another example. The poultry and egg business near the great cities of New York and Philadelphia is one of the most cer-



tain and profitable pursuits in the United States. After I had started my mill, I was informed by one of my colonists that the storekeepers did not allow more than from one-half to two-thirds for eggs that they would sell for in Philadelphia, whilst they asked almost twice as much for meat scrop and other poultry food as it could be bought for in Philadelphia. I examined into the subject, and found the statement to be true. I then ordered eggs to be taken in at my mill in pay for flour and feed, the same as cash, at Philadelphia prices, less the freight, and obtained some tons of meat scrop from Philadelphia, and ordered the miller to manufacture poultry feed, and sell the whole at a reduction corresponding with the rest of the articles. The result of this was that in ten months not less than one thousand new henneries went up over the Vineland tract. It was a business that old and decrepid men and women and children could follow. It was a winter and summer industry, and is now one of the greatest in Vineland. It may be asked—does the mill pay? I can reply, Yes. But the profit is got by making a small percentage upon a very large business, instead of a large percentage upon a very small business. I will also remark that in the above statements, I wish to make no reflections upon the shopkeepers of Vineland. They acted according to the instincts of trade, the same as in other places. They have erected handsome buildings, and where they have not been biassed by private interests have always been public-spirited.

It may be imagined that in these things I have made some enemies, whilst ploughing my way through different interests, but I am happy to say I have made many more friends, and gained direct personal advantages, by increasing the value of my own property with that of the colonists.

As before mentioned, on the 22nd of August last year, General Grant, President of the United States, and most of his Cabinet, attended the dedication of the new high school building in Vineland, and he made the following speech. His speeches never consist of more than a few words:

Ladies and Gentlemen of Vineland—It gives me great pleasure to visit your thriving town of Vineland. It is one of the greatest places for industry and prosperity and intelligence, and all the improvements I have heard of have been accomplished under trying circumstances.

The difficulties he refers to were mainly owing to the great civil war. Vineland was started in the commencement of it, and had to struggle through the darkest period. We had three calls for troops. I decided to step forward and co-operate with the people to prevent drafts. I therefore endorsed the Township notes individually, and raised money enough from the banks in Millville and Bridgton to fill our quotas, and sent them to the war, without any draft. Vineland has been able to make an honourable record in the war, and pay off a debt of 60,000 dollars and to prosper in the face of every difficulty.

There is a material and industrial prosperity existing in Vineland, which, though I say it myself, is unexampled in the history of colonisation, and must be due to more than ordinary causes.

The influence of temperance upon the health and industry of the people is no doubt one great cause. The Settlement has built twenty fine school-houses, ten churches, and kept up one of the finest systems of road improvements, measuring one hundred and seventy-eight miles in the country. There are now some fifteen manufacturing establishments on the Vineland tract, and they are constantly increasing in number. Her stores in extent and building will rival any other place in

South Jersey. There are four post-offices in the tract; the central one did a business last year of 4,800 dollars, mail matter, and a money-order business of 78,922 dollars.

Out of seventy-seven townships in the State, by the census of 1869 Landis Township ranked the fourth in the value of its agricultural productions. There are seventeen miles of railway upon the tract, embracing six railway stations. The amount of products sent away to market is enormous. Her fruits are to be seen in all the large eastern cities, from Philadelphia to Quebec. There is more fruit raised in Vineland than anywhere else in the United States upon the same area of land. To drive through the place over the smooth and beautiful roads, lined with young shade trees, and bordered with green, and past her thousands of orchards and vineyards, is like driving through the loveliest of parks. The poorest of her people seek to make their homes beautiful. Her citizens are gathered together from the far West, from the middle and New England States, from Germany, France, England, Ireland and Scotland; even from sunny Italy. All of those who are industrious succeed, and industry is

the rule. The idler, without the capacity to do a day's work, does not succeed, and ought not to succeed anywhere.

I am happy to be able to say that the result of the project, as a land enterprise, has been to the interests of the colonists, as well as my own. Town lots that I sold for 150 dollars have been resold for from 500 to 1,500 dollars, exclusive of improvements; land that I sold for 25 dollars per acre has much of it been resold for 200 to 500 dollars per acre, exclusive of improvements. This rule will hold good for miles of the territory, all resulting from the great increase of population and prosperity of her people.

It is certainly an interesting question whether the highest self-interest of the landed proprietors of England, or any other country, cannot be found in advancing the material and moral welfare of all those who live and work upon their own estates.

To me the most unpleasant part of the above narrative is the necessity I have been under of so often mentioning myself, and I hope the reader will kindly take this necessity into consideration, and let that be my apology.



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(SECOND EDITION)

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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1875.

## EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

(CHAPTERS XI. TO XVI.)

### CHAPTER XI.

#### MAGNUS THE GOOD AND OTHERS.

**S**T. OLAF is the highest of these Norway Kings, and is the last that much attracts us. For this reason, if a reason were not superfluous, we might here end our poor reminiscences of these dim Sovereigns. But we will, nevertheless, for the sake of their connection with bits of English History, still hastily mention the names of one or two who follow, and who throw a momentary gleam of life and illumination on events and epochs that have fallen so extinct among ourselves at present, though once they were so momentous and memorable.

The new King Svein, from Jomsburg, Knut's natural son, had no success in Norway, nor seems to have deserved any. His English mother and he were found to be grasping, oppressive persons; and awoke, almost from the instant that Olaf was suppressed and crushed away from Norway into Heaven, universal odium more and more in that country. Well-deservedly, as still appears; for their taxings and extortions of malt, of herring, of meal, smithwork and every article taxable in Norway, were extreme;

and their service to the country otherwise nearly imperceptible. In brief their one basis there was the power of Knut the Great; and that, like all earthly things, was liable to sudden collapse,—and it suffered such in a notable degree. King Knut, hardly yet of middle age, and the greatest King in the then world, died at Shaftesbury, in 1035 as Dahlmann thinks,<sup>1</sup>—leaving two legitimate sons and a busy, intriguing widow (Norman Emma, widow of Ethelred the Unready), mother of the younger of these two; neither of whom proved to have any talent or any continuance. In spite of Emma's utmost efforts, Harald, the elder son of Knut, not hers, got England for his kingdom; Emma and her Harda-Knut had to be content with Denmark, and go thither, much against their will. Harald in England,—light-going little figure like his father before him,—got the name of Harefoot here; and might have done good work among his now orderly and settled people; but he died almost within year and day; and has left no trace among us, except that of 'Harefoot,' 'from his swift mode of walking. Emma and her Harda-Knut now returned joyful to England. But the violent, idle and drunken Harda-Knut did

<sup>1</sup> *Saxon Chronicle* says: '1035. In this year died King Cnut. . . . He departed at Shaftesbury, November 12, and they conveyed him thence to Winchester and there buried him.'

no good there; and, happily for England and him, soon suddenly ended, by stroke of apoplexy at a marriage festival, as mentioned above. In Denmark he had done still less good. And indeed, under him, in a year or two, the grand imperial edifice, laboriously built by Knut's valour and wisdom, had already tumbled all to the ground, in a most unexpected and remarkable way. As we are now to indicate with all brevity.

Svein's tyrannies in Norway had wrought such fruit that, within the four years after Olaf's death, the chief men in Norway, the very slayers of King Olaf, Kalf Arneson at the head of them, met secretly once or twice; and unanimously agreed that Kalf Arneson must go to Sweden, or to Russia itself; seek young Magnus, son of Olaf, home: excellent Magnus, to be king over all Norway and them, instead of this intolerable Svein. Which was at once done,—Magnus brought home in a kind of triumph, all Norway waiting for him. Intolerable Svein had already been rebelled against: some years before this, a certain young Tryggve out of Ireland, authentic son of Olaf Tryggveson and of that fine Irish Princess who chose him in his low habiliments and low estate, and took him over to her own Green Island,—this royal young Tryggve Olafson had invaded the usurper Svein, in a fierce, valiant and determined manner; and though with too small a party, showed excellent fight for some time; till Svein, zealously bestirring himself, managed to get him beaten and killed. But that was a couple of years ago; the party still too small, not including one and all as now! Svein, without stroke of sword this time, moved off towards Denmark; never shewing face in Norway again. His drunken brother, Harda-Knut, received him brother-like; even

gavo him some territory to rule over and subsist upon. But he lived only a short while; was gone before Harda-Knut himself; and we will mention him no more.

Magnus was a fine bright young fellow, and proved a valiant, wise, and successful King, known among his people as Magnus the Good. He was only natural son of King Olaf; but that made little difference in those times and there. His strange-looking, unexpected Latin name he got in this way: Alfhild, his mother, a slave through ill-luck of war, though nobly-born, was seen to be in a hopeful way; and it was known in the King's house how intimately Olaf was connected with that occurrence, and how much he loved this 'King's serving-maid,' as she was commonly designated. Alfhild was brought to bed late at night; and all the world, especially King Olaf, was asleep; Olaf's strict rule, then and always, being, don't awaken me:—seemingly a man sensitive about his sleep. The child was a boy, of rather weakly aspect: no important person present, except Sigvat, the King's Icelandic Skald, who happened to be still awake; and the Bishop of Norway, who, I suppose, had been sent for in hurry. "What is to be done?" said the Bishop, "here is an infant in pressing need of baptism; and we know not what the name is: go, Sigvat, awaken the King, and ask." "I dare not for my life," answered Sigvat. "King's orders are rigorous on that point." "But if the child die unbaptised," said the Bishop shuddering; too certain, he and everybody, where the child would go in that case! "I will myself give him a name," said Sigvat, with a desperate concentration of all his faculties; "he shall be namesake of the greatest of mankind,—imperial Carolus Magnus; let us call the infant Magnus!" King Olaf, on

the morrow, asked rather sharply how Sigvat had dared tako such a liberty; but excused Sigvat, seeing what the perilous alternative was. And Magnus, by such accident, this boy was called; and he, not another, is the prime origin and introducer of that name Magnus, which occurs rather frequently, not among the Norway Kings only, but by and by among the Danish and Swedish; and, among the Scandinavian populations, appears to be rather frequent to this day.

Magnus, a youth of great spirit, whose own, and standing at his beck, all Norway now was, immediately smote home on Denmark; desirous naturally of vengeance for what it had done to Norway, and the sacred kindred of Magnus. Denmark, its great Knut gone, and nothing but a drunken Harda-Knut, fugitive Svein and Co., there in his stead, was become a weak dislocated Country. And Magnus plundered in it, burnt it, beat it, as often as he pleased; Harda-Knut struggling what he could to make resistance or reprisals, but never once getting any victory over Magnus. Magnus, I perceive, was, like his father, a skilful as well as valiant fighter by sea and land; Magnus, with good battalions, and probably backed by immediate alliance with Heaven and St. Olaf, as was then the general belief or surmise about him, could not easily be beaten. And the truth is, he never was, by Harda-Knut or any other. Harda-Knut's last transaction with him was, To make a firm Peace and even Family-treaty sanctioned by all the grandees of both countries, who did indeed mainly themselves make it; their two Kings assenting: That there should be perpetual Peace, and no thought of war more, between Denmark and Norway; and that, if

either of the Kings died childless while the other was reigning, the other should succeed him in both Kingdoms. A magnificent arrangement, such as has several times been made in the world's history; but which in this instance, what is very singular, took actual effect; drunken Harda-Knut dying so speedily, and Magnus being the man he was. One would like to give the date of this remarkable Treaty; but cannot with precision. Guess somewhere about 1040: <sup>2</sup> actual fruition of it came to Magnus, beyond question, in 1042, when Harda-Knut drank that wassail bowl at the wedding in Lambeth, and fell down dead; which in the *Saxon Chronicle* is dated 3rd June of that year. Magnus at once went to Denmark on hearing this event; was joyfully received by the head men there, who indeed, with their fellows in Norway, had been main contrivers of the Treaty; both Countries longing for mutual peace, and the end of such incessant broils.

Magnus was triumphantly received as King in Denmark. The only unfortunate thing was, that Svein Estrithson, the exile son of Ulf, Knut's Brother-in-law, whom Knut, as we saw, had summarily killed twelve years before, emerged from his exile in Sweden in a flattering form; and proposed that Magnus should make him Jarl of Denmark, and general administrator there, in his own stead. To which the sanguine Magnus, in spite of advice to the contrary, insisted on acceding. "Too powerful a Jarl," said Einar Tamberskelver—the same Einar whose bow was heard to break in Olaf Tryggveson's last battle ("Norway breaking from thy hand, King!"), who had now become Magnus's chief man, and had long been among the highest

<sup>2</sup> Munch gives the date 1038 (ii. 840), Adam of Bremen 1040.

chiefs of Norway; "too powerful a Jarl," said Einar earnestly. But Magnus disregarded it; and a troublesome experience had to teach him that it was true. In about a year, crafty Svein, bringing ends to meet, got himself declared King of Denmark for his own behoof, instead of Jarl for another's: and had to be beaten and driven out by Magnus. Beaten every year; but almost always returned next year, for a new beating,—almost, though not altogether; having at length got one dreadful smashing-down and half-killing, which held him quiet a while,—so long as Magnus lived. Nay in the end, he made good his point, as if by mere patience in being beaten; and did become King himself, and progenitor of all the Kings that followed. King Svein Estrithson; so-called from Astrid or Estrith, his mother, the great Knut's sister, daughter of Svein Forkbeard by that amazing Sigrid the Proud, who *burnt* those two ineligible suitors of hers both at once, and got a switch on the face from Olaf Tryggveson, which proved the death of that high man.

But all this high fortune of the often beaten Estrithson was posterior to Magnus's death; who never would have suffered it, had he been alive. Magnus was a mighty fighter; a fiery man; very proud and positive, among other qualities, and had such luck as was never seen before. Luck invariably good, said everybody; never once was beaten,—which proves, continued everybody, that his Father Olaf and the miraculous power of Heaven were with him always. Magnus, I believe, did put down a great deal of anarchy in those countries. One of his earliest enterprises was to abolish Jomsborg, and trample out that nest of pirates. Which he managed so completely that Jomsborg remained a mere reminiscence

thenceforth; and its place is not now known to any mortal.

One perverse thing did at last turn up in the course of Magnus: a new Claimant for the Crown of Norway, and he a formidable person withal. This was Harald, half-brother of the late Saint Olaf; uncle or half-uncle, therefore, of Magnus himself. Indisputable son of the Saint's mother by St. Olaf's stepfather, who was himself descended straight from Harald Haarfagr. This new Harald was already much heard of in the world. As an ardent Boy of fifteen he had fought at King Olaf's side at Stikkelstad; would not be admonished by the Saint to go away. Got smitten down there, not killed; was smuggled away that night from the field by friendly help; got cured of his wounds, forwarded to Russia, where he grew to man's estate, under bright auspices and successes. Fell in love with the Russian Princess, but could not get her to wife; went off thereupon to Constantinople as *Væring* (Life-Guardsman of the Greek Kaiser); became Chief Captain of the *Væringers*, invincible champion of the poor Kaisers that then were, and filled all the East with the shine and noise of his exploits. An authentic *Waring* or *Bering*, such the surname we now have derived from these people; who were an important institution in those Greek countries for several ages: *Væring* Life-Guard, consisting of Norsemen, with sometimes a few English among them. Harald had innumerable adventures, nearly always successful, sing the Skalds; gained a great deal of wealth, gold ornaments, and gold coin; had even Queen Zoe (so they sing, though falsely) enamoured of him at one time; and was himself a Skald of eminence; some of whose verses, by no means



the worst of their kind, remain to this day.

This character of Waring much distinguishes Harald to me; the only Væring of whom I could ever get the least biography, true or half-true. It seems the Greek History-books but indifferently correspond with these Saga records; and scholars say there could have been no considerable romance between Zoc and him, Zoc at that date being 60 years of age! Harald's own lays say nothing of any Zoc, but are still full of longing for his Russian Princess far away.

At last, what with Zoes, what with Greek perversities and perfidies, and troubles that could not fail, he determined on quitting Greece; packed up his immensities of wealth in succinct shape, and actually returned to Russia, where new honours and favours awaited him from old friends, and especially, if I mistake not, the hand of that adorable Princess, crown of all his wishes for the time being. Before long, however, he decided further to look after his Norway Royal heritages; and, for that purpose, sailed in force to the Jarl or quasi-King of Denmark, the often-beaten Svein, who was now in Sweden on his usual winter exile after beating. Svein and he had evidently interests in common. Svein was charmed to see him,—so warlike, glorious and renowned a man, with masses of money about him too. Svein did by and by become treacherous; and even attempted, one night, to assassinate Harald in his bed on board ship: but Harald, vigilant of Svein, and a man of quick and sure insight, had providently gone to sleep elsewhere, leaving a log instead of himself among the blankets. In which log, next morning, treacherous Svein's battle-axe was found deeply sticking; and could not be removed without difficulty! But this was

after Harald and King Magnus himself had begun treating; with the fairest prospects,—which this of the Svein battle-axe naturally tended to forward, as it altogether ended the other co-partnery.

Magnus, on first hearing of Væring Harald and his intentions, made instant equipment, and determination to fight his uttermost, against the same. But wise persons of influence round him, as did the like sort round Væring Harald, earnestly advised compromise and peaceable agreement. Which, soon after that of Svein's nocturnal battle-axe, was the course adopted; and, to the joy of all parties, did prove a successful solution. Magnus agreed to part his kingdom with Uncle Harald; uncle parting his treasures, or uniting them with Magnus's poverty. Each was to be an independent king, but they were to govern in common; Magnus rather presiding. He to sit, for example, in the High Seat alone; King Harald opposite him in a seat not quite so high, though if a stranger King came on visit, both the Norse Kings were to sit in the High Seat. With various other punctilious regulations; which the fiery Magnus was extremely strict with; rendering the mutual relation a very dangerous one, had not both the Kings been honest men, and Harald a much more prudent and tolerant one than Magnus. They, on the whole, never had any weighty quarrel, thanks now and then rather to Harald than to Magnus. Magnus too was very noble; and Harald, with his wide experience and greater length of years, carefully held his heat of temper well covered in.

Prior to Uncle Harald's coming, Magnus had distinguished himself as a Lawgiver. His Code of Laws for the Trondhjem Province was considered a pretty piece of legislation; and in subsequent times got

the name of 'Grey-goose' (Grågas); one of the wonderfulest names ever given to a wise Book. Some say it came from the grey colour of the parchment, some give other incredible origins; the last guess I have heard is, that the name merely denotes antiquity; the witty name in Norway for a man growing old having been, in those times, that he was now becoming a grey-goose. Very fantastic indeed; certain, however, that Grey-goose is the name of that venerable Law Book; nay, there is another, still more famous, belonging to Iceland, and not far from a century younger, the Iceland *Grey-goose*. The Norway one is perhaps of date about 1037, the other of about 1118; peace be with them both! Or, if anybody is inclined to such matters, let him go to Dahlmann, for the amplest information and such minuteness of detail as might almost enable him to be an Advocate, with Silk Gown, in any Court depending on these Grey-geese.

Magnus did not live long. He had a dream one night of his Father Olaf's coming to him in shining presence, and announcing, That a magnificent fortune and world-great renown was now possible for him; but that perhaps it was his duty to refuse it; in which case, his earthly life would be short. "Which way wilt thou do, then?" said the shining presence. "Thou shalt decide for me, Father, thou, not I!" and told his Uncle Harald on the morrow, adding that he thought he should now soon die; which proved to be the fact. The magnificent fortune, so questionable otherwise, has reference, no doubt, to the Conquest of England; to which country Magnus, as rightful and actual King of *Denmark*, as well as undisputed heir to drunken Harda-Knut, by treaty long ago, had now some evident claim. The enterprise itself was reserved to the patient, gay and prudent Uncle

Harald; and to him it did prove fatal,—and merely paved the way for Another, luckier, not likelier!

Svein Estrithson, always beaten during Magnus's life, by and by got an agreement from the prudent Harald to be King of Denmark, then; and end these wearisome and ineffectual brabbles; Harald having other work to do. But in the autumn of 1066, Tosti, a younger son of our English Earl Godwin, came to Svein's court with a most important announcement; namely, that King Edward the Confessor, so-called, was dead, and that Harald, as the English write it, his eldest Brother, would give him, Tosti, no sufficient share in the kingship. Which state of matters, if Svein would go ahead with him to rectify it, would be greatly to the advantage of Svein. Svein, taught by many beatings, was too wise for this proposal; refused Tosti, who indignantly stepped over into Norway, and proposed it to King Harald there. Svein really had acquired considerable teaching, I should guess, from his much beating and hard experience in the world; one finds him afterwards the esteemed friend of the famed Historian Adam of Bremen, who reports various wise humanities, and pleasant discourses with Svein Estrithson.

As for Harald Hardrade, 'Harald the Hard or Severe,' as he was now called, Tosti's proposal awakened in him all his old Væringers ambitions and cupidities into blazing vehemence. He zealously consented; and at once, with his whole strength, embarked in the adventure. Fitted out two hundred ships, and the biggest army he could carry in them; and sailed with Tosti towards the dangerous Promised Land. Got into the Tyne, and took booty; got into the Humber, thence into the Ouse; easily subdued any opposition the official people or their populations could

make; victoriously scattered these, victoriously took the City of York in a day; and even got himself homaged there, 'King of Northumberland,' as per covenant,—Tosti proving honourable,—Tosti and he going with faithful strict copartnery, and all things looking prosperous and glorious. Except only (an important exception!) that they learnt for certain, English Harold was advancing with all his strength; and, in a measurable space of hours, unless care were taken, would be in York himself. Harold and Tosti hastened off to seize the post of Stamford Bridge on Derwent River, six or seven miles east of York City, and there bar this dangerous advent. Their own ships lay not far off in Ouse River, in case of the worst. The battle that ensued the next day, September 20, 1066, is forever memorable in English history.

Snorro gives vividly enough his view of it from the Icelandic side: A ring of stalwart Norsemen, close ranked, with their steel tools in hand; English Harold's Army, mostly cavalry, prancing and pricking all round; trying to find or make some opening in that ring. For a long time trying in vain, till at length, getting them enticed to burst out somewhere in pursuit, they quickly turned round, and quickly made an end of that matter. Snorro represents English Harold, with a first party of these horse coming up, and, with preliminary salutations, asking if Tosti were there, and if Harold were; making generous proposals to Tosti; but, in regard to Harold and what share of England was to be his, answering Tosti with the words, "Seven feet of English earth, or more if he require it, for a grave." Upon which Tosti, like an honourable man and copartner, said, "No, never; let us fight you rather till we all die." "Who is this that spoke to you?"

inquired Harold, when the cavaliers had withdrawn. "My brother Harold," answers Tosti, which looks rather like a Saga, but may be historical after all. Snorro's history of the battle is intelligible only after you have premised to it, what he never hints at, that the scene was on the east side of the bridge and of the Derwent; the great struggle for the bridge, one at last finds, was after the fall of Harold; and to the English Chroniclers, said struggle, which was abundantly severe, is all they know of the battle.

Enraged at that breaking loose of his steel ring of infantry, Norse Harold blazed up into true Norse fury, all the old Væringers and Berserkir rage awakening in him; sprang forth into the front of the fight, and mauled and cut and smashed down, on both hands of him, everything he met, irresistible by any horse or man, till an arrow cut him through the windpipe, and laid him low forever. That was the end of King Harold and of his workings in this world. The circumstance that he was a Waring or Baring, and had smitten to pieces so many Oriental cohorts or crowds, and had made love-verses (kind of *iron* madrigals) to his Russian Princess, and caught the fancy of questionable Greek queens, and had amassed such heaps of money, while poor nephew Magnus had only one gold ring (which had been his father's, and even his father's *mother's*, as Uncle Harold noticed), and nothing more whatever of that precious metal to combine with Harold's treasures:—all this is new to me, naturally no hint of it in any English book; and lends some gleam of romantic splendour to that dim business of Stamford Bridge, now fallen so dull and torpid to most English minds, transcendently important as it once was to all Englishmen. Adam of

Bremen says, the English got as much gold plunder from Harald's people as was a heavy burden for twelve men;<sup>3</sup> a thing evidently impossible, which nobody need try to believe. Young Olaf, Harald's son, age about sixteen, steering down the Ouse at the top of his speed, escaped home to Norway with all his ships, and subsequently reigned there with Magnus, his brother. Harald's body did lie in English earth for about a year; but was then brought to Norway for burial. He needed more than seven feet of grave, say some; Laing, interpreting Snorro's measurements, makes Harald eight feet in stature,—I do hope, with some error in excess!

## CHAPTER XII.

### OLAF THE TRANQUIL, MAGNUS BARE-FOOT, AND SIGURD THE CRUSADER.

THE new King Olaf, his brother Magnus having soon died, bore rule in Norway for some five-and-twenty years. Rule soft and gentle, not like his father's, and inclining rather to improvement in the arts and elegancies than to anything severe or dangerously laborious. A slim-built, witty-talking, popular and pretty man, with uncommonly bright eyes, and hair like floss silk: they called him Olaf *Kyrre* (the Tranquil or Easy-going).

The ceremonies of the palace were much improved by him. Palace still continued to be built of huge logs pyramidally sloping upwards, with fireplace in the middle of the floor, and no egress for smoke or ingress for light except right overhead, which, in bad weather, you could shut, or all but shut, with a lid. Lid originally made of mere opaque board, but changed latterly into a light frame, covered (*glazed*, so to speak) with entrails of animals,

clarified into something of pellucidity. All this Olaf, I hope, further perfected, as he did the placing of the court ladies, court officials, and the like; but I doubt if the luxury of a glass window were ever known to him, or a cup to drink from that was not made of metal or iron. In fact it is chiefly for his son's sake I mention him here; and with the son, too, I have little real concern, but only a kind of fantastic.

This son bears the name of Magnus *Barfod* (Barefoot, or Bareleg); and if you ask why so, the answer is: He was used to appear in the streets of Nidaros (Trondhjem) now and then in complete Scotch Highland dress. Authentic tartan plaid and philibeg, at that epoch,—to the wonder of Trondhjem and us! The truth is, he had a mighty fancy for these Hebrides and other Scotch possessions of his; and seeing England now quite impossible, eagerly speculated on some conquest in Ireland as next best. He did, in fact, go diligently voyaging and inspecting among those Orkney and Hebridian Isles; putting everything straight there, appointing stringent authorities, jarls,—nay, a king, 'Kingdom of the Suderöer' (Southern Isles, now called *Sodor*),—and, as first king, Sigurd, his pretty little boy of nine years. All which done, and some quarrel with Sweden fought out, he seriously applied himself to visiting in a still more emphatic manner; namely, to invading, with his best skill and strength, the considerable virtual or actual kingdom he had in Ireland, intending fully to enlarge it to the utmost limits of the Island if possible. He got prosperously into Dublin (guess A.D. 1102). Considerable authority he already had, even among those poor Irish Kings,

<sup>3</sup> Camden, Rapin, &c., quote.



or kinglets, in their glibs and yellow saffron gowns; still more, I suppose, among the numerous Norse Principalities there. 'King Murdog, King of Ireland,' says the Chronicle of Man, 'had obliged himself, every Yule day, to take a pair of shoes, hang them over his shoulder, as your servant does on a journey, and walk across his court at bidding, and in presence of, Magnús Barefoot's messenger, by way of homage to the said King.' Murdog on this greater occasion did whatever homage could be required of him; but that, though comfortable, was far from satisfying the great King's ambitious mind. The great King left Murdog; left his own Dublin; marched off westward on a general conquest of Ireland. Marched easily victorious for a time; had got, some say, into the wilds of Connaught, but there saw himself beset by ambuscades and wild Irish countenances intent on mischief, and had, on the sudden, to draw up for battle;—place, I regret to say, altogether undiscoverable to me; known only that it was boggy in the extreme. Certain enough, too certain and evident, Magnús Barefoot, searching eagerly, could find no firm footing there; nor, fighting furiously up to the knees or deeper, any result but honourable death! Date is confidently marked '24 August, 1103,'—as if people knew the very day of the month. The natives did humanely give King Magnús Christian burial. The remnants of his force, without farther molestation, found their ships on the Coast of Ulster; and sailed home,—without conquest of Ireland; nay, perhaps leaving royal Murdog disposed to be relieved of his procession with the pair of shoes.

Magnús Barefoot left three sons, all kings at once, reigning peaceably together. But to us, at present, the only noteworthy one of them was

Sigurd; who, finding nothing special to do at home, left his brothers to manage for him, and went off on a far Voyage, which has rendered him distinguishable in the crowd. Voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar, on to Jerusalem, thence to Constantinople; and so home through Russia, shining with such renown as filled all Norway for the time being. A King called Sigurd Jorsalafarer (*Jerusalemmer*) or Sigurd the Crusader henceforth. His voyage had been only partially of the Viking type; in general it was of the Royal-Progress kind rather; Vikingism only intervening in cases of incivility or the like. His reception in the Courts of Portugal, Spain, Sicily, Italy, had been honourable and sumptuous. The King of Jerusalem broke out into utmost splendour and effusion at sight of such a pilgrim; and Constantinople did its highest honours to such a Prince of *Væringers*. And the truth is, Sigurd intrinsically was a wise, able and prudent man; who, surviving both his brothers, reigned a good while alone in a solid and successful way. He shows features of an original, independent, thinking man; something of ruggedly strong, sincere and honest, with peculiarities that are amiable and even pathetic in the character and temperament of him; as certainly, the course of life he took was of his own choosing, and peculiar enough. He happens furthermore to be, what he least of all could have chosen or expected, the last of the *Haarfagr* Genealogy that had any success, or much deserved any, in this world. The last of the *Haarfags*, or as good as the last! So that, singular to say, it is in reality, for one thing only that Sigurd, after all his crusadings and wonderful adventures, is memorable to us here: the advent of an Irish Gentleman called 'Gylle Krist' (Gil-

christ, Servant of Christ), who,—not over welcome, I should think, but (unconsciously) big with the above result,—appeared in Norway, while King Sigurd was supreme. Let us explain a little.

This Gylle Krist, the unconsciously fatal individual, who ‘spoke Norse imperfectly,’ declared himself to be the natural son of whilom Magnus Barefoot; born to him there while engaged in that unfortunate ‘Conquest of Ireland.’ “Here is my mother come with me,” said Gilchrist, “who declares my real baptismal name to have been Harald, given me by that great King; and who will carry the red-hot ploughshares or do any reasonable ordeal in testimony of these facts. I am King Sigurd’s veritable half-brother: what will King Sigurd think it fair to do with me?” Sigurd clearly seems to have believed the man to be speaking truth; and indeed nobody to have doubted but he was. Sigurd said, “Honourable sustenance shalt thou have from me here. But, under pain of extirpation, swear that, neither in my time, nor in that of my young son Magnus, wilt thou ever claim any share in this Government.” Gylle swore; and punctually kept his promise during Sigurd’s reign. But during Magnus’s, he conspicuously broke it; and, in result, through many reigns, and during three or four generations afterwards, produced unspeakable contentions, massacrings, confusions in the country he had adopted. There are reckoned, from the time of Sigurd’s death (A.D. 1130), about a hundred years of civil war: no king allowed to distinguish himself by a solid reign of well-doing, or by any continuing reign at all,—sometimes as many as four kings simultaneously fighting;—and in Norway, from sire to son, nothing but sanguinary anarchy, disaster and bewilderment; a Country sink-

ing steadily as if towards absolute ruin. Of all which frightful misery and discord Irish Gylle, styled afterwards King Harald Gylle, was, by ill destiny and otherwise, the visible origin: an illegitimate Irish Haarfagr who proved to be his own destruction, and that of the Haarfagr kindred altogether!

Sigurd himself seems always to have rather favoured Gylle, who was a cheerful, shrewd, patient, witty and effective fellow; and had at first much quizzing to endure, from the younger kind, on account of his Irish way of speaking Norse, and for other reasons. One evening, for example, while the drink was going round, Gylle mentioned that the Irish had a wonderful talent of swift running, and that there were among them people who could keep up with the swiftest horse. At which, especially from young Magnus, there were peals of laughter; and a declaration from the latter that Gylle and he would have it tried to-morrow morning! Gylle in vain urged that he had not himself professed to be so swift a runner as to keep up with the Prince’s horses; but only that there were men in Ireland who could. Magnus was positive; and, early next morning, Gylle had to be on the ground; and the race, naturally under heavy bet, actually went off. Gylle started parallel to Magnus’s stirrup; ran like a very roe, and was clearly ahead at the goal. “Unfair,” said Magnus; “thou must have had hold of my stirrup-leather, and helped thyself along; we must try it again.” Gylle ran behind the horse this second time; then at the end, sprang forward; and again was fairly in ahead. “Thou must have held by the tail,” said Magnus; “not by fair running was this possible; we must try a third time!” Gylle started ahead of Magnus and his horse, this third time; kept

ahead with increasing distance, Magnus galloping his very best; and reached the goal more palpably foremost than ever. So that Magnus had to pay his bet, and other damage and humiliation. And got from his father, who heard of it soon afterwards, scoffing rebuke as a silly fellow, who did not know the worth of men but only the clothes and rank of them, and well deserved what he had got from Gylle. All the time King Sigurd lived, Gylle seems to have had good recognition and protection from that famous man; and, indeed, to have gained favour all round, by his quiet social demeanour and the qualities he shewed.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### MAGNUS THE BLIND, HARALD GYLLE, AND MUTUAL EXTINCTION OF THE HAARFAGRS.

ON Sigurd the Crusader's death, Magnus naturally came to the throne; Gylle keeping silence and a cheerful face for the time. But it was not long till claim arose on Gylle's part, till war and fight arose between Magnus and him, till the skilful, popular, over-active and shifty Gylle had entirely beaten Magnus; put out his eyes; mutilated the poor body of him in a horrid and unnameable manner, and shut him up in a convent as out of the game henceforth. There in his dark misery Magnus lived now as a monk; called 'Magnus the Blind' by those Norse populations; King Harald Gylle reigning victoriously in his stead. But this also was only for a time. There arose avenging kinsfolk of Magnus, who had no Irish accent in their Norse, and were themselves eager enough to bear rule in their native country. By one of these, a terribly strong-handed, fighting, violent, and regardless fellow, who also was a Bastard of Magnns Barefoot's, and

had been made a Priest, but liked it unbearably ill and had broken loose from it into the wildest courses at home and abroad; so that his current name got to be 'Slembi-diakn,' Slim or Ill Deacon, under which he is much noised of in Snorro and the Sagas; by this Slim-Deacon, Gylle was put an end to (murdered by night, drunk in his sleep); and poor blind Magnus was brought out, and again set to act as King, or King's Cloak, in hopes Gylle's posterity would never rise to victory more. But Gylle's posterity did, to victory and also to defeat, and were the death of Magnus and of Slim-Deacon too, in a frightful way; and all got their own death by and by in a ditto. In brief, these two kindreds (reckoned to be authentic enough Haarfagr people, both kinds of them) proved now to have become a veritable crop of dragon's teeth; who mutually fought, plotted, struggled, as if it had been their life's business; never ended fighting, and seldom long intermitted it, till they had exterminated one another, and did at last all rest in death. One of these later Gylle temporary Kings I remember by the name of Harald Herdebred, Harald with the Broad Shoulders. The very last of them I think was Harald Mund (Harald with the Wry-Mouth), who gave rise to two Impostors, pretending to be Sons of his, a good while after the poor Wry-Mouth itself and all its troublesome belongings were quietly underground. What Norway suffered during that sad century may be imagined.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### SVERRIR AND DESCENDANTS, TO HAKON THE OLD.

THE end of it was, or rather the first abatement, and *beginning* of the end, That, when all this had gone on ever worsening for some

forty years or so, one Sverrir (A.D. 1177), at the head of an armed mob of poor people called *Birkebeins*, came upon the scene. A strange enough figure in History, this Sverrir and his *Birkebeins*! At first a mere mockery and dismal laughing-stock to the enlightened Norway public. Nevertheless by unheard of fighting, hungering, exertion and endurance, Sverrir, after ten years of such a death-wrestle against men and things, got himself accepted as King; and by wonderful expenditure of ingenuity, common cunning, unctuous Parliamentary Eloquence or almost Popular Preaching, and (it must be owned) general human faculty and valour (or value) in the overclouded and distorted state, did victoriously continue such. And founded a New Dynasty in Norway, which ended only with Norway's separate existence, after near three hundred years.

This Sverrir called himself a Son of Harald Wry-Mouth; but was in reality the son of a poor Comb-maker in some little town of Norway; nothing heard of Sonship to Wry-Mouth till after good success otherwise. His *Birkebeins* (that is to say, *Birchlegs*; the poor rebellious wretches having taken to the woods; and been obliged, besides their intolerable scarcity of food, to thatch their bodies from the cold with whatever covering could be got, and their legs especially with birch bark; sad species of fleecy hosiery; whence their nickname),—his *Birkebeins* I guess always to have been a kind of Norse *Jacquerie*: desperate rising of thralls and indigent people, driven mad by their unendurable sufferings and famishings,—theirs the deepest stratum of misery, and the densest and heaviest, in this the general misery of Norway, which had lasted toward the third generation and looked as if it would last for ever:—whereupon they had risen proclaiming, in this furious

dumb manner, unintelligible except to Heaven, that the same could not, nor would not be endured any longer! And, by their Sverrir, strange to say, they did attain a kind of permanent success; and, from being a dismal laughing-stock in Norway, came to be important, and for a time all-important there. Their opposition nicknames, '*Bag-lers* (from *Bagall*, *baculus*, bishop's staff; Bishop Nicholas being chief Leader), '*Gold-legs*,' and the like obscure terms (for there was still a considerable course of counter-fighting ahead, and especially of counter-nicknaming), I take to have meant in Norse prefigurement seven centuries ago, '*bloated Aristocracy*,' '*tyrannous Bourgeoisie*,'—till, in the next century, these rents were got closed again!—

King Sverrir, not himself bred to comb-making, had, in his fifth year, gone to an uncle, Bishop in the *Farøe* Islands; and got some considerable education from him, with a view to Priesthood on the part of Sverrir. But, not liking that career, Sverrir had fled and smuggled himself over to the *Birkebeins*, who, noticing the learned tongue, and other miraculous qualities of the man, proposed to make him Captain of them; and even threatened to kill him if he would not accept,—which thus at the sword's point, as Sverrir says, he was obliged to do. It was after this that he thought of becoming son of Wry-Mouth and other higher things.

His *Birkebeins* and he had certainly a talent of campaigning which has hardly ever been equalled. They fought like devils against any odds of number; and before battle they have been known to march six days together without food, except, perhaps, the inner bark of trees, and in such clothing and shoeing as mere birch bark:—at one time, somewhere in the *Dovre*feld, there was serious counsel held among them



whether they should not all, as one man, leap down into the frozen gulphs and precipices, or at once massacre one another wholly, and so finish. Of their conduct in battle, fiercer than that of *Bare-sarks*, where was there ever seen the parallel? In truth they are a dim strange object to one, in that black time; wondrously bringing light into it withal; and proved to be, under such unexpected circumstances, the beginning of better days!

Of Sverrir's public speeches there still exist authentic specimens; wonderful indeed, and much characteristic of such a Sverrir. A comb-maker King, evidently meaning several good and solid things, and effecting them too, athwart such an element of Norwegian chaos-come-again. His descendants and successors were a comparatively respectable kin. The last and greatest of them I shall mention is Hakon VII., or Hakon the Old; whose fame is still lively among us, from the Battle of Largs at least.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### HAKON THE OLD AT LARGS.

IN the Norse annals our famous Battle of Largs makes small figure, or almost none at all among Hakon's battles and feats. They do say indeed, these Norse annalists, that the King of Scotland, Alexander III. (who had such a fate among the crags about Kinghorn in time coming), was very anxious to purchase from King Hakon his sovereignty of the Western Isles; but that Hakon pointedly refused; and at length, being again importuned and bothered on the business, decided on giving a refusal that could not be mistaken. Decided, namely, to go with a big expedition, and look thoroughly into that wing of his

Dominions; where no doubt much has fallen awry since Magnus Barefoot's grand visit thither, and seems to be inviting the cupidity of bad neighbours! "All this we will put right again," thinks Hakon, "and gird it up into a safe and defensive posture." Hakon sailed accordingly, with a strong fleet; adjusting and rectifying among his Hebrides as he went along, and landing withal on the Scotch coast to plunder and punish as he thought fit. The Scots say he had claimed of them Arran, Bute and the Two Cumbræes ("given my ancestors by Donald Bain," said Hakon, to the amazement of the Scots) "as part of the Sudöcr" (Southern Isles):—so far from selling that fine kingdom!—and that it was after taking both Arran and Bute that he made his descent at Largs.

Of Largs there is no mention whatever in Norse books. But beyond any doubt, such is the other evidence, Hakon did land there; land and fight, not conquering, probably rather beaten; and very certainly 'retiring to his ships,' as in either case he behoved to do! It is further certain he was dreadfully maltreated by the weather on those wild coasts; and altogether credible, as the Scotch records bear, that he was so at Largs very specially. The Norse Records or Sagas say merely, he lost many of his ships by the tempests, and many of his men by land fighting in various parts,—tacitly including Largs, no doubt, which was the last of these misfortunes to him. 'In the battle here he lost 15,000 men, say the Scots, we 5,000'! Divide these numbers by ten, and the excellently brief and lucid Scottish summary by Buchanan may be taken as the approximately true and exact.<sup>4</sup> Date of the battle is A.D. 1263.

To this day, on a little plain to the

South of the village, now town, of Largs, in Ayrshire, there are seen stone cairns and monumental heaps, and, until within a century ago, one huge, solitary, upright stone; still mutely testifying to a battle there—altogether clearly, to this battle of King Hakon's; who by the Norse records, too, was in these neighbourhoods at that same date, and evidently in an aggressive, high kind of humour. For 'while his ships and army were doubling the Mull of Cantire, he had his own boat set on wheels, and therein, splendidly enough, had himself drawn across the Promontory at a flatter part,' no doubt with horns sounding, banners waving. "All to the left of me is mine and Norway's," exclaimed Hakon in his triumphant boat progress, which such disasters soon followed.

Hakon gathered his wrecks together, and sorrowfully made for Orkney. It is possible enough, as our Guide Books now say, he may have gone by Iona, Mull and the narrow seas inside of Skye; and that the *Kyle Akin*, favourably known to sea-bathers in that region, may actually mean the *Kyle* (narrow strait) of Hakon, where Hakon may have dropped anchor, and rested for a little while in smooth water and beautiful environment, safe from equinoctial storms. But poor Hakon's heart was now broken. He went to Orkney; died there in the winter; never beholding Norway more.

He it was who got Iceland, which had been a Republic for four centuries, united to his kingdom of Norway: a long and intricate operation,—much presided over by our Snorro Sturleson, so often quoted here, who indeed lost his life (by assassination from his sons-in-law) and out of great wealth sank at once into poverty of zero,—one midnight in his own cellar, in the course

of that bad business. Hakon was a great Politician in his time; and succeeded in many things before he lost Largs. Snorro's death by murder had happened about twenty years before Hakon's by broken heart. He is called Hakon the Old, though one finds his age was but fifty-nine, probably a longish life for a Norway King. Snorro's narrative ceases when Snorro himself was born; that is to say, at the threshold of King Sverrir; of whose exploits and doubtful birth it is guessed by some that Snorro willingly forbore to speak in the hearing of such a Hakon.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### EPILOGUE.

HAARFAGR's kindred lasted some three centuries in Norway; Sverrir's lasted into its third century there; how long after this, among the neighbouring kingships, I did not enquire. For, by regal affinities, consanguinities, and unexpected chances and changes, the three Scandinavian kingdoms fell all peaceably together under Queen Margaret, of the Calmar Union (A.D. 1397); and Norway, incorporated now with Denmark, needed no more kings.

The History of these Haarfagrs has awakened in me many thoughts of Despotism and Democracy, arbitrary government by one, and self-government (which means no government, or anarchy) by all; of Dictatorship with many faults, and Universal Suffrage with little possibility of any virtue. For the contrast between Olaf Tryggveson and a Universal-Suffrage Parliament or an 'Imperial' Copper Captain has, in these nine centuries, grown to be very great. And the eternal Providence that guides all this, and produces alike these entities with their epochs, is not *its* course still through the great deep? Does not it still speak to us, if we have ears? Here,

clothed in stormy enough passions and instincts, unconscious of any aim but their own satisfaction, is the blessed beginning of Human Order, Regulation, and real Government; there, clothed in a highly different, but again suitable garniture of passions, instincts, and equally unconscious as to real aim, is the accursed-looking ending (temporary ending) of Order, Regulation, and Government;—very dismal to the sane onlooker for the time being; not dismal to him otherwise, his hope, too, being steadfast! But here, at any rate, in this poor Norse theatre, one looks with interest on the first transformation, so mysterious and abstruse, of human Chaos into something of articulate Cosmos; witnesses the wild and strange birth-pangs of Human Society, and reflects that without something similar (little as men expect such now), no Cosmos of human society ever was got into existence, nor can ever again be.

The violences, fightings, crimes—ah yes, these seldom fail, and they are very lamentable. But always, too, among those old populations, there was one saving element; the now want of which, especially the unlamented want, transcends all lamentation. Here is one of these strange, piercing, winged-words of Ruskin, which has in it a terrible truth for us in these epochs now come:

‘My friends, the follies of modern Liberalism, many and great though they be, are practically summed in this denial or neglect of the quality and intrinsic value of things. Its rectangular beatitudes, and spherical benevolences,—theology of universal indulgence, and jurisprudence which will hang no rogues, mean, one and all of them, in the root, incapacity of discerning, or refusal to discern, worth and un-

‘worth in anything, and least of all in man; whereas Nature and Heaven command you, at your peril, to discern worth from unworth in everything, and most of all in man. Your main problem is that ancient and trite one, “Who is best man?” and the Fates forgive much,—forgive the wildest, fiercest, cruellest experiments,—if fairly made for the determination of that. Theft and bloodguiltiness are not pleasing in their sight; yet the favouring powers of the spiritual and material world will confirm to you your stolen goods, and their noblest voices applaud the lifting of your spear, and rehearse the sculpture of your shield, if only your robbing and slaying have been in fair arbitrament of that question, “Who is best man?” But if you refuse such enquiry, and maintain every man for his neighbour’s match,—if you give vote to the simple and liberty to the vile, the powers of those spiritual and material worlds in due time present you inevitably with the same problem, soluble now only wrong side upwards; and your robbing and slaying must be done then to find out, “Who is *worst* man?” Which, in so wide an order of merit, is, indeed, not easy; but a complete Tammany Ring, and lowest circle in the Inferno of Worst, you are sure to find, and to be governed by.’<sup>5</sup>

All readers will admit that there was something naturally royal in these Haarfagr Kings. A wildly great kind of kindred; counts in it two Heroes of a high, or almost highest, type: the first two Olafs, Tryggveson and the Saint. And the view of them, withal, as we chance to have it, I have often thought, how essentially Homeric it was:—indeed what is ‘Homer,’

<sup>5</sup> *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XIV. pp. 8–10.

himself but the *Rhapsody* of five centuries of Greek Skalds and wandering Ballad-singers, done (*i.e.* 'stitched together') by somebody more musical than Snorro was? Olaf Tryggveson and Olaf Saint please me quite as well in their prosaic form; offering me the truth of them as if seen in their real lineaments by some marvellous opening (through the art of Snorro) across the black strata of the ages. Two high, almost among the highest sons of Nature, seen as they veritably were; fairly comparable or superior to god-like Achilleus, goddess-wounding Diomedes, much more to the two Atreidai, Regulators of the Peoples.

I have also thought often what a Book might be made of Snorro, did there but arise a man furnished

with due literary insight, and indefatigable diligence; who, faithfully acquainting himself with the topography, the monumental relics and illustrative actualities of Norway, carefully scanning the best testimonies as to place and time which that country can still give him, carefully the best collateral records and chronologies of other countries, and who, himself possessing the highest faculty of a Poet, could, abridging, arranging, elucidating, reduce Snorro to a polished Cosmic state, unweariedly purging away his much chaotic matter! A modern 'highest kind of Poet,' capable of unlimited slavish labour withal;—who, I fear, is not soon to be expected in this world, or likely to find his task in the *Heimskringla* if he did appear here.





## GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

## III. FOOD.

WHO sent the food, and who the cooks, is a matter of history. A good cook is the Black Swan of domestic life; she is an epoch, an era; we date from her; we are ready to write her name in gold and sardonyx on sandalwood. 'That was when Jane Stubbs was cook,' we say, and memory casts a fond halo over the feats of that female *ordon bleu*. Fate has been kind to France in the matter of cooks; French men and women are born with gastronomic and culinary perceptions. Given the poorest materials, they will produce a palatable and wholesome dish, at once appetising and nourishing. 'In France we dine,' said an obliging Frenchman, sitting next to me at a German *table-d'hôte*. 'In Germany they feed.' 'And in England, what do you do there?' asked a somewhat splenetic German relative, to whom, in an unwary moment, I had quoted the above epigrammatic remark. 'I will tell you, *meine Beste*. You boil your vegetables in water, much water, and eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar. You know one meat, the biftek, bleeding; and one *Mehlspeise*, the blom-budding.' I confess, being far from home and all its pleasures, the sarcastic enumeration of the delights of our insular table wounded me, and I lifted up my voice in feeble protest. But let this criticism temper the steel of our pen, and put a little milk and honey into the ink of our observations.

It was said by one of the ancients (I think Tacitus in his 'Germania') that the Teutons were distinguished by having the largest volume of intestines of all the peoples of Europe (I feel a certain hesitation in quoting these words, which, writ in ele-

gant Latin, might pass muster); but certainly no one who has lived in Germany can aver that the modern Teuton has degenerated from his ancestors in powers of absorption. Take, for instance, the every-day experience of a *table-d'hôte*, where gentle and simple are gathered together, and where the manners of the majority will impress themselves on the mind of the impartial spectator. Quantity, not quality, appears to be the motto of the repast; to eat, if possible, twice of every dish, to splutter over the soup, to seize the sauce *en passant*, to perform tricks of knife-jugglery that might strike awe into the breast of a Japanese adept; to lap up the gravy, to drink salad dressing off knife-blades, to scour the inside of the dish and the platter with lumps of bread, to swallow breathlessly, and after a fashion that somehow suggests the swallowing is a mere preliminary operation, presently to be supplemented in leisurely ruminating hours; to fill up the pauses in the interminable ceremony by picking the teeth and the dingy dessert with alternate impartiality, is a picture so true as to be trite, and so unattractive as to be scarcely excusable, except upon historic grounds. Everyone who has spent even only a few weeks in Germany must have beheld and suffered from such scenes.

It is not my intention to intrench upon the prerogatives of the cookery-book, or to give in any detail the list of German dishes with which I might easily furnish my readers. To speak otherwise than generally, in a paper of this kind, would be out of place; but we may be amused by noting the various points of difference and similarity between our neighbours' *modus vivendi* and our own.

There are three great characteristic divisions of German food—the Salt, the Sour, and the Greasy: the salt, as exemplified by ham and herrings; the sour, as typified by *Kraut* and salads; the greasy, as demonstrated by vegetables stewed in fat, sausages swimming in fat, sauces surrounded by fat, soups filmy with fat. If we were to go into the philosophy of food, we should probably find that the salt gives the appetite for the grease, that the grease is necessary for warmth-giving purposes, as well as to supplement the absence of nutritive quality in what may be roundly spoken of as a potato diet; and that the sour acts as a digestive agent on the grease. The food of the lower orders in Germany is poor and coarse in the extreme:—thin coffee without milk or sugar (sugar is an expensive item, and is looked upon as a luxury; except in seaboard towns, white colonial sugar is unknown, the brown sugar rarely used and little thought of); black rye bread, which is always more or less sour (being made without yeast); potatoes stewed in fat, with a mixture of onions, apples, carrots, plums, or pears; now and then a bit of fat pork with treacle; a mess of *Sauerkraut*; lentils, beans, and a piece of '*Blutwurst*'; mysterious entrails of birds, and beasts, and fishes that might have puzzled the Augurs of old; *Mehlsuppe*, *Biersuppe*; cabbage boiled in grease, and a slice of raw ham. No beer for the women; no white bread. *Schnapps* for the men, distilled from corn or potatoes; a fiery, coarse spirit that would be disastrous in its effects but for the mass of food with which it is mixed. It has already been seen how domestic servants fare, the food in private houses being as superior to that found in the peasant's hut, as the table in an English middle-class kitchen is superior to the scanty meal of the underpaid agricultural

labourer. In mountainous districts the people live almost entirely on milk, flour, eggs, butter, cheese, and cream. To taste meat is an event in their lives; nor do they feel the deprivation; for the pure mountain air, the fresh out-door life of the *Alm*, the healthy exercise of climbing and descending, of rowing across the lakes, and tending the cattle, makes them healthy, vigorous, and cheerful after a fashion unknown to, and impossible for, the dweller in towns and cities. In proof of this we have not to go to foreign countries for convincing examples. We have only to look at what things may be done in a kilt, on 'whusky and parritch,' to be convinced of the important part fresh air and abundant exercise play in the matter of muscular development.

Let us begin in our survey with the first meal of the day, and see of what it consists.

There is no family breakfast table as with us, where sons and daughters gather round the board, letters are received and read, newspapers scanned, and the great affairs of the world, as made known by telegram, imparted and commented upon. We look in vain for the damask table cloth, the steaming urn, the symmetrical arrangement of plate and china that welcome us in the middle-class English household. No trim girls in bright cotton or well-cut homespun gowns; no young men, whose fresh faces tell of tins and Turkish towels, are here to greet us. There may be a linen cloth upon the table (though even this detail is far from general), and there will be a coffee pot, and a milk jug, and sugar basin, set down anyhow anywhere; a basket, either of wicker or Japan, piled up with fresh *Semmeln*, perhaps a stray plate or two; a disorderly group of cups of different colours and designs; no butter; no knives and forks; possibly a plate with a few

milk rolls, of somewhat finer flour than the ordinary, and the breakfast equipage is complete. The first comer (if a lady, in dressing gown and cap; if a man, in *Schlafrock* and *Pantoffeln*) will help her, or himself, to coffee and rolls, probably eating and drinking like peripatetic philosophers, for there is no inducement to 'sit down and make yourself comfortable.' If it be winter time, the coffee pot and milk jug will be placed on the stove instead of on the table, and the next comer will go through the same formula of solitary feeding, departing, as the case may be, for the enjoyment of the post-prandial cigar, or to supplement the somewhat scantily represented 'mysteries of the toilette.' The last comer will enjoy the dregs of the coffee pot and the drains of the milk jug on an oil-cloth cover or crumpled table cloth, slopped with the surplusage of successive coffee cups, and besprinkled with the crumbs of consumed rolls.

The *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which is an institution in France, dwindles, so far at least as the ladies of the household are concerned, into a surreptitious shaving of sausage, or a sly sardine, partaken of in solitude and haste between the conflicting claims of the kitchen and the *Priscusinn*. The young (old or middle-aged) military heroes, who will probably represent the male portion of the household, will prudently 'restore' themselves on their way home from drill or parade in a more substantial manner than that which suffices for the weaker vessels; thus relieving the much be-plagued Hausfrau from any more elaborate sacrifices on the gastronomic altar.

But though breakfast, as we have seen, may leave much to be desired, it yet contains elements of excellence not to be overlooked. *Impri- mis* there are no cows with iron tails in Germany, and the rich pure

milk makes the well-flavoured, if somewhat thin, coffee taste excellent. The sugar is beet-root sugar, and does not sweeten so well as the real colonial article, but is white and sparkling. The crescent-shaped milk rolls (*Hörnchens*) are crisply baked, and make it easy to dispense with butter; the *Semmel* in its fresh state is not to be despised, though, as the day advances, it becomes leathery and tough, and at nightfall you will long for an honest slice from a good wheaten loaf. The sour rye bread, ranging from black to a light brown, is much condemned by some as affording little nourishment; nevertheless one may acquire a taste for it, and many persons declare that they prefer it to the tasteless insipidity of the white roll. In some parts of Germany you can get what is called '*Englisches Brod*' baked in small cakes; it is made of very fine white flour, with a mixture of butter and milk and a dash of sugar in it, that quite destroys any resemblance the name might lead you to expect. Bakeries are under Government supervision; not only the weight of the bread, but the quality of the flour is tested; and as neither the day nor the hour of the inspector's coming can be calculated upon, evasion is almost impossible, and cases of adulteration and light weight so exceptional, as not to be worth quoting.

I shall, perhaps, surprise the prejudiced amongst my readers when I say that I found the *matériel*, as a rule, excellent in Germany. Bread, butter, milk, and eggs abundant. The market well stocked with fruit and vegetables of the commoner kind (several of the latter unknown to us might be adopted with advantage into our bills of fare). Poultry, as a rule, is poor, but cheap. Pigeons to be had for a few pence; game, in season, generally plentiful. No one who has ever tasted in a private house

a German *Rehbraten* with cream sauce, will dispute its excellence; the claims of roast partridge with *Sauerkraut* (this latter not the greasy mess *table-d'hôte* dinners may suggest, but a delicately tempered digestive) to recognition have been acknowledged by the descendants of Vatel and Ude, for it is a dish to be found in every well compiled French *menu* of the present day. What housewife would not gratefully hail the fact that she might buy a saddle of hare just as we buy a saddle of mutton, which, well larded and baptized with sour cream, is so mellow and melting a morsel that you might unhesitatingly set it *solus* before a king. The hare is never trussed and sent up to table with its long ears, lean head, and unpleasantly grinning teeth, as with us; if you buy the whole animal (and unless you want some small and *appétisant* addition to your dinner you will probably do so), the head will be taken off, the legs broken at the joints, and the interior of the animal will be utilised for the servants' dinner, forming a dark and 'wicked broth' called *Hasenpfeffer*, into the mysteries of which occult preparation I never ventured to pry, though frequently I saw and heard it partaken of with sounds of succulent approval in the kitchen. Sweetbreads, for which your butcher calmly demands ten shillings a pair during the London season, are to be procured for such a price as need not wound the conscience of the tenderest *Hausfrau*; veal kidneys (who ever knew how delicious a veal kidney could be until he partook of *Nierenschnitte*?) need not exercise your mind on the score of economy, nor need you even hesitate much about 'caviare to the general,' or *pâté de foie gras* to the particular. The tables of the world have recognised the merits of Strasbourg pies, Westphalia hams, Pomeranian goose-breasts, Bruns-

wick sausages, Bavarian beer, Lübeck marchpane, and Hamboro' beef; no contemptible list of exportable edibles. Of the beef and mutton I cannot speak in glowing terms. Nevertheless they are to be had fairly good, and in the days of the small Residenz towns the reigning Duke or Prince would generally have his beeves and sheep fattened after approved methods, so that with a little interest and civility, one could usually so far soften the heart of the slaughterer (*Schlachter*) as to have an English-looking sirloin and a mature leg of mutton as often as one wished upon one's table. In the same way there would be a poultry farm or *Fasanerie*, where the doomed birds would be shut in little pens and '*genudelt*,' à la modo de Strasbourg, for the Royal or Ducal table, so that a plump roast capon or pheasant was quite within the region of recurring possible good things. *On a changé tout cela*, however, and doubtless such concessions are reckoned amongst the corruptions of the past. Veal is better in Germany than with us; and though at all times unwholesome and indigestible as food, forms a pleasing variety in the list of ordinary dishes that appear on the homely board. It is a drawback, to use a Hibernicism, that all the roasts (like those that did coldly furnish forth the Queen of Denmark's marriage tables) are baked. Yet, baked meat, well-basted and not overdone, forms a concentrated kind of food that use makes almost as palatable as the spitted joint, and seems to be making its way to popularity here. Pork is not a favourite dish on the tables of the rich; that is, not in its simpler form; in its more complex preparation pig is a popular meat with all classes. *Schlachtwurst*, *Mettwurst*, *Blutwurst*, *Rauchenden*, *Leberwurst*, (this latter being pigs' livers, prepared like *pâté de foie gras*, delicately spiced and truffled) are only



a few of the endless popular varieties of the German sausage. Ham is generally eaten raw, well smoked, and if presented at tea or supper, a little wooden platter and a sharp knife will be placed beside you in order that you may cut it into small pieces such as are used by cooks for larding. Taken in this way as a relish, the flavour is sweet and appetising, but the uncooked state of the meat renders it tough (*zähe*), and involves more mastication than is agreeable.

Some years ago a cry went abroad of whole districts suffering from trychina; and in some parts of the country not only was the mortality alarming, but the sufferings of the afflicted so frightful, that Government commissions with properly appointed medical officers were told off to inquire into the subject. The result was, that in every town a medical officer was appointed to certify the wholesome condition of all the pigs slaughtered before the butcher was permitted to offer the meat for human food. In this country, where pork and ham are not eaten raw, such measures are unnecessary. Unpleasant as the idea of such parasites must be, we know that the boiling would destroy their dangerous qualities; but in Germany, where uncooked ham is the rule and not the exception, and where the sausages that are eaten cold are invariably only smoked, the precaution is an emphatically necessary one.

Fish, except in seaport towns (and these are few and far between in Germany), is a scarce and doubtful commodity; the Elbe and Rhine salmon very inferior in flavour to our own, and *always* dear. When produced on great occasions, this fish is almost always served cold, encased in a sour jelly if whole, or accompanied by varieties of mayonnaise sauces if only portions of it are presented to the guests. Carp and tench, those

most common of the fresh-water finny-tribe, are spoken of with bated breath, as of delicacies fit for the table of Apicius himself; but they are generally so disguised with vinegar and complicated flavourings, that the mud may be said to yield to treatment. Not only are the salt-water fish very inferior to our own, but of infinitely less variety. No sloping marble slabs, sluiced with fresh water, adorned with mountains of ice and forests of fennel; no piled-up lobsters in gorgeous array, splendid salmon, many tinted mackerel, delicate whittings or domestic soles, colossal cod, ministerial white bait or silver sprats, will tempt at once your eyes and your palate; you will probably have to dive into an obscure shop, whence issues anything but invitingly 'a most ancient and fish-like smell,' when, in answer to your demands, a doubtful-looking marine monster will be pulled out of a mysterious tub at the back of the counter, with the remark, *Heut' giebt's nur Schellfisch* ('how unpleasantly,' as Thackeray's schoolboy says of the monkeys, 'they always smelt'), or *Dorsch*, or *Barsch*, as the case may be. In the so-called fish-shop there will be all kinds of pickled herrings (these form the foundation of that most popular of German dishes, *Häring-salat*), bloaters (*Bücklinge*), small dried sprats (*Kieler Sprotten*), perhaps even pickled salmon and a pot of caviare may tempt you; for the love of Germans for every kind of salt and dried fish (perhaps in default of fresh) is apparently an appetite that grows by what it feeds upon.

I remember tasting in Mecklenburgh a most dainty dish of dabs, or flat fish, smoked in nettle-smoke (this gave them a peculiar delicate flavour) and stewed in fresh cream; the accompaniment being a delicious kind of black bread, short and rather sweet, liberally bespread with

freshly churned butter. Very excellent, too, are pigeons braised and served with milk rice; the rice being so boiled that each grain is distinct, and surrounded with the rich milk in which it has been cooked, so that it tastes almost like cream. This custom of serving rice, *Gries*, and different sorts of farinaceous food, cooked with milk, as we serve vegetables, with roast meat, is one that we might well imitate; we have the beginning of it in our bread-sauce with birds, but in Germany it is introduced in a variety of forms. Rabbits are rejected by the poorest as vermin, unfit for human food; by which means a cheap and not unwholesome dish, when partaken of occasionally, is lost to the labouring man.

Potatoes in bucketsful, and prepared in fifty different fashions, form the staple of the food of the lower orders.

Dinner, which in Germany is often a painfully protracted business, lasting on occasions even three or four hours, is, in a general way, partaken of between the hours of twelve and two, according to the occupation of the master and the school hours of the children of the house. It is scarcely served in a more appetising manner than the scrambling breakfast. There is a want of cleanliness, of order, of propriety; if I may say so, a want of dignity about the table arrangements that would almost suggest the total absence of any æsthetic feeling in those who sit round the ill-appointed board. The servants are noisy, the cloth is crumpled, the dishes are *slammed* down upon the table, the gravy is tilted over, the glass is miscellaneous, the knives and forks are put in a heap, the plates are not changed frequently enough. No crisp watercress or curly parsley adorns your cold joint, or sets off the complexion of your butter; it is thought no

solecism for every one to plunge his knife into the salt-cellar, to pick his teeth at table, to stretch across and reach for whatever he wants. Everything seems to be done in a hurry, and yet everything is served separately, so that there is nothing to distract the attention from the matter in hand. There is a sense at once of repletion and emptiness in a German dinner. Your stomach has been filled, but not fortified. You have begun with a soup which, mathematically speaking may be said to represent length without breadth; this has been followed by the *bouilli*, or soup meat, out of which all nourishment has been flayed, accompanied by a sour sauce, of *Mörscheln* (a debased kind of mushroom), boiled in butter and vinegar; you will have abundance of vegetables stewed in fat or butter; sausages and lentils; some little dumplings called *Klöße*, compotes of cranberries and bilberries, stewed plums or cherries; a piece of roast veal, or a fowl (for roast read baked), with potato-salad, cabbage-salad, or *Sauerkraut*, and a *Mehlspeise*, this representing a rather better than average dinner in an ordinary German household.

At four o'clock coffee will be brought in; after which the master of the house will depart for his club, and the mistress will pay visits amongst her friends, until the time comes for the theatre. The family will not reassemble until supper, which will be taken between the hours of seven and nine, depending on the length of the opera or comedy, the days on which the ladies of the house are *abonnées*, and the various other family engagements and exigencies. This is a pleasant meal, resembling high tea. In many houses tea is served as with us, and though the flavour of it is very different from what we are accustomed to consider good, I confess I always hailed its appearance with satisfaction.

Bread, butter, cold ham, sausage, tongue, hard boiled eggs, sardines, cheese, and cakes, with perhaps a few additions and alterations if friends share the meal, represent a German supper, or *Abendessen*. Bordeaux, or beer, or the wines of the country, are generally taken by the men in preference to tea. Cigars follow; the ladies retire into the withdrawing-room, and at ten o'clock everyone is in bed. All the housewives, as autumn wanes, lay in a goodly store of vegetables to last through the winter months, when nothing of the kind is to be procured for love or money. Potatoes are banked up in the cellars, cabbages, carrots, turnips, onions, are buried in layers of mould, whence your cook will extract them, uninjured by damp or frost, for the daily meal. Vegetables of the finer sort, such as French beans, peas, &c., are, as they come into season, preserved for winter use in tins, the process observed being a very simple one; the vegetables, with a little salt and water, are put into the tins, which are then hermetically sealed by a man who comes to solder them down; the tins are placed in another pan with boiling water, and if air bubbles rise to the surface when the water boils, you know that there is a flaw somewhere in the soldering; your man takes out the offending tin, ascertains where the defect is, and repairs it.

These tins of preserved vegetables may be bought now in nearly every English grocer's shop; but our simpler method of preparing their contents has not helped them to popularity. In Germany, where the flavour is aided by all sorts of spices, cinnamon, and nutmeg, sugar and butter, their flatness is much disguised, and they prove a welcome substitute for the real thing. Dried apples and pears and plums, which all take the place of vegetables, and enter largely into the

ordinary domestic fare, are also bought wholesale for winter storage; and these with peas, beans, lentils, and rice, not to speak of *Gries*, *Grütze*, buckwheat, and other farinaceous sorts unknown here, afford a fair scope for variety in the domestic cuisine.

It will be objected that Germany could never have produced such fighting men, such deep-chested, loud-voiced, well-belted, straight-limbed, clanking, swaggering, awe-inspiring warriors as she has lately shown the world, on a fare of veal, vinegar, and chickens. Surely, these martial heroes, with the front of demi-gods and the endurance of Titans, show a valour, a high courage, and a well-fed confidence, whose muscularity speaks volumes in favour of the flesh pots of the Fatherland. 'Wine to make glad the heart of man, and oil to make him a cheerful countenance,' sings the warrior-king, David, who himself belonged to fighting times and to a fighting race, and was able to appreciate the fact that an ill-fed body makes a lily-liver and a craven heart. We must have the healthy body if we are to have the healthy mind; we cannot expect doughty deeds without muscular development.

'Have you,' said a learned Theban once to me, 'observed (I am speaking as a physiologist) how inferior, in our country, is the woman-animal to the man-animal?' When a great physician, whose name is writ on the scroll of twenty learned societies in your own country, stoops to ask you such a leading question as this, you are bound not to take exception at the form in which he frames it, and to give him the answer he expects. 'Well,' he went on to say, 'the cause and the effect lie very near together. Observe, how do we feed our man-child, and how do we feed our woman-child? You will say, pretty much alike. They start fair. The

peasant mother nourishes both. The active life of our women of the lower orders circulates the blood, helps them to assimilate the vast quantities of food they take, and this, of course, is nutritious. The baby cuts its teeth; it is promoted to another form of food, and from this moment the paths of the man-child and the woman-child are divergent. The boy goes to school, skates, *turns* (many an Englishman might be astonished at the feats of young German athletes in their *Turn-hallen*), makes walking-tours in his holidays, drills, marches, goes through his spring and autumn manoeuvres, develops the muscles of a Hercules and the appetite of a Briareus. His active, out-door life, the oxygen he breathes, the fatigue he undergoes, the discipline to which he submits, all contribute to develop a strong straight body, to enrich his blood, and to help him to assimilate his food. The brain is nourished, the muscles are nourished, the organs become strong and healthy. Look at our young officers, and say if their appetites be not heroic. Observe that they eat with large comprehensive hunger; they restore themselves as they come from parade with a good basin of beef-bouillon, with a deep draught of Bavarian beer, with an orgie of oysters. Don't you remember Heine's '*Lieutenants and Fähndrichs, die sind die klugen Leute*,' who come and lap up the Rhine-wine and the oysters, that were rained down in a beneficent hour on the Berlin *Steinpfaster*? My most gracious, those are the typical men, the coming men, the useful men. Their great frames and loud voices are the outcome of healthily active lives. What has your woman-child been doing all this time? She has been sitting behind the stove (*hintern Ofen*), sucking sugar-plums, and swallowing sweet hot coffee; nibbling greasy cakes in a stifling stove-ex-

hausted atmosphere. She does not, as do your young English ladies, ride, walk, swim, take what you call 'the constitutional,' garden, boat, haymake, croquet, enjoy all those diversions we read of in your English books. The grease that nourishes her brother disagrees with her; she has no digestion; her teeth decay; she spoils their enamel with vinegar and lemonade; she pecks at an ounce of exhausted soup-meat; she takes here a snick and there a snack; she becomes *bleichsüchtig*, she is ordered to take the air; she totters out on high-heeled shoes to her coffee *Kränzchen*; she sits in a summer-house and tortures cotton round a hook; she goes to the theatre; she passes from one heated, exhausted atmosphere to another gas-and-oil-heated one. How can she be hungry? How can her food nourish her? Is it a wonder that she has no chest, no muscles, no race, no type, no physique?' cried my excited friend. 'Would the young man have been any better with such a life? And this is only the beginning of the story; between the Alpha of food and the Omega of planting new generations in the world there is a series of disastrous mistakes,' said Dr. Zukünftig, presenting me with a pamphlet *On the Comparative Assimilative Powers of the Races of Modern Europe*. I leave him in his professional enthusiasm, which led him into an eloquent and exhaustive verbal treatise on the complex causes of physical female degeneracy, together with a fine comprehensive scheme for the rehabilitation of the human race, by the abolition of gas-light, stove-heat, high-heels, coffee, corsets, scandal, and chignons, since in this paper food alone may reasonably engage our attention.

Of the drinks of Germany not much need be said. Rhine-wine and Bavarian beer are accepted liquids, and need no bush. But whilst upon the subject I may men-



tion an institution, well worthy of emulation, in the little drinking booths which, planted at regular intervals along the hot and dusty thoroughfares, offer you such welcome refreshment in the shape of sparkling waters, effervescing lemonade, and soda and seltzer-water, for a penny the glass, with any kind of fruit-syrup you choose added to the reviving and sparkling draught. It may be objected that in London such obstructive edifices would seriously impede the traffic and cause a block upon the pavement, and that shop-rent is too dear to admit of mineral water, ginger beer, lemonade, and raspberry vinegar being sold at a penny a glass. That may be so; but the boon of these little temples of refreshment, where the weary wayfarer deposits his modest coin and receives a long cool draught in return that sends him on his way rejoicing, is not to be overlooked or denied. Very excellent and quite worthy its poetic name, is the fragrant Maitrank that one gets in the 'merry month;' and not to be forgotten in the enumeration of dainty drinks is the imposing *Bowle*, for which nectar a vessel has been specially created and consecrated, and without which no convivial meeting or dancing-party would be held complete.

In many parts of Germany tea is looked upon as medicine. 'Is, then, the gracious lady ill?' is no uncommon question, if by chance an irresistible longing should overtake you for the 'cheering cup.' It is only to be had good in Russian houses; but even here not always quite according to English taste. Some take lemon instead of milk with it; others substitute red wine; the tea is often scented; and I remember once having a pound of tea sent me which I was told cost three pounds sterling, having come overland, and been bought by the kind donor at the fair of Nishni-Novgorod, of which I will only say,

that a little Vanilla boiled in hay would have pleased me quite as well.

Fruit, as we see it in Covent Garden, or in the shop windows of Paris, is unknown in Germany. Perhaps the nearest approach to the super-excellence of which I speak may be found in the Hamburg market, but then the fruit is imported. Oranges, in the interior, cost twopence and threepence each, and even then are small, and of a very inferior quality. Gardening is a science very little understood; the outlay of manure, labour, time, and so on, which is necessary to produce anything like perfection in trees, plants, or vegetables, would be looked upon as thriftless waste. The pears, apples, plums, and cherries grow almost wild. To dig about them and rake them, to produce varieties, and to improve by selection of earths and manures the standard stocks, seems an almost unnecessary trouble, since you can pull up the old tree when it is exhausted, and plant another in a different spot. Quantity, not quality, is what you want; and certainly if quality were presented to you at the fraction of a farthing more than its rival quantity, you would, on merely conscientious grounds alone, reject the former for the latter.

If ever the happy time should come (and I doubt it, short of the millennium) when our cooks will permit the young ladies of the household to learn how to prepare the food that *they* seem paid to spoil, I hope a Median and Persian law may be passed at the same time to prevent these fair creatures from carrying the history of their culinary prowess and exploits beyond the dinner table. Let a stand be made against the persistent talk of food that poisons any attempt at conversation where two or three German housewives are gathered together. The unction with which greasy de-

tails are discussed; the comparisons (specially odious, it seems to me, in post-prandial hours of repletion) of goose-grease dripping with bacon fat; the wearisome enumeration of mysteries connected with this dumpling, that sauce, or the other pickle, are a burthen to the flesh and a weariness to the spirit of any mere outsider grievous to be borne. Some of my best German friends were angry with me because I did not want to eat my cake and have it too. 'We are not ruminating animals,' I said, trying to make my feeble stand against this eternal talk of food; 'and I don't care to chew the cud of culinary memories.' But such an ineffectual protest went down before the serriced ranks of my opponents. Like the *Civis Romanus sum* of the old Romans, 'I am a German Hausfrau' is the last pæan of pride which these patient spouses know; and what wonder if they resent your unwilling homage, and think scorn of a temper that is contented to leave the discussion of dinner to the table or the kitchen?

'Sir,' said old Samuel Johnson, 'give me the man that thinks of his dinner; if he cannot get that well dressed, he may be suspected of inaccuracy in other things.' So he may. You don't think better of that man who boasts that, to him,

the salmon is as the sole, the turnip as the truffle. On 'the contrary, you pity or despise his want of culture. You may put up with Lucullus and his lampreys, or Epicurus and his *suprême de volaille*; you will, perhaps, even smile indulgently on M. Gourmet's gastronomic reminiscences; but this is the poetry of food. You will, on the other hand, bitterly resent the process of it being forced upon you at all times and seasons. We may be sure that the honest, arrogant, tea-drinking old Doctor would have been the first to put his conversational extinguisher on that man who should dare to dilate gluttonously on the food he loved.

Laughable, and yet characteristic, is the fact, that on returning from a dinner, ball, tea, supper, or *Kaffee-Gesellschaft* in Germany, the first question formulated by the non-revellers awaiting you at home will always have reference to the food. Former experiences in other climes will have prepared you for such frivolous queries as—'Well, were the A.'s overdressed, as usual? How did Mrs. B. look? Did the C. girls dance a great deal?' and so on. But strangely on your unaccustomed ear strikes the solemn question, unerring, ponderous, and punctual as a clerk's *amen*, *Na! was hat's gegeben?*—'What did you get?'



## THE PLACE OF STERNDALE BENNETT IN MUSIC.

**D**URING the past month we have lost a man of rare and individual genius in an art in which England can boast of few distinguished names. We are not without our claims to respect as a musical nation, in regard to the interest in the art manifested in our best educated society, for some time back. We have been among the earliest to recognise the genius of one or two of the world's greatest musicians; and in the present day an executant or interpreter of music of the highest class can nowhere be more sure of a cordial welcome and of appreciative audiences than in the city which has been not inaptly termed 'the meeting-place of souls.'

We have had our own great executants too; in vocal music (a traditional heritage of the country) some of the highest rank; and among instrumental executants we can show not a few who are at least very high. But if we turn from the interpreters to the creators of music, we are forced to confess that, in comparison with the great masters of the art, our native composers seem for the most part but as children playing with it as an amusement. Writers whose temperament is rather patriotic than critical have, it is true, made plausible efforts to prove the contrary; and there is no question that a considerable list may be made up of names not to be mentioned without respect, appended to compositions not to be listened to but with pleasure, by all discreet hearers. But scarcely among any of these can we recognise that individuality of style, that distinctly original mode of feeling and form of expression, without which no artist, however pleasing and genial his productions, can claim a niche in the temple

of genius, or achieve a general and permanent renown. The early English school of part-writing, noble and dignified as it is, is but an echo of Palestrina; and its greatest representatives, Gibbons and Byrd (we may perhaps add Wilbye), are scarcely distinguishable from each other in style, and are only marked out from their contemporaries by a greater breadth and power in treating the materials common to all. For in those early days of music, as in mediæval architecture, individuality was not; the art was the production of the time, rather than of special minds. Then we have the later cathedral composers, whose best works were mostly echoes of Handel, modified in manner to some extent by the musical limitations of a cathedral service in regard to executive; among whom the prominent names of Boyce and Croft are followed by a host of lesser lights, now in the limbo of forgetfulness, or only preserved, mummy-fashion, by being embalmed among the relics of cathedral worship. Handel's 'fellows-plower,' Greene, survives chiefly in virtue of one fine and striking movement ('Therefore will not we fear,' from the forty-sixth Psalm); and at a later date Crotch and the elder Wesley struck the same chords with considerable power and effect. But of not one of these can it be said that they had a style of their own, or that they have obtained any wide or general recognition out of the range of the sounds of the cathedral organ. The English Cathedral Service music (anthems especially) is, taken collectively, a distinct contribution to the forms of musical composition, and has its precise parallel nowhere else; but its composers have to be taken col-

lectively also; they have not (with one exception) strength to stand alone. Then, if we look to the more recent period, when English composers emerged from the cathedral choir to take their place in the theatre and the concert-room, we hardly find matters more promising. The name of Bishop, who (one can scarcely credit it) was set up as the rival of Weber when the latter came to England, is now the synonym for 'twaddle;' and the operas of Balfe, in spite of the statue in the vestibule of Drury Lane, have seen their day. When we look around us at the present moment, we can hardly conceal that the most popular English song writer of the day has failed to infuse any new spirit into the *lied*, and that the latest successful contribution to oratorio, Macfarren's *John the Baptist*, with all its very great and solid merit, can be said to be original in style only in virtue of the logical results of certain theories of harmony held by its composer. And if we seek, in the annals of English music, for instances of that distinctive genius which speaks its own original language, and sets its own hand and seal to all which it utters, we find no name to interpose between those of Henry Purcell and William Sterndale Bennett.

And yet it seems strange even to write the two names in the same sentence; so utterly diverse were the two men in regard both to the nature of their powers and to the circumstances which have stood in the way of their general or popular recognition. That Purcell was, potentially, one of the world's great 'tone-poets' must be obvious to all who are familiar with the fragmentary works which he has left, and who can distinguish between the accidental and the essential, and recognise the voice of genius from behind the mask of an antiquated style. Purcell's misfortune was the

double one of having both lived and died too early. He was born at least half-a-century too soon, before the resources of the art had been so expanded as to afford him the 'sail-broad vans' which the flight of his genius required; and he died too soon to have become fully conscious of his own power or of the extent to which he might have enlarged its borders. But even as it is he has left on almost everything he undertook an impress of concentrated power of imagination and expression which goes far to make us forget the restricted nature of the means at his command—as in the best of his anthems, in his *Te Deum*, in the extraordinary mad-man's song, or in his colossal duet for basses, 'Awake, ye dead.' Beside works, which, however imperfect in form, are so great in scale and idea, we cannot place the works of the late lamented representative of modern English music. The earlier composer reached sublimity of expression; the later one has attained to beauty, finish, and individuality of form, and to sentiment of the highest and most refined type; but something beyond these qualities, something not very easily definable, is needed to secure a place among those great artists who have spoken deep things to our souls, and have moved the heart of the people, 'as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind.'

Of these, then, it must be admitted that Sterndale Bennett was not. But he had this in common with his greater predecessor, that what he gave us was eminently his own. He spoke no borrowed language; and nothing can be more unjust than the flippant and ignorant criticism (so called) which sets him down as a mere imitator of Mendelssohn; an opinion we have often heard authoritatively pronounced on the strength of an acquaintance with some one solitary



composition of Bennett', or still oftener on pure hearsay.<sup>1</sup> That he was influenced by Mendelssohn there is no doubt, just as Schubert was influenced by Beethoven: but not to the detriment of originality in either case. As a general rule, Bennett's instrumental music is as clearly marked by his own specialities of manner, feeling, and treatment—in other words, by the impress of his own genius—as is the work of any of the acknowledged masters of music; and if we turn to his principal choral works, we surmise that no one will have the hardihood to claim the '*Woman of Samaria*' or the '*May Queen*' as specimens of Mendelssohnian manner.

If we endeavour to define the characteristics of Sterndale Bennett's genius, we become conscious of two conditions in his practice of his art, which colour all his works, and one of which fully accounts for their comparative unpopularity with the ordinary run of amateurs and concert audiences. The fact is that the composer belonged to that rare and interesting class of men of genius (rarest of all perhaps in music) who may be termed in a special sense *artistic* artists—men who write or paint or compose for the sake of the art, and with whom the means are of almost as much interest as the end, in whose eyes finish of form is one of the most important objects, and whose works therefore present to other producers in the same art a special interest which is only partially comprehended by the *dilettante* mind. It was with a just sense of this that Lord (then Sir John) Coleridge, in his speech on the occasion of the testimonial to the composer in May 1872, observed that—

Most of those who were listening to him were cultivated, intelligent, and critical musicians, who could appreciate the value of Sir Sterndale Bennett's compositions; but, not being a musician himself, he could only listen to them, feeling something of their grace and beauty of order—fancying, indeed, in some dim and distant way, that he could distinguish something of their scholarly character and finished structure; but still feeling more as a child towards them than as possessed of that full and intelligent knowledge which belonged to those whom he was addressing.

In such works musicians find the same kind of pleasure which most literary men find in the writings of Jane Austen, of whom Scott observed that though 'he could do the big bow-wow business himself as well as anyone, those delicate touches of hers were beyond him.' In music the 'big bow-wow business' is at present in full career; nor would we wish to see it checked until it has fulfilled its mission for bad or good. But for the present the result is that the spirit and intent of a musical work is everything, the form nothing, both with composers and hearers: and 'æsthetic' frequenters of concert-rooms are indifferent as to balance of form in composition or correctness and finish in performance, if only they can be thrilled and astonished by 'powerful' scoring and 'impassioned' execution. There is a 'soul of goodness' in all this perhaps, as a reaction which may leave fruit behind it; but we must be pardoned for saying that the feeling which underlies it is essentially amateurish, not artistic. It is no wonder that such unobtrusive yet finished workmanship as Bennett's obtains little popular favour at present. For the composer falls short too (and this is the second point we alluded to) in another demand of the day, which wills that all music

<sup>1</sup> The popular idea that Bennett was a *pupil* of Mendelssohn has been contradicted in print, on good authority, over and over again: yet we never go to a concert where any composition of the former is given without hearing the story repeated among the audience.

have its meaning, its intention, its 'poetic basis,' we had almost said its moral purpose. To point out the fallacy of this view of the function of the art (to which the support given by Beethoven was more apparent than real) would demand a separate essay. It must suffice to say here that Sterndale Bennett was not of this school. His instrumental compositions, like those of Mozart, 'mean' nothing; the occasional suggestive titles to them serving rather as distinguishing mottoes than as in any way limiting the listener's associations in regard to them. The overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, is, of course, a declared exception, in which the passages illustrated are pointedly interwoven with the music; and the composer has lent himself to the modern theory of music to some extent in his latest pianoforte work, the *Maid of Orleans* Sonata, in which quotations from Schiller's play form the key to the intent and meaning of the respective movements. It is very interesting to see the composer taking up this new ground, and the sonata is in the main equal to anything he has written for pianoforte alone, combining as it does breadth and intensity of expression (in the second movement especially) with his own peculiar grace of detail. In regard to finish of form, however, it must be admitted that in this work Bennett a little lost the old balance and completeness which marked his own proper manner. It is interesting to hear, as we do on good authority, that this work attracted the frank admiration of the prophet of the new German school, Liszt, and that it was mainly owing to his recommendation that Dr. Von Bülow, who has so fluttered the dove-cots of the pianoforte-playing world here of late, made the Sonata one of his prominent performances in London and the provinces, though not handling it, to our thinking, with the care and

finish it deserved. But, in the main, Bennett is for the present the last representative, perhaps, of that purely intellectual school of music which illustrates no fixed idea, but addresses itself to the hearer's general sense of melodic beauty and sentiment, of harmonic proportion and logical relation. Hence he has found little favour with the literary prophets of the new school, who have generally named him with covert sneers or impertinent patronage. But in art, as in morals, Time 'brings in his revenges.'

And if, in a journal not specially devoted to art, it may be permitted to go a little beyond generalities in speaking of the gifted countryman whom we have lately lost, we should say that the genius of Sterndale Bennett was essentially that of the pianoforte. He was, so to speak, a pianist by nature. His numerous compositions for his favourite instrument have not that orchestral largeness and breadth of manner which belongs to the pianoforte compositions of Beethoven, and in a lesser degree to those of Mendelssohn. But they are remarkable and most interesting, in addition to their intrinsic beauty, as specimens of composition in which the capabilities of the instrument are strictly consulted—which represent precisely what the pianoforte can best do, and that only, and what no other instrument can imitate. There is not anywhere in art an instance of a nicer perception of means to an end than is furnished by the pianoforte works of Bennett. The hardness and glitter which characterises some of these compositions, and which amateurs of the sentimental school (if they are acquainted with them, which they generally are not) find so cold and unsympathetic, are only the result of this consideration of the peculiar genius of the instrument, pushed to its completest result. For the

pianoforte essentially is not an instrument for the expression of melody and of sentiment; it is only made so for convenience sake and by partially ignoring its special capabilities and limitations. Essentially it is an instrument for the display of glittering and brilliant effect. It is this quality which gives, to trained perceptions, such an exquisite charm to the combination of piano and orchestra in the *concerto*, where the pianoforte passages seem to glance and sparkle against the sustained and heavier tones of the band, like the play of a fountain against a background of dark foliage. And it is the specially clear perception of this characteristic of the instrument that renders Bennett's pianoforte concertos so effective, and makes it not improbable that the principal one, in F minor, will eventually be recognised as the most successful contribution to this class of composition since Beethoven. With less breadth of manner than Mendelssohn's concertos, it is marked by a truer artistic instinct and a more refined handling of the instrument. That the composer could use the piano in its borrowed character, as an instrument of melody and sentiment, in equal perfection, is proved by the *barcarolle* in this same concerto, one of the few of Bennett's compositions which has found its way to the popular mind. And not less exquisite here are the characteristic touches of effect; the contrast between the broken chords from 'the strings' in the orchestra and that rippling phrase for the solo instrument which, once heard, can never be forgotten; or the joining of the flute with the piano at the return of the leading melody, suggesting, according to Mr. Macfarren's pretty fancy in his analysis of the work, 'the reflection of loved faces in the sleeping water.'

It was in these 'delicate touches'

that Bennett excelled; touches which appeal only to cultivated listeners, and which even cultivated ears, if too much drenched with the strong doses of the contemporary *Sturm-und-Drang* school of music, may easily fail to appreciate. For with Bennett nothing is thrust forward or disproportionately emphasised; what he intended is there if you have ears to hear it, but he will be at no pains to force it on his listeners' apprehension. And this reticent character extends to his larger works for the orchestra also. We do not find in these that irresistible sweep and power with which Beethoven, and in his greatest moments, Schumann, carry us away like Elijah, 'in a whirlwind to Heaven.' In that one published symphony which was played to perfection by the Crystal Palace band, before a delighted audience, only the week before its composer's lamented death, we find the same reserve, the same sensitiveness as to the specialities of the various instruments, which combine in a total effect not of the grand or colossal order, but of perfectly Greek finish and symmetry, and in which every note plays its own part in the *ensemble*. This beautiful work, so distinct from every other composition of its class, is steadily progressing to fame, and will be ere long an accepted item in the programmes of our highest class of concerts, by general listeners, as it is now by musicians and connoisseurs.

We must only shortly advert to the two principal choral works of the composer. The short oratorio, under the title of the *Woman of Samaria*, must be admitted to be the most individual contribution of this kind to English music, in point of style, even if the force and fervour of portions of Mr. Macfarren's later work, before referred to, may seem to give the latter a claim to higher public estimation at present than

the more original work of Bennett, pitched as it is in a much lower key. Yet, in regard to this latter, we know not where we can look, even in the pages of Mendelssohn, the most ardent modern student of Bach, for anything in which the spirit of that mighty teacher in the art is so revived as in the opening chorus of the *Woman of Samaria*, with its remarkable combination of *chorale* and instrumental movement in opposing rhythms. We look confidently to the time when this work will be returned to, after more recent and popular productions of the same class have gone the way of all mediocrities, as one deserving renewed study, and which only requires to be better understood to receive its due recognition. The cantata, the *May Queen*, we never hear without a double regret; first, that the music should have been wedded to such feeble words and such a foolish story (written by one who should have known better), in which any interest for its own sake is impossible; and, secondly, that (supposing the 'book' improved) the composer did not make an opera of it. If the work as it stands is not to all intents and purposes an operetta without the stage action, it at least serves to prove what an opera Bennett might have given us, could he have been induced to turn his thoughts to the lyric stage. Music more happily illustrative of scenic effect and of character has seldom been written—of scenic effect in the buoyant Maypole chorus, where we almost seem to see the merry group of dancers swing past

With a laugh as we go round;

and in the stately pageant music, especially the passage at the words 'Thames is proud,' when the pompous flotilla seems to come suddenly upon us, as it were, round a bend of the river ('Hark! what fine change is in the music;') and

of character and feeling in the exquisite air of the lover, in the jovial bragging song of the supposed 'Robin Hood,' with its genial touches of humour in the accompaniment, and in the beautiful trio, now an established favourite in concert-rooms, and which even the inanity of the words can hardly blemish. But we cannot quit the subject of Bennett's vocal music without a word for those two groups of songs 'with English and German words,' only one or two among which can be said to be popularised. And perhaps we have no wish that the others should be; we would almost prefer to see them kept for a more select enjoyment. These songs have the advantage of having been written to good and suggestive words. To say that a musician has given adequate expression to Shelley's sad, regretful lines, 'Wilt thou forget the happy hours,' is to say that he is himself a poet. But, in truth, we never know which one to prefer out of these two garlands of song. When we consider the pure and spontaneous flow of the melody, the delicate suggestiveness of the accompaniments, and the distinct individuality of design and of sentiment in each of these little compositions, so concentrated yet so complete in form, we could fancy them the spiritual essence of some lost fragments of Greek art, which have thus contrived to get themselves translated into music.

Of the probable future position of Sterndale Bennett's compositions it might seem premature to pronounce an opinion, were it not that they have already to some extent received the test of time, the most important and best of them dating far enough back to afford us already some ground for conclusions as to their progress in the appreciation of those best able to form a judgment. Indeed, the long intervals of silence during the later portion of the composer's life are remarkable



on the part of one who had early showed such enthusiasm for his art, and had written so well and (as far as the praise of those who understand can be called success) so successfully. If this reserve in regard to artistic production was, as is stated, the result of a modest distrust of, and dissatisfaction with, his own powers (a point on which the present writer can speak only from hearsay), we shall, perhaps, not be wrong in thinking that this want of self-confidence was the one deficiency in character which has prevented the composer from achieving a position among the first musicians of the world. Some critics will probably be ready to say that no music which has so little in it for the masses can hope to retain a permanent position. The analogies of art history will hardly bear out this view, however. Music is almost too young an art to make conclusions regarding it, yet we may point to the fact that the great master, whom all schools are now combining to reverence, had in his own day about as little popular recognition as could well be. Indeed, even the apparent popularity of Bach (in London at least) at present is probably to a great extent mere empty show, resulting from a kind of 'follow-my-leader' impulse on the part of many who do not in the least know what they worship. And if we may draw a compari-

son between music and poetry, we might point to Horace as an instance of a poet who was essentially the poet of the few, and who was totally without sympathy for the masses, or care for their suffrages. Yet it is probable that we could name no literary reputation which is more absolutely safe, so far as it goes, than that of Horace. Finish of form is, in short, one of the most important elements in a permanent artistic reputation; and finish of form Bennett possesses in perfection, with much besides. His works will not, as we have already said, take their stand among those great musical inspirations which have moved all hearts (Horace is not Homer); and it is quite possible that they may never attain a wide popularity. But we believe their reputation, with the osoteric circle at least, rests on a secure basis, and is certain to increase as their peculiar and rare beauties are more studied and appreciated; that they will be returned to frequently as sources of fresh and lasting pleasure by all who can appreciate beauty without pretentiousness, and finish without ostentation; that they are such as, to borrow the words in which Wordsworth so beautifully gave expression to his own hopes of future recognition,

The high and tender Muses may accept  
With gracious smile, deliberately pleased.

H. H. S.



SIDGWICK'S METHODS OF ETHICS.<sup>1</sup>

MR. HENRY SIDGWICK has recently published a book which, apart from its intrinsic value, is an interesting display of rare intellectual virtues. He almost seems to illustrate a paradox which would be after his own heart, that a man may be too reasonable. His merits, at any rate, may possibly interfere with the immediate popularity of his book. He is the perfection of candour; and I must confess that candour is one of those virtues towards which I have a mixed feeling. I can admire without reserve the candour which consists in the frank expression of your own sentiments; but I am not quite so clear about the candour which leads to a toleration of the opinions of others. This quality is combined in Mr. Sidgwick with a singular subtlety and many-sidedness. It seems to be impossible for him to lay down any propositions without immediately recollecting all the objections, qualifications, and refinements that could be suggested by an inveterate opponent. So far from resenting any such suggestion, he would give it a hearty welcome as affording new opportunities for once more examining and adjusting his whole apparatus of argument. To qualities of this kind, which would have made Mr. Sidgwick a master in the art of casuistry, he joins the advantages of thorough intellectual training and wide knowledge of the various schools of ethical speculation. And finally, the design of his book, differing, I imagine, from that of any previous writer upon the same topics, gives full scope for the display of his faculties.

The book, he says in his preface, is not in the main metaphy-

sical or psychological, nor is it dogmatic or practical or historical, or even primarily critical. It is an exposition, such as could only be given by a thoroughly impartial and accomplished writer, of the various modes by which various philosophers have professed to solve the great problems of ethics. He takes each of the great systems, endeavours by a careful investigation to get them stated in the most consistent forms of which they are severally capable, and then carefully tests their coherency and completeness rather than their ultimate justification. He inquires, for example, whether a consistent scheme of conduct can be devised upon the intuitionist or the utilitarian basis, and only asks incidentally whether the psychological doctrines more or less implied in either of those systems are really sound. His aim is rather to clear the argument and to bring into relief the precise issues involved in the debate, than to state a rival or a harmonising theory of his own. And as one consequence, the tendency of the book is somewhat sceptical, as a dialogue of Plato is sceptical. We have been in labour for a satisfactory definition of morality, and cannot get delivered of any consistent result. A certain reconciliation, indeed, is suggested as possible between two schools which have long been at war; but Mr. Sidgwick himself seems, so far as I understand, to leave off in what to most minds would be an uncomfortable, though to him perhaps it is an enjoyable, attitude. He is face to face with an insoluble antinomy: and his last sentence is, that, on a certain hypothesis, 'the prolonged effort of the human intellect to frame a perfect ideal of rational

<sup>1</sup> *The Methods of Ethics*. By Henry Sidgwick, Lecturer and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

conduct is seen to have been foredoomed to inevitable failure.' In that case moral philosophers will be able to go on puzzling themselves for ever, with no more danger of any final yes or no terminating their doubts than if they were trying to invent perpetual motion.

It is not easy to give within any reasonable limits a fair criticism of such a performance. The whole book represents good hard thinking. Mr. Sidgwick never throws away a word upon superfluous illustration or irrelevant rhetoric. Once only does he deviate from the tone of passionless discussion into a brief burst of something like rhetoric. This exceptional gush of feeling occurs, when he is arguing that selfishness is destructive of happiness. But he seems characteristically to repent of his momentary lapse into what might be taken for an appeal to the feelings, and adds a note to say that we are not justified in stating this doctrine 'as *universally* true,' inasmuch as 'some few thoroughly selfish people appear at least to be happier than most of the unselfish.' I shall be content, for my part, to follow out, more or less consistently, a particular thread of reasoning which appears here and there in Mr. Sidgwick's elaborate web of logic, and to consider how far its soundness or weakness affects his general conclusions.

There is one set of questions which Mr. Sidgwick has refrained from examining, though they would give ample room for his ingenuity. He tells us that he assumes that there is something which, under any circumstances, it is 'right or reasonable' to do; an assumption which he finds in all ethical treatises. I confess, however, that I should like to see a judicial investigation of several preliminary questions. Has 'right' the same meaning as reasonable? Are all the feelings or judgments which we class to-

gether as moral of the same kind and generically different from all other feelings? What is the proper sphere of morality? Does it include all conduct, so that, as Mr. Sidgwick seems to say, there is a right and a wrong in every case, or are many actions indifferent? Where is the point at which ethical considerations shade off into prudential or æsthetical? Is not my feeling the same when I blush at being detected in a lie as when I blush at missing fire with a witticism? Why, then, is one proceeding called immoral, another imprudent, and a third simply ridiculous? Do all the various codes by which we are bound, the strictly legal, the religious, the code of public opinion, of honour, of fashion, or of the particular profession or clique to which we belong, appeal to the same sentiments? If not, which of them are entitled to be called moral? and why? I do not ask these questions as suggesting that a coherent answer is impracticable or even difficult; but because I have a suspicion that many people would answer them differently, and that in the difference of the possible answers lies the explanation of some differences between Mr. Sidgwick and myself. I suspect that the popular classification assumed in the word moral is often incoherent and inconsistent; and that a scientific morality would therefore require to be based upon psychological and social data, which we too often overlook.

If I were to make a general criticism upon Mr. Sidgwick's book, it would be that his method is too purely metaphysical. He investigates moral questions by starting from definitions rather than from observation; and assumes too easily, as I think, the unity and simplicity of our conceptions of morality. I believe, for example, that this difference in the point of view is at the bottom of my first unequivocal disagreement

with Mr. Sidgwick; and I must say a few words upon it, though, if the experience of ages may be trusted, very few converts are likely to be made from either party. It is the good old interminable controversy about free will, which invariably turns up in all these arguments, though we may declare it to be irrelevant, to be insoluble, or to present no difficulty whatever. I would willingly pass by on one side on any of those pretences, and shall only touch upon one special argument, which leads to some further reflections.

Mr. Sidgwick, here as elsewhere, has the merit of stating fairly the position of his antagonist. He tells us that the cumulative argument in behalf of determinism is 'so strong as almost to amount to complete proof.' But, after stating it very clearly, and obviating certain popular objections, he informs us that, strong as it is, it seems to be 'more than balanced by a single argument on the other side, the immediate affirmation of consciousness in the moment of deliberate volition.' Mr. Sidgwick cannot distrust his 'intuitive consciousness that in resolving after deliberation he exercises free choice as to which of the motives acting upon me shall prevail.' An appeal to consciousness is, of course, the staple argument upon this side of the question. It is the answer of the metaphysician to the empirical psychologist. If consciousness makes a deliberate affirmation which contradicts all other arguments, we must, I fear, be left in Mr. Sidgwick's state of mind, oscillating between two irreconcilable modes of thought. But what is the question which consciousness answers thus emphatically. Sometimes the advocate of free will falls into a familiar paralogism which has often been exposed. From his consciousness that he can do what he wills, he infers that he can will

what he wills; from the fact that his actions will, within certain limits, follow his wishes, he infers that his wishes are themselves arbitrary. But Mr. Sidgwick does not lead us round this old circle of argument. The question, as he states it, is simply this: given my character and my internal circumstances, does my action follow? Could anyone who knew both those sets of conditions foretell my volition, or is there 'a strictly incalculable element' in it? Mr. Sidgwick, therefore, holds that his consciousness informs him that there is a strictly incalculable element. Given the man and the conditions, the action is still a matter of chance; of chance, in the sense that, as a matter of fact, the event varies when the antecedents are fixed. Now to the argument when thus stated, the answer seems to be simple; namely, that consciousness is not an adequate judge. Mr. Sidgwick himself states the fact which shows that it is not adequate. A great many of our acts, he says, are done unconsciously. It would perhaps be better to say that a great part of every action is done unconsciously. We judge of the character of all men except ourselves, says Mr. Sidgwick, on the principle of causation by character and circumstances. It is not because we can, in any case, account entirely for their actions, any more than we can account entirely for any other phenomenon. After calculating as carefully as possible the initial velocity of a bullet, and the circumstances of its flight, we can only predict its fall within certain limits. We do not assume that the unexplained residuum is due to the bullet's possession of free will, or to the objective existence of chance. We simply recollect that there were small forces which we could not accurately measure, and whose effect was therefore incalculable. We follow precisely the same method in dealing with our fellows. Know-



ing less of their motives, the margin of uncertainty is wider, but we set it down to our ignorance, not to an essentially arbitrary element in their actions. From any change in a man's conduct, not due to an external change, we infer with perfect confidence a change in some element of character beyond our scrutiny. If a good-tempered man becomes peevish, we suppose that he has the gout or a toothache; not that a mysterious power called free will has taken to playing unaccountable pranks. We ask him what is the matter; or, in other words, what is the cause of his change? Why should we argue differently about ourselves? Why, it would seem because we tacitly assume that in this case there can be no unknown elements of character. We know ourselves, we are conscious of our own motives, and therefore, if our conduct varies, we are entitled to deny the new element which we unhesitatingly assume in our neighbours. We ascribed this uncaused change to choice and boast of our free will. And yet the commonest experience refutes the assumption. I get up one morning out of temper. Perhaps I can no more say why I am out of temper than the epigrammatist could tell why he disliked Dr. Fell. Perhaps, after fumbling about in my mind for a long time, I discover that somebody told me the day before that an eminent critic had called me dull; and the wound was festering when I had forgotten the reason. Meanwhile I dress without knowing what I am doing, I shave whilst I am thinking over an ethical problem; I come down to breakfast like Professor Huxley's automatic friend, in obedience to impulses which never rise to consciousness. I have, perhaps, to make up my mind whether 'I shall make an offer of marriage or buy a new coat. The reasons are so equally balanced,

that I toss up a coin in the less serious case. Feeling that proceeding to be undignified in the more serious matter, I do what is equivalent to tossing up in my own mind, and call it an act of free will. There is no difficulty in the process. When a man throws a coin into the air, the action is irregular because he cannot regulate the discharge of nervous force so that his hand and arm shall act with absolute regularity. Now the brain is, on any hypothesis, the instrument by which I think, in this sense at least, that its co-operation is essential to thought. When I start a volition, the result depends as much upon the physiological condition of the brain, as the nature of the electric discharge depends upon the condition of the battery. My brain, in short, acts the part of such a battery, and as I can only measure roughly the primary impulse of thought, and can only make an indirect guess at the condition of the brain, it follows that there is an 'incalculable' element in my volitions. But it is incalculable in the sense that I am as unable to calculate all the conditions, as to calculate the forces which act upon the tossed coin; but not at all in the sense that a being of the necessary powers of calculation, and informed of all the conditions, would be less able to calculate than in the case of the coin. It is chiefly the confusion of these two propositions which gives rise to the illusion of a free will as opposed to the universality of causation.

Mr. Sidgwick's appeal to the consciousness is, therefore, an appeal to a judge not in possession of the necessary facts. That little thread of conscious thought of which we think when we talk of the 'ego,' includes generally but a part, sometimes an insignificant part, though sometimes it may be the whole, of the elements which determine our actions. We cannot say, therefore,

that the internal conditions are not changed because those internal conditions, of which consciousness takes cognisance, are not changed. Free will, in Mr. Sidgwick's sense, means a break in the chain of causation. All other analogy is against such an interruption; and consciousness cannot declare that there is a break, because consciousness does not see all the links of the chain. Mr. Sidgwick would perhaps say that I have not represented him fairly. Consciousness is not, according to him, a mere historical register, which appears to record changes of volition unaccompanied by a change of motive. Its testimony is given 'in' the moment of deliberate volition. But how is the testimony given? If I interrogate the only consciousness to which I have direct access, its whole testimony appears to me to be this—namely, that I can imagine various volitions as taking place without imagining any change of motive. But as this must mean without any change of conscious motive, it seems to me that consciousness is simply reaffirming the facts already admitted. I rehearse the various possibilities simply by repeating former experiences; and add nothing to the knowledge given by observation. The illusion, therefore, if illusion there be, depends upon this, that consciousness takes itself to be omniscient when it is not; and altogether ignores the co-operation of what one may call the anonymous factors of volition. The strength of these convictions explains why it is easier to get rid of other such illusions than of one which seems to be bound up in the inmost recesses of our thoughts.

I must remark, in passing, that one result of this view seems to be scarcely appreciated by Mr. Sidgwick. He admits that a determinist can give a definite and intelligible meaning to such a word as 'desert;' I should add, that a determinist gives the only intelligible meaning.

'Desert,' on the free will hypothesis, seems to me to be a self-contradictory assertion.

I must pass on, however, to another question, nearly connected with this. Mr. Sidgwick discusses the statement common to Mr. Mill and other utilitarians, that, as the will is always determined, so the cause which always determines it is pleasure. We desire a thing, it is said, in proportion as it is pleasant. To this it has been replied, by Shaftesbury and many later writers, that if pleasure means whatever attracts the will, the statement is tautological; and that if pleasure means some special kind of sensation, it is untrue. Mr. Sidgwick dismisses the first meaning of pleasure upon this ground, and proceeds to argue that other things besides 'agreeable sensation' may attract the will. The ordinary examples may serve to explain the point. I eat, it is said, because I am hungry, not because I look forward to the pleasure of eating. I do good because I love virtue, not because I calculate upon that reflected glow of agreeable self-complacency which attends the consciousness of a virtuous act. The distinction sometimes appears to be refined, but I think that it points to a real and important fact. If we ask, in short, why a man eats his dinner, the reply would be very complex if it were perfectly exhaustive. He eats it, in the first place, because he is accustomed to eat it, and because nine-tenths of our actions are more or less automatic. He eats it, again, because the attempt to resist this unconscious impulse would be productive of pain. We are like bodies moving along an accustomed groove partly by the mere momentum previously acquired and partly because the slightest deviation produces an instant pressure. There is here, perhaps, a little puzzle: how, it might be asked, can the discomfort operate when it is not felt?

We are kept in the course, not by the pain of an actual spnr, but by the non-existent pain which would operate if we tried to leave the course. The answer, so far as an answer is necessary, is given, I think, by the fact just noticed, that many impulses control us which never emerge into consciousness. I walk through a room avoiding collision with tables and chairs, though I may be so deeply plunged in a controversy with Mr. Sidgwick that the contingency of a collision and its consequent pain never emerges into consciousness. It is not a paradox but a plain truth that my actions may be guided by a tacit reference to possibilities of pain and pleasure when I never contemplate them distinctly. The dinner bell moves me partly as it would move an automaton. The fear of a pang of hunger moves me, though I am not conscious of it; I am moved by a kind of animal instinct, which may possibly be distinguishable from these impulses; and, finally, I act to a certain extent as a conscious being more or less deliberately reflecting upon the consequences of eating. In regard to this last set of impulses, it appears to me to be true, and I think that Mr. Sidgwick agrees, that the pleasantness of eating is the sole element of attraction, and its painfulness the sole element of repulsion. It need not, of course, be observed in detail that, by the help of association, that which is an aid to pleasure becomes an aid in itself; for this would be granted by all moralists. The statement, then, would appear to be that, so far as man is a being impelled by motives clearly revealed to consciousness, his will is determined by pleasure and pain; but that in a very large part of our lives mere blind instinct, or habits developed in the life of the individual or inherited from his ancestors, determine his actions without any such conscious motives. The im-

pulse to virtue may or may not be a separate impulse from the various subsidiary passions of benevolence, sympathy, courage, and so forth. But, in any case, there is nothing peculiar to the moral feeling in the circumstance that it may become a dominating impulse, although our minds do not contemplate the pleasure of saying, at some future time, what a good boy I am! The good man does a kind action as he eats his dinner, from a complex variety of motives, in which habits, and what we call instinct, very frequently play an important part.

Here I believe that I am in substantial agreement with Mr. Sidgwick. But I have insisted upon the point, because it introduces a more general remark. The difficulty of this, and some other questions, seems to arise in great measure from the relics of certain metaphysical assumptions which were almost universally accepted in the days of Clarke and Butler. Without attempting an accurate statement of a theory which appears in various forms, I may venture to say that we find in their writings some such assumptions as the following: The soul, as they assumed, was a kind of spiritual atom. Its substance was perfectly simple; or, as Butler calls it, 'indiscernible,' and therefore immortal, because incapable of resolution into simpler elements. Its essence was thought; and it was a question to be argued on *à priori* grounds, whether it could cease to think, even in sleep; and whether a cessation of consciousness would not imply a destruction of individuality. It was the one vital force which moved the unit mass of the physical organism. The thought of which it was the vehicle, was that thread of conscious reflection which joins together our lives, though, as I have said, we cannot now regard it as containing all our motives. Further the human soul, as distinguished from the mere animal soul, being

essentially rational, the thought was generally assumed to be a kind of endless chain of reasoning or syllogizing. Each conclusion might become a motive; or, as was said, the 'last act of the judgment' was the necessary antecedent of that volition which moved the body. This incessant stream of argument might, of course, be erroneous in any degree; and it was natural to assume that, as each action represented the conclusion of some reasoning process, the virtuous action in some way represented valid syllogisms and wicked actions faulty syllogisms. The difficulty of moralists of this school was to draw the line satisfactorily between intellectual error and vice; as the difficulty of the utilitarians was to distinguish between selfishness and virtue.

Various difficulties arose from a theory which thus denied the extremely complex character of human nature. Thus, for example, the doctrine excludes the possibility of an unconscious motive; and therefore, as we have seen, makes it difficult to understand the determination of motives. Or, again, it seemed to follow that as we are frequently not conscious of any deliberate calculation of pleasure in determining upon our actions, the soul must be determined by some motive, differing from pleasure in kind: by logic or by virtue considered in themselves, without any reference to 'agreeable sensation.' And, again, it led to what Mr. Sidgwick calls the 'fundamental paradox of egoistic hedonism,' though I should add that he solves it in a manner sufficiently in harmony with my own. The paradox is this: that as 'pleasure only exists as it is felt, the more we are conscious of it the more pleasure we have;' whereas experience teaches us that knowledge and feeling are in some sense antagonistic; or that, by attending too much to our pleasures we diminish their inten-

sity. The difficulty arises from the assumption of the absolute unity of consciousness. If knowing that we are happy is the same thing as being happy, there is an obvious contradiction in supposing that an increase of knowledge diminishes happiness. If the soul is self, and the essence of the soul is in knowing, to increase consciousness of happiness is the same thing as to increase the knowledge that we are happy. But if the fundamental assumption is unfounded, if consciousness is in reality a highly complex instead of a perfectly simple process, the difficulty disappears. The feeling may be intense, though the intellect be quiescent or too much occupied to think about the emotion. I can believe in the happiness of an oyster, though I suppose that oyster has no reflective faculties whatever, and can therefore suppose that part of my nature which I share with the oyster to be happy when the 'mind's eye' is closed; and I can equally hold that an intellectual pleasure is greatest when the mind is too much absorbed in contemplation to affirm its own happiness. The question is one to be decided by experience, though there are some obvious difficulties in bringing the matter to the test of experience. But I can see no absolute logical bar to an egoist accepting even the doctrine of utter self-sacrifice. The ordinary tendency of egoism has, of course, been very different; but if it could be proved to me that I should be happiest by entirely suppressing all calculations of my own interest, and abandoning myself to the life of the severest ascetic, selfishness would prompt me to set about the task at once. There is, I think, no real contradiction in saying that such calculation proves that I ought not to calculate. It is merely to say that, having once marked my course on the chart, I had better throw away my instruments; or that, as seeing may be proved to give more



pleasure than pain, I had better put out my eyes. If to be happy is different from knowing myself to be happy, then I may wisely give up the knowledge to gain the sensation.

There is another conclusion from the metaphysical assumption which is of more importance. If the soul, or 'thinking principle,' is always drawing up syllogisms, and if happiness be the only determining motive, the conclusion or 'last act of the judgment' would always be in the form, this or that action will make me happiest. And by 'me' is meant this indissoluble unit which survives all changes, which will be the same a thousand years hence as now, to which a minute of happiness at the end of an indefinite period should, in the eye of reason, be of precisely the same value as a minute of happiness now. Therefore the course is reasonable which gains for me the maximum of happiness, however distributed. The argument seemed conclusive to many moralists, and gives the philosophical foundation for what Mr. Sidgwick calls egoistic hedonism. It is agreeable to find a writer who distinguishes emphatically between this doctrine and that of utilitarianism, with which it is so often and persistently confounded. I fear that he is himself too much tainted with utilitarianism to gain for his protest the respect which it deserves. And yet there seems to be a formal contradiction between the doctrine which regards the happiness of the individual, and that which regards the happiness of the race, as the sole end of moral conduct. The strong point of the former or egoistic theory is the appearance of logical consistency, and even Mr. Sidgwick, whilst repudiating it as degrading, seems to be impressed by its appearance of flawless rotundity. Good unmitigated selfishness has an almost appalling coherency, which makes it a hard nut to crack. One

flaw, however, may be at once detected. The statement may be either psychological or ethical. It may be said 'a man cannot help acting with a sole view to his happiness,' or 'a man ought to act with a sole view to his happiness.' Without now asking what 'ought' means in this last connection—a rather difficult question—I may observe that the other meaning seems to be the commonest. The ethical view is, in that case, superfluous. If, as Bentham seems to have thought, a man's own happiness is his only possible motive, it matters little whether it is also the right motive. To tell us that we ought to have altruistic impulses would, on that supposition, be as absurd as to tell us that we ought to have wings, or that we ought not to obey the laws of gravitation. Nor do I think that any moralist who believes in the possibility of unselfish instincts, denies their propriety. The chief question, therefore, is whether, as a matter of fact, they are or are not possible. The answer would not, I think, be much disputed by any modern psychologist. Hume's argument against the selfish theory is sufficiently decisive. He remarks substantially that the theory, if it means anything, means that every motive must of necessity terminate in our own personal interest. If any impulse of a purely altruistic kind can be shown to exist, the *à priori* argument is refuted and becomes a mere question for experience to determine how great a part such impulses perform in our nature. If it is true, that is, that the prospect of my suffering a toothache fifty years hence does not affect my mind as powerfully as the prospect of a thousand of my fellow-creatures being tortured to death to-morrow, I must allow that there is some unselfish instinct in my nature. What the proportion may be between the interest which I take in my own future and the

interest which I take in the future of my fellow-creatures is a question to be decided simply by experience. In fact, as Hume also remarks, we find unselfish instincts even amongst animals, as in the love of a female for its offspring. It is hard to suppose that reason quenches those instincts, and shows us simply that the brutes were fools for their pains. Reason is the faculty which enables us to take into account the distant and the future; according to this argument, it would really exhort us to attend exclusively to our own future and to that which immediately concerns us. The woman will no longer die for her child, because she will calculate that the pain of losing it is, on the whole, overbalanced by the chances of pleasure, if she continues to live. Whether reason does preach this lesson is a question which will meet us presently; but that, as a matter of fact, the psychological doctrine of the pure selfishness of all our actions is unfounded, seems to be as plain as any conclusion which rests upon evidence. The argument will meet us once more at the critical points of Mr. Sidgwick's book.

Mr. Sidgwick, in fact, guides us through a long investigation to bring us face to face with selfish reasoning, and would then half admit that it is unanswerable. His discussion of the intuitive and utilitarian methods tends to the conclusion that they may be fused into theory, but that when this consummation has been effected, the contrast between the egoistical doctrine and its now united rivals stands out more forcibly than ever. Here is the knot to be untied; but before trying my hand at that difficult task, I must say a few words upon the supposed reconciliation. The intuitional method, according to Mr. Sidgwick, may take three different forms. The first assumes an internal monitor,

which says of each individual action, this is right or this is wrong. The second supposes that we have an intuitive perception of a certain list of moral axioms, which may be compared to the primary axioms of mathematics, and which are given us by common sense. The third attempts to discover one fundamental and undeniable principle from which the various minor truths of morality may be deduced by rigorous logical process. Passing over, for the moment, this last and, Mr. Sidgwick holds, most philosophical form of intuitionism, each of the others appears to me to express a certain truth. We assume certain moral rules on the ground of common sense; and we have an instinct which guides our judgment of particular actions. I may admit the general maxim that I ought to speak the truth, without always attending to any ulterior reason, and perhaps without being able to assign any conclusive reason. I may again feel ashamed when I tell a lie, without even referring to the general maxim about speaking the truth. There are, however, as Mr. Sidgwick remarks, three questions about such intuitions which are frequently confused. We may argue as to their existence, their origin, or their validity. One school of intuitionists assumes that, if a moral rule is accepted by the common sense of mankind, it has a kind of supernatural authority and must be regarded as an ultimate truth. In a series of careful and elaborate chapters, Mr. Sidgwick gives his reasons for rejecting this conclusion. Taking the chief moral axioms in turn, he shows, by a minute analysis, that they have not those characteristics of clearness, self-evidencing power, consistency, and universality which mark a primary truth. I cannot give even an example of this argument, of which the general nature is easily conceivable. To examine the

origin of these maxims by an historical method is beyond Mr. Sidgwick's purpose. Such an examination would probably bring into much greater distinctness the fact that our so-called moral intuitions are of a singularly complex character; and show at every point traces of the social, religious, and political stages through which the race has passed. They fail, therefore, to exhibit a close coincidence with utilitarian conclusions; as, indeed, the utility of a given rule, though a main element in securing its acceptance, has been far from the sole element. Roughly speaking, however, they represent the empirical conclusions of the race as to the rules which are most conducive to its happiness. The paramount importance of maintaining a moral law, even though far from ideal perfection, is acknowledged by utilitarians; and as it has led intuitionists to confer upon them a supernatural character, the intuitionist and the utilitarian may thus be in a sense reconciled; the utilitarian admitting the authority of the rules, subject of course to rational revision, and the intuitionist admitting that their origin is to be explained on the principles of evolution.

The question, however, remains, whether these rules, however they have come to light, may not be exhibited as deductions from some undeniable first truth. The process would be analogous to that exhibited in other inquiries. In the physical sciences we discover by degrees the more general formulæ under which we range the doctrines to which mere empirical observation has enabled us to approximate roughly; and the general truth once discovered enables us to define more precisely the subsidiary formula, and to get rid of the incongruous elements with which it was at first associated. Can we find such a truth in the case of ethics?

And what, we may ask, is the general nature of the truth at which we are thus arriving? A utilitarian would say that to frame a scientific code of morality, we must have a complete calculus of happiness. You must be able to say, that is, what are the ultimate laws which determine the consequences of our actions in regard of their 'felicific' (I use a word coined by Mr. Sidgwick) quality. The formula that morality implies the pursuit of the greatest happiness of the greatest number will then enable you to draw up the moral code. The intuitionist substitutes the psychological for the sociological view. He would say that we require a complete theory of human nature. We must, therefore, discover what is the nature and function of the moral sense, and we can then disentangle its genuine utterances from the confused clamour of evil passions. There is nothing necessarily antagonistic in these methods. Hutcheson, for example, the first systematic exponent of the moral sense doctrine, was also the first man to lay down Bentham's sacred formula. According to him there was a kind of pre-established harmony, in virtue of which the moral sense always pointed out the line of conduct which in fact was most productive of happiness. Mr. Sidgwick says that the result of this teaching was to distract attention from the 'objectivity of duty;' and quotes Hutcheson as innocently asking, 'why the moral sense should not vary in different human beings as the palate does?' Now, innocent as the question may be, I am disposed to ask it myself, and even to reply that, as far as I can judge, the moral sense does vary like the palate. I can understand, indeed, that such a reply has an objectionable sound; but I do not think that the consequences when fairly stated conflict with the 'objectivity of duty'—at least, if I

rightly understand 'objectivity.' Mr. Sidgwick returns to the point more than once. 'If I say,' he observes, 'this smell is sweet, and another it is not sweet, the two judgments apparently conflict, and yet neither of us would accuse the other of error,' which, he proceeds to argue, would not be the case with ethical differences. Now I very much fear that, if I was the 'other,' I should distinctly accuse Mr. Sidgwick of error. If I found a man sniffing with delight the odour of a London sewer, I should unhesitatingly say that his olfactory sense was perverted. It is true that I cannot say that 'sweet' represents to me the same sensation as it does to Mr. Sidgwick; and still less, I venture to think, can I say that 'good' or 'beautiful' represents the same emotion. But if a man cannot distinguish the smell of a drain from the smell of a rose, or if he prefers the drain to the rose, I unhesitatingly infer disease. In fact, it is curious to observe how a kind of quasi-moral judgment grows up in such cases. I know an estimable person who would be more shocked if I avowed a preference of sweet to dry champagne than if I avowed an occasional tendency to intoxication. The code of the *gourmet* presents a striking analogy to the code of the moral philosopher; and if his act bore more directly upon ordinary human happiness, I suspect that heresy in matters of meat and drink would be speedily condemned like heresy in religion. Nor is the sentiment altogether irrational. The simple preference of one taste to another may connote marked differences in the health or sensibility of the organ. A love of sweets, it has been said by a great authority, shows a nature which has not yet lost its childish innocence. I will take, however, a less offensive, and perhaps more instructive, example. The sense of

hearing should, on Mr. Sidgwick's hypothesis, give us no more objective result than the sense of smell. I like this sound and you like that; we can neither accuse each other of error. Suppose, now, that I, being an absolutely unmusical person, had made such a remark to Handel. You, I might have said, are shocked by a discord; I like discord just as well as harmony; you prefer *tweedledee* to *tweedledum*; I am perfectly impartial. Would Handel have been left without an answer? He would, I rather imagine, have replied in substance that my incapacity showed a greater dulness of sense. If I had denied this, he would have observed that all persons who had a certain faculty agreed in their judgment of harmony and discord, and found one pleasant and the other disagreeable. If I had replied, you are begging the question and inferring that people hear better because they prefer certain sounds, and that the sounds are preferable because the best hearers prefer them, he would have appealed to objective facts. He could have shown mathematically that when the number of vibrations of two strings bore certain relations, the sounds produced were harmonious, and in other cases discordant. I should therefore have been forced to admit that a good ear could instinctively recognise certain qualities of sound which could be proved by other means to have an objective existence. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that, in this case, the ear of Handel gives results which are confirmed by his senses of seeing and touching, whereas my ear is incapable of appreciating relations perceptible by my other senses. But, at any rate, I should have to admit my inferiority or to deny that a fine ear was a blessing. Against this last doctrine Handel would of course urge all the pleasures which are obtainable by music. If



I were absolutely deaf, I must take his statements on trust, but if I had some rudimentary sensibility I could more or less appreciate and understand him.

If we apply this analogy, it will appear, I think, that a belief in the moral sense need not make morality in any dangerous sense 'subjective,' though it implies what cannot be denied, that the judgment of morality varies widely with the individual. Perhaps there are some harmonies in the nature of things, the perception of which gives intense delight to a man of fine moral sense, whilst they are but dimly perceived by his more obtuse fellows. But it does not follow that the thick-skinned man denies them because he cannot perceive them. There is, it is true, this important difference; the moralists have not yet been able to discover, and in all probability they will never be able to discover, laws analogous to the mathematical theorems of music. A good action has often been compared to a beautiful harmony; but a man is more complex than a piece of catgut, and the vibrations of his brain and nerves follow more intricate laws. Still, it would not be altogether fanciful to assume that there is some real analogy between the two cases; and that part at least of the pleasure derivable from a virtuous action depends upon the play of underlying forces whose secret we cannot penetrate. I think, indeed, that the ordinary principles of judgment imply some such tacit hypothesis. There is, as Mr. Sidgwick occasionally observes, a close relation between our æsthetic and our moral sentiments which would be an interesting subject for fuller discussion. We assume a kind of standard in art. In music we take it for granted that Mozart and Handel are better judges than we; in painting we judge people by their agreement with Titian or Raphael; and in poetry, we believe

that the supreme excellence of Shakespeare or Dante is not, in the ordinary sense, a mere matter of taste. If I do not enjoy some great author, I assume, for my part, that I am stupid, not that the world is wrong. I am as convinced that any scientific test—if such a test could be applied—would prove Shakespeare's incomparable superiority to Tom Moore, as I am that a similar test would prove the sun to weigh more than Venus. In moral questions I imagine that we frequently judge in the same way. We recognise the moral beauty of an action before we even think of its utility. As a sculptor might design forms which combined the highest degree of strength and activity; or an architect discover the best constructive arrangement; though in the mind of each the utility of the forms might occupy a subordinate place to beauty; so a man of moral genius perceives the laws which are in fact most conducive to the happiness of mankind, though he neither has made nor could make any calculation of consequences. The ideal standards of perfection which have influenced the character of mankind have been constructed by a process which resembles, if it is not identical with, the process of poetry or art. The instinct outruns the reasoning process, and jumps at conclusions which reason reaches by elaborate engineering works. Reason itself teaches us to be guided by this divining power, when we cannot work our prepared logical formulæ. If a given form or sound is pleasing to all men whose eyes and ears have reached a certain pitch of sensibility, we may infer that the pleasure probably corresponds to some harmony too fine for our balances and microscopes. And similarly, if qualities which are obviously good—strength of understanding, quickness of sympathy, and so on—are generally combined with certain moral quali-

ties, we have a strong reason for assuming at once that those qualities have their hidden uses. And thus, in all moral teaching, there is an element of instinct or intuition which should be respected until rational inquiry has distinctly exhibited its nature. We may agree up to a certain point with Hutcheson. The moral sense does, in fact, point to the line of greatest happiness. There is a harmony between the voice of conscience and the general interest of mankind. We should part from Hutcheson when he declares the moral sense to have a kind of transcendental authority; for in that case we should be liable to take a prevailing prejudice for an eternal truth. And we may show that the harmony is not, properly speaking, pre-established; except so far as it expresses the balance of the various forces which maintain the life of the social organism.

And hence we may infer the general nature of the process by which the intuitionist and the utilitarian theories may be ultimately fused. We must distinguish between the cause and the reason of an opinion. In an ideally perfect intellect the two would be identical. The logical demonstration of a doctrine would be the only thing which would cause us to believe it. But as mankind are not as yet perfect reasoners, the two seldom coincide. Logic goes for very little in the acceptance of an opinion, and all manner of irrelevant motives for a great deal. Only in the long run, and as we take in a great number of people, does the reasonableness of an opinion become a more important element in inducing its acceptance, because it is permanent and uniform, whilst the other motives may be temporary and conflicting. Now the existing moral code at any time is the result of a great number of different causes, and the moral sense is probably the name

of several heterogeneous feelings. Some moral rules are recognised because their utility is clear; some are due to our intuitive instinct of moral beauty; many represent a compromise which has been struck out between the selfish interests of different people; some are traditional doctrines which have been generated by extinct phases of society; some are, perhaps, due to accidental associations of ideas; and some may be corollaries drawn with more or less accuracy from religious doctrines more or less reasonable in character. In all these cases, it may be, there is some reference, explicit or implicit, to considerations of utility; but it does not seem possible, without a great distortion of language, to maintain that in every case the affirmation, 'This is right,' includes or implies the affirmation, 'This is conducive to the greatest happiness.' Indeed, the indignation with which many moralists repudiate the doctrine altogether is a sufficient proof that it cannot be consciously present in many minds. But it is equally clear, as Hume showed in the admirable argument further worked out by Mr. Sidgwick, that the utility of moral rules has been the cause, though not the conscious reason, of their acceptance. Mankind have often felt their way blindly; and when fancying themselves to be acting in obedience to their own selfishness or to some supernatural and inscrutable motive, have really been acting for the general utility. In his discussion of utilitarianism, Mr. Sidgwick gives a good many illustrations of this principle. The code actually existing, though reached by a very different process, approximates to that which a utilitarian would have devised; and he may hope that at some future time the approximation will become coincidence. Meanwhile he will have solved the problem suggested by the intuitionist when he

has shown how the multifarious processes of social and intellectual development have generated the so-called intuitions and given authority to those which were in fact useful. The mysterious harmony between our condition and our instincts will then have received all the explanation of which it is capable.

Mr. Sidgwick would, I imagine, agree generally with these statements; but he has another mode of reconciling intuitionism and utilitarianism. I must say something of his conclusions, though I confess frankly that I speak with some nervousness. For here we are treading by the side of certain metaphysical gulfs, into which a single false step may precipitate us; and I am sensible that a struggle with Mr. Sidgwick would be only too likely to send one or both of the combatants into that bottomless abyss. I have, indeed, a certain difficulty in catching his meaning, which is due, not to any fault in his writing, nor, I would hope, to stupidity of my own of more than ordinary intensity, so much as to the familiar fact that thinkers belonging to different schools, or even to different sections of the same school, are always liable to be at cross-purposes. However, treading carefully and avoiding unnecessary digression, I will endeavour to state Mr. Sidgwick's conclusions and my own view. Following in the steps of Clarke and Kant, and refining away certain crudities of expression, he concludes finally that we have two fundamental moral intuitions: 'First, that nothing can be right for me which is not right for all persons in similar circumstances; and secondly, that I cannot regard the fulfilment of my own desires or my own happiness as intrinsically more desirable (or more to be regarded by me as a rational end) than the equal happiness of anyone else.'

I will take the formulæ separately.

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The first, I may remark, is liable to be misunderstood, if taken without further explanation. It does not, with Mr. Sidgwick at least, mean to assert that the same moral law is necessarily true for men and women, blacks and whites, old men and babies. That may or may not be the case. He only asserts that if the action be not right for a person in other circumstances, 'the difference of circumstances must contain the ground and reason of the difference in the moral character of the action.' Further, 'difference of circumstances must be taken to include difference of nature and character—in short, all differences beyond the individuality of the individual.' I confess that when I come to 'the individuality of the individual,' an individuality which does not include his specific differences from other individuals, but only his numerical identity, my head begins to swim. It is too ethereal a conception to be easily grasped by thick brains; and similarly when, in discussing his second formula, Mr. Sidgwick tells us that it means that the fact that I am I, or that he is he, is to make no difference in the objective desirability (whatever that may be) of my or his happiness, I fear that I am breathing air too thin for me. I am at first disposed to say, If you mean that law must be the same for you and me, the proposition is false; if you only mean that, if I were you, I should be subject to the same laws as you, you are merely making an identical proposition. Mr. Sidgwick, however, has neither of those meanings; and, upon making another effort, I begin to see light. The first proposition, says Mr. Sidgwick, 'is a necessary postulate of all ethical systems, being an expression of what is involved in objective rightness and wrongness in conduct.' If it is a necessary postulate of all ethical systems, it cannot help us to recon-

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like any two, and might perhaps be dismissed from this argument; but I should go a step further. So far as it is a 'necessary postulate,' it seems to be consistent not only with all forms of intuitionism and utilitarianism, but also with the denial that there is any real distinction between right and wrong. I hold, of course, that there is such a distinction, just as much as there is a distinction between black and white, but I deny that we can arrive at it by this *à priori* intuition. We could not know that black differed from white, except from the testimony of the senses, and we could not know that right differed from wrong except from the testimony of the emotions. If we were purely reasoning beings, without any emotional nature, it seems to me that right and wrong would be meaningless phrases.

I will try, however, to exhibit what I conceive to be the true meaning of Mr. Sidgwick's conclusions. It must be admitted by everybody that there are certain assumptions implied in all reasoning. I need not ask whether they are properly to be regarded as intuitions, as truths given by universal experience, or as postulates which we cannot avoid in the actual process of reasoning. It is clear, in any case, that we have to assume the existence of other conscious beings than ourselves, and to assume the uniformity of the order of nature. If the world be a dream of my own, I must still argue as though it were a reality. If there be interruptions to the order of nature, my reasoning is so far paralysed before it can move a step. Hence it follows at once that my feelings, however trifling or however important, would be produced in other conscious beings, under the same circumstances, if they precisely

resemble me, and would vary only in so far as they differ from me. Otherwise it would follow that different consequences might result from the same antecedents, which is contrary to the fundamental postulate.<sup>2</sup> Whether my nose is tickled by a straw, or my heart crushed by grief; whether I judge a fly to be a yard from my face, or perceive the truth of the laws of gravitation, I must assume that the same thoughts and feelings would in the same case present themselves to others, modified only by the differences of their physical or mental organisation. This then is not specially an ethical postulate or intuition any more than it is mathematical or chemical. It is a universal truth implied in every possible branch of inquiry. It has just as much to do with morality, and is as little confined to morality, as the principle of the 'excluded middle.'

Moreover, it is consistent not only, as Mr. Sidgwick says, with the acceptance of any ethical system, but with the repudiation of all ethical systems. It follows, indeed, that any moral feeling of which I am conscious would exist in my fellow-creatures under similar circumstances. So would the most transitory taste or fancy. If I think of a hippogriff in a certain way, others would have the same conception modified by their various idiosyncrasies. And the 'objective' character of morality no more follows than the objective character of a hippogriff, unless you merely mean by calling it 'objective' to signify that the same thought or feeling will be found in other minds than my own. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that an ambiguity in the use of that unfortunate word produces the confusion upon this subject. The only senses in which I can suppose a man to maintain the

<sup>2</sup> This is perhaps inconsistent with Mr. Sidgwick's doctrine of free will; but that is not my concern.



'subjectivity' of morality are senses which would make 'subjective' equivalent to fluctuating, illusory, or unimportant. It has been said, for example, though it has hardly been seriously maintained, that morality is a mere fashion, which changes arbitrarily at different times and places; it has been said that it is an illusion, in the sense that it is merely a selfish feeling presented in a new mask: or again, that it is a mere matter of taste, which may be gratified or otherwise without more important results than other superficial fancies. Such doctrines, I imagine, are easily refutable by an appeal to experience, but cannot be refuted by a direct application of the postulates in question. They would prove indeed that morality cannot vary 'arbitrarily' in a sense incompatible with the uniformity of nature; but cannot prove that morality may not vary with different races of men as widely as the fashion of cutting the hair or dressing. Or again, the postulates would prove that the feeling of which I am conscious, or an analogous feeling would be found in other men under the same circumstances; but they do not prove that the difference between this feeling and pure selfishness may not be an illusion produced by mere change in the external associations. So far then as Mr. Sidgwick's postulate is true, it seems to me to apply to all sciences, and so far as it bears upon morality, it is perfectly consistent with the denial of every property which renders morality valuable.

The second proposition appears to me to be of similar character. Mr. Sidgwick says that it is the fundamental proposition of utilitarianism. To clear up this point, I must ask what is this fundamental proposition. Mr. Sidgwick's proposition is that I am not to regard my own happiness as intrinsically more desirable than the equal happiness

of anyone else. Of course, the same caution is to be applied here as before. Mr. Sidgwick does not mean that the happiness of St. John is just as desirable as the happiness of Judas Iscariot; but that we are not to regard the 'individuality of the individual.' And he identifies this with Bentham's theory that each one is to count for one. Bentham's meaning may be perhaps made a little clearer by comparing happiness to a material currency. His theory was that the condition of society was the best in which there was the greatest quantity of such coinage, irrespectively of the distribution. If, for example, a hundred people had a thousand pounds of happiness, their state would always be better than that of an equal population who had only nine hundred pounds' worth; whether in the first case each man had ten pounds, or half of them had fifteen pounds a piece and the other half only five. Now this doctrine obviously assumes the truth of the postulates already considered. It assumes, that is, that happiness is a real thing, which does not change its nature by the mere fact of its distribution; so that two similar individuals in similar circumstances may be assumed to be equally happy. So far, however, we have not advanced a step towards utilitarianism. We are merely stating the most general of all truths in particular terms. We are stating in regard to the special phenomena of happiness what holds of all phenomena whatever. It may be added that, as in every conceivable moral system happiness has to be considered in one way or another, the postulate is equally necessary for all systems. How then is the next step to be made? Mr. Sidgwick says that the happiness of all men is 'intrinsically desirable' in the same degree. What is meant by desirable? Happiness, as we have seen already, is the object of all desire. When then

we say that equal amounts of happiness are equally desirable, do we, in Pope's words,

Say more or less  
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

The virtue of the phrase, it is obvious, must be in the word 'intrinsically;' but I confess that the word seems to me to cover an unintentional evasion. I cannot form to myself any conception of a thing as 'desirable,' except in so far as it is desirable to some definite person or persons.

That happiness is desirable seems to me to be almost tautologous. It means merely that happiness is desired by each individual. When I add that the general happiness is desirable, I still am only saying that if everybody is happy more desires will be gratified. To say that each person 'ought to' desire the general happiness would—in every sense—be still really tautologous. By 'ought' I mean obedience to the moral law; by the moral law<sup>3</sup> I mean that body of rules the observance of which secures the greatest sum of happiness. To say, then, that a man ought to desire the general happiness is to say that a desire for the general happiness prompts a man to obey the rules which secure the general happiness. And I am unable to find any other meaning in the words.

How, then, should I 'prove' utilitarianism? Happiness is the end; observance of the law is the means. I can prove that the end exists, or, if Mr. Sidgwick prefers, I know it intuitively, or as a necessary postulate. I know that there is such a state as happiness. I can prove again in detail by experience that the various special rules of morality contribute to that happiness. And, finally, I know by experience that most people do, in

fact, desire the general happiness sufficiently to prompt them to take within certain limits the necessary means for the desired end. If you ask me to prove anything more, I admit my incapacity; but I add that I cannot see what more there is to be proved. As metaphysicians have thought that the utility of a political institution was not a sufficient reason for loyalty without a social contract; they naturally think that the utility of a moral law is insufficient unless you can show that to deny its validity is to fall into a contradiction in terms.

And here I come to the final question which Mr. Sidgwick discusses, and which is connected with the most important of all questions. Unluckily it brings out what is, I fear, an irreconcilable difference between Mr. Sidgwick and myself. I am glad that if my view is wrong it seems to me at least to lead to a less sceptical conclusion. The question which has always more or less puzzled utilitarians is, what are your sanctions? How do you propose to make men moral? I may say at once that it is impossible for me to give here what I hold to be an adequate answer. In general terms, I should say that the question can only be answered by experience; and that experience does not give one definite categorical reply. It appears to me that the sanctions must vary widely according to the intellectual stage of mankind. There have perhaps been periods at which a belief in the old-fashioned hell was absolutely necessary. There may be a period, if the positivists are right, at which an organised public opinion will be sufficient to enforce the moral code without an appeal to further motives. The discussion becomes religious, psychological, and histo-

<sup>3</sup> I note the fact that I do not mean the actually existing moral law of any given society, but that law which I desire to see accepted.

rical, and as such Mr. Sidgwick passes it by, and I willingly follow his example.

But there is another point of view from which the problem may be considered, and which Mr. Sidgwick considers—though I confess that I do not quite follow him—to be one of great importance. The question which he asks may perhaps be stated thus: can we show moral conduct to be reasonable? After fusing intuitionism and utilitarianism, the old difficulty crops up undiminished. It is reasonable, so our intuitionists please to tell us, to do what is right as right, and to desire the general happiness. But then it also seems to be reasonable for each man to desire his own happiness. These two principles are left at issue on the last page; and as I do not believe in Mr. Sidgwick's utilitarian intuitions, he will perhaps think that I ought to be an egoistic hedonist. I will try to show why I am not.

Two schemes of conduct, says Mr. Sidgwick, may be suggested; each of which is apparently 'reasonable,' and which yet lead to irreconcilable results. I have felt all along that in this conception of the 'reasonableness' of conduct, considered as an alternate end, there lies the real difference between Mr. Sidgwick and myself. I must try to bring it into clearer relief. Mr. Sidgwick seems to regard it as possible that all moral law should be represented as a series of logical deductions from some one or two self-evident propositions. To me it seems to be obvious that a really scientific body of moral doctrines would imply a scientific psychology and sociology. We cannot know what to do in this world till we know what we are and what it is. Starting from the thin air of abstract propositions you can never get within reach of the tangible earth. The process

by which ontologists affect to perform that feat always reminds me of the old story about the man who made excellent soup with a stone and some hot water. He simply asked leave to flavour his soup by shredding into it a few scraps of meat and herbs, and the result was excellent. By a metaphysical sleight of hand of the same kind, philosophers contrive to flavour the colourless element of abstract logic with ingredients really derived from experience of the concrete. To elaborate a moral philosophy by such methods seems to me to be just as hopeless as to elaborate a science of medicine in the same way. In medical as in ethical science we have a body of rules, of the utmost importance to health. As they were discovered before physiology was born, and by purely empirical methods, the very absence of a definite logical groundwork might seem to give them a kind of mysterious and independent authority. Further inquiry will, no doubt, tend to establish them in the main, as to modify them in particular points. But I do not think that any real advantage would be gained by announcing as first principles the objectivity of sanitary rules or the intrinsic desirability of physical comfort. It might be important to announce that the object of medicine was to procure health, if some previous superstition had sacrificed sanitary considerations to some prejudice which called itself divine, because it was not reasonable. But even that formula would be useful rather as defining the end of our researches, than as an axiom from which the laws could be deduced by a direct method. If such an attempt were made, I think that we might fall into a difficulty analogous to that of which Mr. Sidgwick speaks. The existence of a disease would appear to involve a contradiction, and we should find that the body, so far as

diseased, was a concrete embodiment of unreason.

To desert an analogy which is yet, perhaps, something more than an analogy, I come to Mr. Sidgwick's statement. Right and reasonable conduct, he says, are synonymous. I have some difficulty in understanding what is meant by conduct which is reasonable, unless by it is meant conduct which is consistent, and which does not assume the truth of some inconsistent proposition. Reason must, as it seems to me, have some materials to work upon, whether provided by the senses or the perceptions. Reason in itself seems to me to be reason *in vacuo*—a very good thing, it may be, but incapable of affecting human conduct. But, at any rate, when conduct is called reasonable, it must, I think, be meant that it is reasonable in regard to the agent. Otherwise it would seem that the same conduct would be reasonable for men and beasts, angels and devils. The difficulty, then, which troubles Mr. Sidgwick seems to resolve itself into this: is it reasonable for an immoral agent to be moral? If there is a devil—an agent the law of whose being is the hatred of good—can it be reasonable for him to love good? Or if we suppose men to exist who are absolutely devoid of benevolent motives, can it be reasonable for them to be unselfish? In spite of all intuitions to the contrary, it seems, says Mr. Sidgwick, to be ultimately reasonable to seek one's own happiness. In popular language, it is true, this seems to be obvious. All self-regarding morality is enlightened prudence; and most of the rules of extra-regarding morality would be obeyed on purely prudential grounds. A man is not wise who declares war upon his species. But if we look a little closer, the maxim re-

quires qualification. Reason, in my view of the case, is not, properly speaking, a faculty which can directly prompt to action.<sup>4</sup> It is the faculty by which we recognise truth. It tells us what are the consequences of our actions, and the conditions by which we are bound. It lays down a map of the country, but does not induce us to follow one route rather than another. A full intelligence without emotion would be absolutely quiescent in an eternal Nirvâna. We act simply because we feel. We take the shortest road because we desire something at the end; not because we know that two sides of a triangle are longer than the third. I therefore call a man reasonable when he lays down an accurate and consistent map of the world or of his little province; but his path must be determined entirely by his emotions. They are ultimate facts, which are no more to be explained by reason than the ultimate cause of gravitation. A man who loves will move in one way, as a man who hates will move in another, as a stone will fall southwards at the North Pole, and northwards at the South. And we only call one conduct more 'reasonable' than another, in so far as some people's passions lead them to take inconsistent courses, or their defect of intelligence leads them to go north when they mean to go south. Thus though 'right' implies 'reasonable,' as it implies consistency, it does not coincide with reasonable. A devil might be perfectly reasonable, though perfectly wicked. He would recognise with absolute clearness the nature and consequences of his actions, and therefore he would act wickedly. Reason, then, may lead different people to act in diametrically opposite ways. This seems to Mr. Sidgwick to be contradictory. I think it the expres-

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Sidgwick notices this question, but does not decide it. In my mind it is one which requires to be decided.



sion of one of the most obvious and universal of facts. The contradiction, in short, which Mr. Sidgwick discovers between different courses of conduct, both of which are equally reasonable, comes to this: First, he regards that conduct to be reasonable which would be approved by a perfectly impartial spectator, that is, by a being whose views would not be coloured by his own passions. This leads, as he says, to intuitional utilitarianism, or, as I should say, to pure Godwinism. Then he says that that conduct is reasonable which would be pursued by a man of private affections, but elevated above considerations of time. Any equal period of existence would be equally valuable to him. And thence, as it seems to be obvious that at each moment a man does what pleases him best, we arrive by a kind of integration at the conclusion that that course will please him best which gives him the greatest net result of pleasure. Between two such people there is of course an inevitable contradiction. As Mr. Sidgwick cannot find any mode of deciding which of these conceptions represents reason in the abstract, he is in a hopeless dilemma. Such a

dilemma awaits anybody who thinks that reason can explain its own primary data, instead of reconciling the inferences from them. Meanwhile I am content to say that neither case represents any actual human being. Reason, on my view, necessarily produces different results when we start with different motives, just as reason brings out different conclusions if we start from different evidence. The fact that people ultimately agree in mathematical conclusions proves that their primary intuitions are the same, or at least analogous. The fact that they disagree in moral conclusions proves that their primary instincts are different. The resulting discord proves only that the universe is in this sense an embodiment of unreason, that it is full of conflicting impulses. That is a fact which will be explained when we know the origin of evil. To me the difficulty seems to be only a reflection upon the mirror of metaphysics of the indisputable truth that mankind is engaged in a perpetual struggle for existence, with the consequent crushing out—as we must try to hope—of the weakest and the worst.

LESLIE STEPHEN.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE STAGE.

MY earliest recollection of the stage dates from the time, in the early part of this century, when I was a little boy at school in a small town in Warwickshire. A barn in a suburb had been fitted up for a company of strolling players. With feelings of curiosity and wonder, I and some of my schoolfellows often ran to this barn, to read the bills posted on the doors, try to peep into the interior, and gaze at the actors and actresses who entered or emerged. Well do I remember their pale faces, lank forms, easy hilarious manners, and somewhat showy, shabby-genteel attire. We looked at them with great admiration; they appeared to belong to a world very different from ours, and we pictured to ourselves the delight of those fortunate mortals who could gain admission to the play-house and see them perform.

One day two of the actors known to us by sight passed through our playground to call on the vicar, our schoolmaster, and our excitement was great in speculating on their errand. At dinner our master announced to us that he had bespoken a play, and that on the evening of its performance we should all be taken to see it. I can recall my sensation on awaking on the morning of that day; those pleasurable flutterings at the heart which came with the revived consciousness of a promised treat, now close at hand.

The play was *Richard III.* Probably in the acting, and in every other respect, the representation was extremely poor. But to my inexperienced mind neither faults nor deficiencies were visible, and nothing detracted from the interest with which I attended to the plot and language of the tragedy. Besides, I had more than once been at Stratford-on-Avon, and the name of the great bard was a house-

hold word. Bosworth-field, too, was within a few miles of my birth-place, and in the last scenes of the play whatever thought—unabsorbed in the action—may have glanced to the place where it occurred, had probably more colouring from local memories than from the art of the scene-painter. This first experience of play-acting, in the poor little makeshift theatre, was a great enjoyment; became firmly fixed in my memory, and an often recurring subject of my dreams.

My second visit to a theatre happened when I was between eight and nine years of age. My parents took me with them to the metropolis, travelling from Leicestershire with their own carriage and horses. Whilst in London I often went to the stables, as I had been in the habit of doing at home, to see the horses and chat with my friend and patron, John the coachman. He entertained me now by talking about the sights and wonders of the town, and one day he asked me if I should like to go with him to the play and see the famous Mrs. Siddons. Eager for the pleasure, I soon asked and obtained permission, and one fine spring afternoon, by the side of the stalwart and kind-hearted man, trotted merrily from Bolton Street to Covent Garden Theatre, where we were amongst the first to post ourselves before the doors of the 'two-shilling gallery.' When these at last opened, John half dragged me up the many flights of steps, and we succeeded in gaining front seats. I remember the motto—'Veluti in speculum'—over the proscenium, and John's being gratified by his young master telling him the meaning of the Latin words. The play was *Macbeth*, with Mrs. Siddons the tragic heroine. My attention soon became especially fixed on her acting. I have never

forgotten the clear and sonorous tones of her voice, her stately movements, nor, in the sleep-walking scene, the thrilling way she uttered the words, 'Out, damned spot, out!'—the action of her hands being as if she were washing them. Young as I was, the mental anguish she displayed in this scene appalled me, and made my blood almost curdle. I can remember, too, the part of the stage where she stood, and all the seemingly spell-bound movements of her body. The scenery of the play, and even the witches, made comparatively little impression on me. Some after-piece followed the absorbing tragedy, but everything connected with that has faded from my memory.

The third time I went to the theatre was in the winter of 1815-16. My father then resided in London, and one night he took me with him to Lord Byron's private box at Drury Lane, placing me in front so as to give me the best view of the performance. The box was on the stage, to the right of the audience. Again the play, though this time not Shakespeare's, was a striking one, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, with Edmund Kean in the part of Sir Giles Overreach. Soon after the play had begun, Lord Byron, then one of the committee of management of Drury Lane Theatre, came into the box. My father bade me rise to give him my seat, but he insisted on my keeping it, and as he did so I remarked the sweetness of his smile. Recalling to mind that smile in after years, I could not help believing there must have been much kindness in Lord Byron's nature; so slight a thing often is enough to bias our judgment of others.

It was the first time I had seen Lord Byron, of whose renown as a poet I had latterly heard much, and my boyish curiosity was excited, though naturally I had but imperfect conceptions of his genius. His pale face, glossy and curly dark hair, and

handsome and most expressive features, irresistibly attracted my gaze; in fact, throughout the evening he fascinated me quite as much as did Kean. Lord Byron several times left the box and returned to it. He was present there during the scene where Sir Giles Overreach is unmasked, and in his fury, and choking, as it were, with rage at finding himself foiled, tears away the collar from his neck. Kean's acting, I remember, made me tremble; my attention was riveted; and as he stood near our box, with his face turned towards it (perhaps because he knew Lord Byron was there), it is no wonder I was deeply affected. When the play was at an end I heard Lord Byron, in lively conversation with my father, highly extol the acting of Kean; and I remember, too, his remarking, that 'the youngster' had felt his power.

As Lord Byron sat opposite to me, I could not, as I have said, help gazing much at him, particularly when the curtain was down, as if under a fascination, in a way that I should not have ventured to do had I been older. His beautiful and animated face was full of attraction, and I noted with admiration the longitudinal wrinkles which, when conversing with my father, he frequently threw up on his brow. They seemed to me at my age so beautiful that, before I went to bed that night, I tried before a looking-glass to produce similar wrinkles in my own forehead, and felt disappointed at the want of success.

We remained in Lord Byron's box till the end of the performances. The play, which had interested me so much, was followed by a farce, the name of which I have forgotten. I only recollect that Mrs. Mardyn acted in it, and that she was very sprightly, graceful, and handsome. Subsequently I heard reports mentioned in my father's house that Lord Byron not only greatly admired, but, for a newly married

man, paid too much attention to this fascinating actress. This piece of scandal, however, my father believed to be baseless. Yet, after the separation of Lord and Lady Byron, I remember seeing a caricature in which the poet was represented near to an open door, with one arm round the waist of Mrs. Mardyn, the other extended towards his wife, as if bidding her adieu; whilst from his mouth escaped the first two lines of the well-known verses, 'Fare thee well,' &c. Lady Byron was on the further side of the picture, with her baby in her arms, and being led by her father, dressed as a top-booted country squire, to an opposite door.

My first three visits to theatres, of which I am able only to give this meagre and pallid account, nevertheless formed episodes of my early life. The impressions received were vivid, and have never died from my memory. Now, I may say with Iago, 'I am nothing if not critical;' but in those early days the mind was naturally more receptive than reflective. Conscions, in later years, that my early impressions of the stage stamped definite pictures on my brain, have afforded me much food for after-thought, and contributed to the formation of my taste, I have often asked myself what would have been the effect if, instead of classical plays, I had been taken to theatres, as boys now-a-days generally are, to see some of our modern entertainments; for instance, glittering and senseless burlesques, with their grotesque and often gross actions, and to listen to vulgar jokes and tasteless puns.

When recalling to mind, further, these first three visits to theatres, as also many others in London that soon followed — at a time when grand scenery and elaborate stage effects were not held to be of such importance as at present—I cannot but share the opinion of those who maintain that

too much value may be attached to the getting-up of plays. By crowding the stage with supernumeraries in processions, dances, &c., even in plays of Shakespeare, instead of the pleasure derivable from their representation being enhanced, the attention from essential beauties and good acting is to a considerable extent withdrawn.

From the time when, from Lord Byron's box, I first saw Edmund Kean, my education having been continued at home, I had frequent opportunities of visiting London theatres. The reading, too, in which I most delighted was that of dramatic works. Besides Shakespeare, my father's library contained the works of Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other dramatists, all of which I read with avidity, often fancying myself acting some of the characters, and thus, perhaps, was better prepared than most boys of my age for relishing dramatic representations.

From 1816 to 1825 I frequently went to the two 'patent theatres' and to the 'little summer theatre' in the Haymarket, and saw all the most celebrated actors and actresses in those years, and in all, or nearly all, their principal parts. John Kemble I well remember as Coriolanus, Cato, Cardinal Wolsey, King John, and as Penruddock in *The Wheel of Fortune*. He seemed to me a very grand and powerful actor, perfect in all his parts. Perhaps he most interested me as Wolsey and King John. Mrs. Siddons I saw once more (in 1816) when she acted the part of Queen Catherine, her brother John playing Cardinal Wolsey. The visit to Covent Garden that evening made a great impression on me. Charles Kemble did Falconbridge to perfection, his fine figure and manly bearing suiting him well for that character; and Miss O'Neill was a very touching Lady Constance. I have seen Stephen Kemble once, as



Falstaff, looking the character better than he acted it; and Mrs. Charles Kemble in several comic parts—a good actress, but at that time best suited where stoutness of figure was no disadvantage.

Miss O'Neill I have repeatedly seen on the stage, and in nearly all her principal tragic parts—as Lady Constance aforesaid, as Juliet, as Isabella, Belvidera, Mrs. Haller, and Jane Shore. She may not have been so grand as Mrs. Siddons in some of the parts which both these actresses have undertaken, but for pathos and tenderness Miss O'Neill can scarcely have been surpassed by any actress. A more fascinating and touching Juliet was, perhaps, never seen; and indeed in all her principal characters she strongly enlisted one's sympathies. I have seen her too in less serious parts; for instance, with much pleasure as Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew*—in which play Charles Young acted with her, as Petruchio, most admirably—and also as Lady Teazle. In the latter part, excepting in the later scenes, she did not interest me particularly, having seen Miss Brunton in the same part with more pleasure. *The School for Scandal* on the whole has probably never been better performed than in the days alluded to. Charles Kemble and Young were admirable representatives of the characters of Charles and Joseph Surface, and W. Farren acted Sir Peter Teazle to perfection. In all three the bearing of polished gentlemen was conspicuous, and whilst Charles Kemble fully represented his character, in animal spirits, open-heartedness, and wit, Young was quite as effective for the ease and refined speciousness he displayed in the part of Joseph.

All the performances just mentioned were at Covent Garden Theatre, but I also frequently visited its rival, 'Old Drury,' and saw Edmund Kean in all his prin-

cipal parts; especially remembering him in Richard III., Othello, Macbeth, Lear, Shylock, Sir Edmund Mortimer, Bertram, and, as already mentioned, Sir Giles Overreach. He thoroughly realised all the characters I have seen him perform, and by giving in certain scenes the freest expression to his inspirations of the moment, he often aroused his audiences to an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm. Although small in stature, his limbs were well proportioned, his face handsome and expressive, his eyes full of fire. More than once I have seen him at Drury Lane as Othello—in which part he displayed much pathos—and Charles Young at the same time as Iago. The latter performed his part with such life-like ease, and brought out the satirical and humorous features of it so admirably, that, in the earlier scenes, one could hardly help regarding the clever villain with feelings akin to liking. It is not possible, I think, that any other actor in the part of Iago could ever have displayed more perfectly than Young the consciousness of superior intellectual power, contempt for others, and wickedness of purpose, yet masked withal by the semblance of honest candour. One could well understand how Cassio and Othello were as wax in the hands of so specious a villain. I once saw Kean and Young at Drury Lane reverse their parts in this tragedy, but with less satisfaction.

Kean was likewise admirable in comic parts. I liked him particularly in *The Honeymoon*; and on his benefit nights I have seen him as Paul in *Paul and Virginia*, as Sylvester Daggerwood, and I once saw him dressed and dance as a harlequin, I think in an afterpiece called the *Admirable Crichton*, and had thus an opportunity of admiring the remarkable grace and agility of his bodily movements.

Macready I have also many times

seen at each of the 'patent theatres,' and on the boards of the Haymarket. Although neither his face, figure, nor voice well suited him for some of the tragic parts he undertook—for instance, Romeo and Hamlet—yet his acting of Hamlet was very intellectual and good, and as Othello he affected me almost as much as Kean had done, and certainly looked the character much better. As Beverley, too, as William Tell and as Gambier in *The Slave* he was very effective. In 1841, when, after nine years' absence, I was again in England for a short time, I saw him act once more; this time at the Haymarket, as Claude Melnotte in *The Lady of Lyons*. On this occasion Miss Helen Faucit acted with him, and was very effective and fascinating as Pauline. I was not only much moved myself by the acting of these two, but I remarked the great effect it produced on the feelings of the audience in general. Only a true conception of his parts, earnestness of purpose, and high histrionic art could enable an actor to make such impressions on an audience as Macready was capable of making; though, at the same time, there was a certain mannerism—though quite original—in his style of acting, and his movements and postures were often far from graceful. Nevertheless in impassioned moments he always greatly fixed the attention, and enlisted the sympathies of the audience by his force and pathos. Like the Kembles and Charles Young, Macready was noted, in private life, as well as on the stage, for gentlemanly bearing. I have not had the pleasure of his acquaintance, but with Charles Kemble and Young I have had many opportunities of agreeable intercourse.

When I think of the other actors and actresses whom I have seen in early life, I am almost bewildered by the number and variety of my recollections. I am unable, how-

ever, to do much more than recall to mind general impressions of their powers, and the pleasure I have derived from the performances of their famous parts. Elliston, Dowton, Munden, Emery,—each of these was gifted with a well-marked individuality, and a special power of pleasing. Elliston, I remember particularly as Archer, in *Beaux' Strategem*; as Young Rapid, in *Cure for a Heartache*; as Rover, in *Wild Oats*; and as Vapid, in *The Dramatist*. Although he was no longer young at that time, yet the ease and buoyancy of his acting were still truly remarkable. As Archer, his acting must have been almost as captivating as, by all accounts, that of Garrick had been in this part. Dowton played in more solid and gravely humorous parts, and indeed for more lively and mercurial, neither his mental gifts nor his figure would have suited him. I particularly remember him as Dr. Cantwell in *The Hypocrite*, representing the sensual pretender to godliness with great fire and unction. Having seen M. Bressant in London (in the spring of 1871) in the character of Tartuffe, and compared, as well as memory would allow, his acting with that of Dowton in the English counterpart of the character, I came to the conclusion that the Frenchman acted the religious hypocrite in a far more refined and subtle manner than Dowton did. But probably the English version of Molière's great play is coarse compared to the original. In the latter, the character of Mawworm, for instance, belonging rather to broad farce than comedy, and which Liston acted so ludicrously, is not to be found. I have seen Dowton, too, act Sir Anthony Absolute to great perfection. Munden, of the dry and racy humour, lives vividly in my memory. He was excellent as Old Rapid (on the occasion when I saw Elliston as Young Rapid), as Justice Woodcock, as Dornton in *The Road*

to *Ruin*—on which occasion I again saw, and greatly admired, Mrs. Mardyn's Sophia. I twice saw him and Dowton in *The Beggars' Opera*, the first as Peachum, the second as Lockit, and the enjoyment these two humorous actors gave the theatre was very great. Emery, too, was a comedian who not only provoked much hilarity, by acting entirely free from buffoonery, but likewise could touch the heart and draw tears by his earnestness and pathos. He was admirable in particular when representing unsophisticated rustic characters, Yorkshiremen, &c. Tokeley I also well remember as an excellent comic actor. I have seen him, together with Emery and Liston, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he as Snug, the others as Quince and Bottom, when they convulsed the house with laughter. These three likewise acted together with great force at Covent Garden, in the parts of Dirk Hatteraick, Dandie Dinmont, and Dominic Sampson, in the musical drama founded on Walter Scott's *Guy Mannering*. Liston, as the Dominic, was irresistibly comical; and in this piece Mrs. Egerton was very forcible and effective as Meg Merrilies. I have also seen with much enjoyment other plays founded on Scott's novels in which Miss Stephens (subsequently Countess of Essex) sang Scotch melodies with great plaintiveness and sweetness of expression. These dramas were very popular at the time now alluded to, and they were frequently given at Covent Garden in the same season. But it was not then the custom, as now, to run a popular piece hundreds of nights in succession, whereby the actors are at length almost necessitated to perform their parts mechanically. Macready was very effective and popular in the part of Rob Roy, Mrs. Egerton as the freebooter's wife, and Liston as Bailie Nicol Jarvie. The latter was certainly very droll in this part, but I have since seen the part of the

Bailie far more characteristically though less comically performed in Edinburgh by a Scotch actor, Mackay.

Mathews I saw repeatedly on the boards of Covent Garden, and have never known an actor of more versatile comic power. He could thoroughly stimulate and sustain the hilarity of an audience. Very amusing he was in *Love, Law, and Physic*, and particularly in the scene where he sang, in a mock pathetic way, the song of 'Poor Miss Bailey,' using pestle and mortar the while; and no less so as Lenitive in *The Prize*, as Puff in *The Critic*, and as Sylvester Daggerwood. After his engagement at Covent Garden was over, I saw him three or four times at the Lyceum, in an original entertainment, called *At Home*, in which his drollery, wit, and power of mimicry literally convulsed everybody with laughter. For myself I remember on one occasion having to leave the box to recover from the effect produced on me of too strong a dose of *vis comica*.

Other comedians, whom I well remember on the stage, were Harley, Alfred Jones, Russell, Wrench, Yates, Terry, and, as already mentioned, Liston, who, perhaps, was the most generally popular comic actor I have ever seen. The first four of the actors I have just named, and whom I have seen chiefly in broad farces, excelled in representing lively, dashing characters, and if they were not gifted with great originality or versatility of power, they were always highly entertaining. Harley and Russell were the most humorous of the four. Harley was highly amusing as Risk in *Love laughs at Locksmiths*, and as Puff in *The Critic*. Russell I remember causing great laughter as Jerry Snek in *The Mayor of Garrett*, in which piece Terry, too, was admirable as Major Sturgeon. Jones was good as Vapid, and as

Jeremy Diddler; Wrench as Sponge, in *Where shall I dine?* Jones was amusing, too, in *A Roland for an Oliver*, in which piece he acted with the fascinating Miss Foote as Maria Darlington. I can vividly recall to mind the scene where Maria, feigning to be deranged, with her long hair down her back, and her head between the boughs of a weeping willow, sang to the air of a popular waltz and ended with dancing. In this scene Miss Foote succeeded in turning the heads of the *jeunesse dorée* of that day. But she was still more admirable in better parts; for instance, Imogen, Miss Neville, in *She stoops to Conquer*, and Letitia Hardy. Terry was an earnest and intellectual actor, of a higher stamp than those above mentioned. I remember to have seen him at the Haymarket with admiration as Mephistopheles in an English version of Goethe's *Faust*, and as Mr. Green in a piece called *The Green Man*. This latter piece, like *Paul Pry*—in which Liston was so famous—had a great run at that theatre.

Miss Brunton I saw several times after she had married Mr. Yates, and the latter and Terry had taken the Adelphi Theatre. Yates was considered to be an excellent actor and mimic; but, though he had a good position at Covent Garden, and I remember him very amusing in a piece written to caricature the officers of a certain Hussar regiment, reputed to be excessively extravagant, fine, and conceited, he did not, on the whole, impress me greatly. Far otherwise was it with his wife. Her acting of the chief character in *Victorine*; or, *I'll sleep on it*, was very touching, and in other so-called Adelphi pieces she deeply moved the hearts of her audiences.

Whilst recalling to mind pieces of a sensational character—far removed from such as are now so designated—I must speak of the me-

lodramas which, in my early play-going days, were very popular as after-pieces at the 'patent theatres.' Miss Kelly, in *The Maid and the Magpie*, in *The Innkeeper's Daughter* (founded on Southey's exquisite ballad, 'Mary the Maid of the Inn'), in *The Forty Thieves*, and other pieces of that stamp, has often thrilled me to the core. There was something peculiarly touching in Miss Kelly's voice, so clear and of a quality which goes direct to the heart. In this respect it resembled that of some dramatic singer's I have heard of late—of Mlle. Nilsson, for instance. Her pantomimic action, too, was very impressive and never overdone. The illusion produced by her acting was every way perfect; and after the feelings of her audiences had been long kept in a state of harrowing suspense, and many tears had been shed over her trials and dangers as melodramatic heroine, great was the relief when the happy dénouement came.

In recording thus warmly my reminiscences of Miss Kelly's acting, it is not to be supposed that I have ranked her above the great tragic actresses I have seen. Possibly melodramas would not interest me now, certainly not unless I could again see in them an actress like Miss Kelly, and such performers as Munden, Downton, Wallack, and Oxberry—who appeared with her in *The Maid and the Magpie*—as likewise Tokeley, Farley, and T. P. Cooke, whom I have repeatedly seen in pieces of that class. Still, if only moderately well performed, a melodrama—like *The Innkeeper's Daughter*—would please me far better than some of our modern sensational pieces with their confused plots, mechanical attempts at realism, and their *tableaux vivants*. Indeed, as regards the latter point, if a drama be good and well acted, I know of nothing better suited to dispel illusions, than to see the per-



formers throw themselves into attitudes as the acts come to an end, and then to have the curtain raised again and again to display the picture.

Although melodramas, such as I have had experience of, can greatly affect the feelings, yet the impressions they leave on the mind are not so strong and lasting as those produced by a good tragedy. This naturally must be the case, if only for the reason that melodramas end cheerily, thus dispelling previous saddening impressions. Perhaps Miss Kelly would not have succeeded well in tragedy (she acted, however, Ophelia, though I have never seen her in that part). Her histrionic talent was not concentrated in the expression of one class of emotions, for she was quite as fascinating in comic characters as in representing grief and the deeper feelings of the heart. I remember her as Kitty in *High Life below Stairs*, as Miss Peggy in *The Country Girl*, as Lucy in *The Beggars' Opera*, and in other comic parts, in which for naturalness, piquancy, and sprightliness she was inimitable.

There is another city in which, in early life, I have had great opportunities of seeing good plays thoroughly well acted. In the autumn of 1825 I went to Edinburgh, and resided there more than a year. At that time Mrs. Henry Siddons, the daughter-in-law of the great actress, was the proprietress of the Theatre Royal, and as I was fortunate enough to have been well introduced to her, she not only frequently invited me to her house, but kindly gave me a free admission to the theatre. Several of the London celebrities came to act in Edinburgh, and I not only saw them again in their principal parts, but had the advantage of becoming acquainted with them at Mrs. H. Siddons' dinner table. Good acting now afforded me even greater enjoyment than heretofore,

and was more thoroughly and critically appreciated. Mrs. Henry Siddons' conception and impersonation of the characters she undertook were perfect. In the parts of Ophelia and Desdemona, for instance, I had previously, and have since, seen many great actresses, yet to my mind there was a touching simplicity and truth to nature—a charm, in fact—in Mrs. H. Siddons' representation of those characters, surpassing all that I have elsewhere seen. Not only was my highest conception of beauty in them fully realised by Mrs. H. Siddons, but she brought home to my mind some of their more delicate feminine traits, and the full tragic interest attached to these creations of our great dramatic poet. In private life, Mrs. H. Siddons was as worthy of admiration as on the boards of a theatre. Her refined and highly cultivated mind and her amiable disposition were greatly esteemed by all who knew her. Even the most frigid Calvinists had nothing but good to say of this actress. This little tribute to the memory of a lady to whose social virtues and histrionic talent I have owed great profit and enjoyment, may, I trust, be pardoned should it meet the eyes of any member of her family, and not be considered out of place by those who take an interest in the stage.

Edmund Kean I have never seen to greater advantage than in the moderately-sized theatre of Edinburgh. There he had no far-scated 'gods' on whom to make an impression, and had not to strain his voice, as in the large arena of Drury Lane, the auditorium of that theatre being much larger at that time than it is now. I cannot conceive anything more perfect than his acting of Othello, along with Mrs. H. Siddons as Desdemona. Charles Young, and Charles Kemble also, I have never seen act to greater perfection than in Edinburgh.

The experiences now gained of actors and actresses not only eminent on the stage, but remarkable in social life for various admirable qualities, led me to reflect on the connection between the natural character of an actor and his power of embodying particular creations of great dramatic authors. It is generally admitted, I believe, that John Kemble displayed neither versatility on the stage, nor in social intercourse. His admirable impersonation of Coriolanus, and of other strong-willed characters, agreed, I presume, with his own strong and somewhat proud disposition. Of Mrs. Siddons I have heard it said by some of her contemporaries, that she was always the 'tragedy queen.' This may have been an exaggeration, though her manners and deportment in society, as I remember them, were certainly very earnest and formal. Subsequent to her retirement from the stage, I passed a fortnight under the same roof with her in a country house. Her reserved and stately manners impressed me almost painfully. I never ventured to speak to her, nor do I remember her ever addressing a word to me. I remember that at dinner one day an impudent boy just arrived from the Charterhouse School, on hearing Mrs. Siddons addressed by her name, repeated it, as it were to himself, and then turning to her said, 'Mrs. Siddons, ar'n't you a player?' Drawing herself up in her stately way, she replied, 'I was, sir!'

Had the mind of Mrs. Siddons been versatile, less concentrated on the deeper feelings of the human heart, she would not have been able to display that lofty and peculiar tragic force which has been felt by all who have seen her.

Mathews may be cited as an instance, in another line of acting, of natural gifts being in harmony with success on the stage. In social circles he was generally

hilarious, witty, and most entertaining, especially whenever he felt himself at ease, and no demands were made on him for exertion. I remember him at Mrs. H. Siddons' dinner table, overflowing with witty sallies, with anecdotes and jokes, causing quite as much laughter as when 'at home' on the stage. Charles Mathews, the son of this celebrated comedian, has owed a great part of his popularity to having inherited his father's temperament. Although he was brought up to be an architect, his natural bent led him to give up that profession for the stage. I recollect Mrs. H. Siddons asking the elder Mathews about his son, then a pupil to an architect. 'Oh,' he replied in his humorous way, 'Charley can now draw a house almost as well as I can.'

I also heard Mathews give Mrs. H. Siddons an account of a party in the house of a rich Writer of the Signet, a kind of northern Mæcenas, with whom he had dined the day before. In the drollest way, Mathews, speaking of this dinner party, said that neither host, hostess, nor any of the guests knew how to promote conversation. With the dessert, he added, came in a body of young children, who arranged themselves, according to their size, on each side of their mother. After this, the conversation flagged more than ever, and the eyes of young, as well as old, became fixed on the unhappy comedian. At length the lady of the house, in her eagerness to have her darlings amused, turning to Mathews said, 'Oh, dear Mr. Mathews, pray begin to be funny, for the children soon must go to bed.' This, added Mathews, was the climax; so pleading indisposition, he made his escape from the party as soon as he could.

Liston, on the other hand, whom I likewise met in Mrs. H. Siddons' house, was a comic actor of a very different stamp. His great popu-

larity was owing in no slight degree to a face, figure, and voice provocative of hilarity, independent of comic talent, but in society he looked heavy, almost sad; and whatever amount of comic spirit may have been in his brains—and he must have had some amount, for I have seen him apparently enjoying the merriment and fun he occasioned—seems to have been husbanded by him for public exhibition. It has been remarked of other comic actors besides Liston, that they were not lively and amusing in society. But probably none of those to whom such observations applied, have resembled Mathews as regards his many-sidedness and natural turn for mimicry. Moreover, comic actors who are famous only in one particular line, and who have frequently to exhaust their force on the stage, will, according to the laws of reaction, become liable to be listless and even dull in society. On the other hand, I have known tragedians—who, however, were men of considerable and varied mental capacity—much more lively and witty in social intercourse than professed comedians.

The foregoing recollections of the English stage may be supplemented with a slight mention of some theatrical experiences on the Continent, chiefly in Germany. In Munich I have repeatedly seen the tragedians Esslair and Madame Sophie Schroeder in many of their principal parts, and in Vienna have witnessed many admirable performances of classical plays in the Burg Theatre. At this latter, the company (1834-5) appeared to me perfect. Such actors and actresses—to name only a few—as Herrn Lowe, Anschütz, La Roche, and Fechner and his wife, I have nowhere else seen together. Extraordinary histrionic talents were conspicuous in each. During a long residence in Dresden, I have

seen many eminent actors at the Court Theatre in that capital. In these cities, as well as in Weimar and other towns, I have often seen the plays of Shakespeare admirably performed, all, or nearly all, the characters in them being well sustained—a thing which of late years it has been impossible to see in London; La Roche and Scydelman's impersonations of Shylock, and Dawson's Richard the Third—although differing in some respect from the traditions of the English stage—being especially memorable. In addition to these, the brothers Edward and Emil Devrient, Herr Pauli, Madame Bayer Bürck, Fräulein Rettig, and others, whom I have often seen on the Dresden boards—and with most of whom I have had the advantage of social intercourse—have contributed not only to enlarge my store of agreeable reminiscences of the stage, but to form likewise in my mind a very high opinion of dramatic art and a conviction of its educational value. The late Madame Schroeder Devrient, the daughter of Madame Schroeder, the celebrated tragic actress, I repeatedly saw in Dresden in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and in the serious operas of Gluck, Spohr, and Meyerbeer, as well as in operas of the modern Italian school; and apart from her musical gifts, her touching voice, particularly in its middle tones, and her power of vocal expression, she displayed histrionic talent of the highest order. I have known her likewise in private life, and ranked her with the most genial of her sex.

Of the stage in France I have had but little experience, but have seen the great Talma as Orestes, and, though too young at the time to have been critical, can remember to have felt his power; and subsequently, in Paris, have seen and greatly admired the actresses Jenny Vertpré and Leontine Fay at the Gymnase in the vaudevilles of

that time, and Mademoiselle Mars several times, both at the Théâtre Français in Paris and at the Opera House in London, a truly great actress, remarkable alike for dignity, elegance, and depth of feeling. To all the polish and refinement of the French school were added in her those deeper qualities which touch the heart. I remember her well in a piece called *Valérie*, being the heroine of that name, who until the last act, when she is restored to sight by the skill of her lover, is represented as blind. In one of the scenes, when female beauty is mentioned, nothing could exceed the charm of her expression, and the sweetly naïve way in which, addressing her lover, she says, 'Et moi, suis-je jolie?'

A German actress, Caroline Bauer, whom I have frequently seen on the boards of the Dresden theatre, and met in the saloon of Tieck, the poet and dramaturgist, has reported a conversation she once had with the latter about Mademoiselle Mars.<sup>1</sup> 'Mademoiselle Mars,' she told the poet, 'is the only French actress whose acting is truly German, and who has only adopted from her countrywomen their inimitable grace and effervescing *esprit*. The good Parisians admire in their heavenly Mars (to be sure without knowing it, for otherwise the pride of *la grande nation* would not permit admiration) German art, German soul, German acting.' That German political writers claim for their

nation a pre-eminence for *Geist und Tugend*, I have long been aware, but the above instance of national exaltation in an actress is as striking as it is ludicrous.

To offer, in conclusion, a few observations on the English stage, according to my experiences of late years, I must express the pain it has given me to see the great falling-off since the days of Garrick, of which I have only historical knowledge,<sup>2</sup> and those of his successors, the Kembles, Charles Young, Edmund Kean, Macready, and others, of the impressions derived from whose acting I have given some brief account. With the exception of Alfred Wigan, the genial Robson, and the graceful and dignified Miss Helen Faucit, of late years I have hardly seen an actor who has left his stamp on my brain. I have never seen Alfred Wigan on the stage without being charmed with his refined, intellectual, and feeling performances; and I must mention his wife, too, as an excellent actress. I have several times seen this couple together with special enjoyment at the St. James's Theatre in the *Poor Nobleman*.

In the summer of 1854 I took Edward Devrient, the celebrated German actor and director of the Grand-Ducal Theatre at Carlsruhe, to the Olympic to see *The Porter's Knot*. My companion, though but little acquainted with our language, was extremely interested in Robson's acting. He had never seen, he told me, an actor who in his par-

<sup>1</sup> 'Aus meinem Bühnenleben,' in the periodical *Ueber Land und Meer*. Stuttgart, 1871.

<sup>2</sup> One of the most fascinating accounts of Garrick's acting with which I am acquainted is that by Lichtenberg, a German author of the last century, celebrated alike as a mathematician and astronomer, and as a witty, humorous, and critical writer. In his *Briefe aus England* (published in his collected works) the acting of Garrick as Hamlet, as Sir John Brute in *The Provoked Wife*, as Archer in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, as Abel Drugger in *The Alchemist*, and in some other of his celebrated parts, is admirably described; and the bodily, mental, and other causes of Garrick's pre-eminence as an actor are well explained. These letters, translated by me, have been published, with some omissions, by Mr. Tom Taylor in his article on 'The Great Actors of 1775' (*Victoria Magazine*, 1863). The Hon. Robert (now Lord) Lytton, several years afterwards, drew attention to the same letters in another periodical.



ticular line—the combination of the comic and pathetic—had more power over the feelings of an audience. His admiration of Robson was expressed, indeed, in the warmest terms. I remember, however, to have seen in Vienna and other capitals, a German actor, Herr Raimund, who, like Robson, united the grotesque and touching in a striking degree. His acting in pieces written by himself—perhaps of too romantic a character for the English taste—was, until his sad end, extremely popular throughout Germany, and I have several times experienced the great effect he produced.

Perhaps there may be some clever

actors on the English stage at present whom I have not seen, or not to best advantage. Mr. Phelps, whose name stands high, I have only seen in one of Shakespeare's characters, in which, although I perceived that he was a thoughtful and good actor, he did not answer my expectations. But I have not seen him as Lord Ogleby, nor as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, said to be his best parts.

As to 'the decay of the drama' in England, and the possible 'revival of the drama,' so many and complicated considerations present themselves, that, at least for the present, I must pretermit them.

R. R. NOEL.



## SOME POLITICAL ASPECTS OF SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S EXPEDITION.

**M**ANY things have contributed lately to draw attention more than ordinary to the position of Egypt and the intentions and aims of the Khedive, but none more so than the recently published book by Sir Samuel Baker. 'Ismailia' goes over to some extent the same ground as this great traveller's 'Albert N'yanza,' but it has an interest peculiar to itself to which that fascinating book could lay no claim. Sir Samuel went forth on his last journey no longer as a private adventurer taking his life in his hand for the glory of being recorded discoverer of the sources of the Nile, but as a high official of the Egyptian Viceroy backed by an army and bent on conquest. This position puts a meaning on his story and gives his actions an importance which they could not otherwise have possessed; and as reviewers have hitherto touched but slightly upon this side of the subject, I should like to dwell upon it for a little. Ordinary literary criticism of this book we have had enough of, and it has had much well-deserved praise for its style, the vigorous personality it displays, and the keen interest which its author manages to excite and maintain. There is, however, this other aspect of the subject—that which deals with what Sir Samuel did as Baker Pacha, and to this I shall address myself.

It must have been difficult for a reader of Sir Samuel Baker's other books to suppress a feeling of surprise and astonishment on hearing that he had accepted a mission of conquest on behalf of the Viceroy of Egypt. Surely this was a strange conversion—Sir Samuel Baker going to put the heel of Africa under the heel of the Turk! Impossible! Had he not always

denounced the Turk with the utmost bitterness as a being incapable of governing, rapacious, and bloodthirsty, quoting with approval the proverb, 'The grass never grows in the footsteps of a Turk,' as a sample of the popular feeling about this dominant race? And yet here he was himself one of them, a Turkish official full of zeal for the Egyptian service. He had become Baker Pacha, and was to conquer the whole Nile basin to the dominions of the Khedive. Ah! but he was to put down the slave trade: this is the scroll on his banner; he goes to set the poor aborigines free. Well, that only added to the puzzle; for were not the Mahomedan rulers of Egypt the main cause of that slave trade? The Turks did not themselves kidnap, and so the Arabs kindly did it for them; but the Arabs alone could not have pursued the traffic without strong support. Slaveholding was a necessity in the social life of the Turk race: thus only could menials be procured; the palaces of the Khedive, the houses of his ministers, the bazaars, private dwellings—all swarmed with slaves, with men, women, and children brought from the Upper Nile valleys, from the far African inland. These beings are kept to do degrading work, or for their master's pleasure, or as sources of profit; and as they are apt to die of pulmonary diseases in the climate of Lower Egypt, the supply of these human commodities has to be constant and large. To conquer the great slave countries, therefore, and to bring them under the direct government of the Turk, what was it but to secure this supply? With such a condition of things, it was rather a misnomer to call such a raid with a view to annexation, an

Expedition to suppress the Slave Trade. Sir Samuel Baker went to conquer on behalf of the Mahomedan, the most inveterate slaveholder in the world. In doing so he might lessen the brutalities of a miserable traffic, but stop that traffic he could not. If he imagined that he could, he ought to have known Egypt better.

This uncomfortable feeling, both as to the character of the mission Sir Samuel undertook, and as to his own judgment in accepting and conducting it, does not grow smaller as one reads the vigorous history in which, now that his work is done, Sir Samuel tells what he did and how he fared. Sometimes, as when he describes the solemn ceremony of 'annexing' a piece of territory with flag flying, troop reviewing, and gun firing, the sensation produced in the reader's mind is one bordering on the comical, but mostly this story makes one sad. We ask continually what good has Sir Samuel Baker done by all this expenditure of energy and resolution—this marching, fighting, slave-boat capturing, haranguing, and wrangling on the Upper Nile? He has brought the country little or no nearer civilisation; passing through it as he did much like a meteor in the midnight sky, he has left the darkness seemingly greater than he found it. Hatred from the slave-dealers; and amongst the miserable tribes, fear that these dealers would know how to utilise to their own profit the disorganisation produced when the 'conqueror's' back was turned—these effects he produced plentifully; but not a score of such expeditions as his under the auspices of the Turk could put slave-hunting down. The constant wrath with which he alludes to the doings of his arch-enemy, the prince of Arab slave-hunters, Abou Saoud, is itself a confession of his impotence to effect the purpose for which he ostensibly

came. This wrath becomes almost a wail towards the close of the book. Perhaps this presence of a power other than his own, and, up to a short time before he left the country, as legal as his own—for Abou Saoud carried the licence of the Government—might have opened Sir Samuel's eyes to the true nature of his position, had he not been blinded, as one must, I fear, conclude, by a somewhat inordinate vanity. He denounces the deeds of his enemy, but he does not cease to boast of his own conquests, of the fear he inspired, of the tribes he conquered, and the savages he shot. How could this hater of the Turk in other days become thus his boastful servant, unless from being intoxicated with the part of a puppet Alexander, of despot over lands enough to make an empire? That this 'passion of the mind' in part accounts for it is what I fear and believe. But there were other reasons that influenced him—reasons which show, I think, the nobler side of Sir Samuel Baker's character, and which probably at the outset of his work predominated. They are to be found in the peculiar position of Egypt, and in the idiosyncrasies of her present ruler, rather than in Sir Samuel himself. He was led away, as other Englishmen without number have been led, to think that a new era had dawned in the valley of the Nile.

To understand fully the meaning of this exploit, therefore, and to measure in some degree the consequences of it, both when Sir Samuel Baker headed the advance, and now that the government of the annexed territory has passed into the hands of a man of an altogether different mould, we must turn our attention to Egypt herself. What is her position, what is the character of her ruler and his aims? If these are understood, then it will be easier to sum up the work of Baker Pacha. It needs

but a glance to show us how peculiar the position of Egypt in the present day is. A flourishing province of a great but decrepit and dying empire, it would long ere now have thrown off its allegiance and gained its independence but for foreign repression. At the time when Mehemet Ali and his energetic son Ibrahim Pacha were pursuing their conquests and threatening speedily to put an end to the Turkish Empire, it did not suit the political creed of Western Europe, the fancied interests of France or England, that that empire should be swept away. France and England eyed each other jealously over that strip of territory in the Lower Nile Valley, and by the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, and Palmerston was constantly giving check to Louis-Philippe and his ministers in their designs in that quarter. As was then thought too, the only way to keep Russia out of Constantinople was to bolster up the Osmanli on their rickety throne. And so Western Europe compelled Ibrahim Pacha to turn back from his march through Asia Minor, and made his father give up Syria; and Egypt, forced thus in upon herself, has presented ever since the aspect of a power chafing against its boundaries and seeking a new outlet for its strength. Barred in towards the north, it has struggled southwards, and spread east and west of the Nile valley into Nubia, Kordofan, Darfur, and the Soudan. Under the present ruler, especially, claim has been made for Egypt to be recognised as a civilised and civilising power. Mehemet Ali paved the way for the new order of things by destroying the power of the Mamelukes, and establishing a despotic irresponsible power; but it is to his descendant Ismail Pacha that the credit is due of making a deliberate and persistent attempt to engraft Western civilisation, usages, institutions, and arts on to the old Mahomedan

stock. He has not ceased to seek conquests nor to dream of independence, but he has become imbued with the notion that to be powerful he must do as the French and the English do. Under the motive power of a great ambition, Ismail has followed the policy of the founder of his race without swerving, and is building up an empire within the Nile basin, which, when the territories 'annexed' by Sir Samuel Baker are absorbed and consolidated, promises to resemble one of the mighty empires of old.

The key to the double-lined policy of the present ruler of Egypt is this ambition: this makes him court alike civilisation and extensive dominion. No other province of the Turkish Empire can at all compare with Egypt in the orderliness of the government or in the extent to which it has succeeded in introducing civilising agencies amongst the people. In this respect the conduct of Ismail is in marked contrast to that of his nominal master, the Sultan; and although under him Egypt has become loaded with a vast public debt—as yet almost the chief monument of progress in civilisation that she can show—in nothing is the contrast more marked than in the uses to which Turkey and Egypt have severally put the money that has been lent to them. In the case of Turkey, hardly any of it has been used wisely, and the reckless folly and waste with which, even when a good end was in view, it has been mispent, has made the money borrowed by Turkey a curse to her. But in the case of Egypt hardly any of her borrowings have been laid out on a foolish purpose, although much of it may have been rather wastefully lavished on a good one. Egypt has, for example (according to an able little pamphlet recently printed by an eminent Egyptian banker), paid about seventeen and a half millions on



account of the Suez Canal, which cannot be said to have financially benefited the country as yet, however it may have increased its importance. Some twelve millions have been spent on railways which now yield a considerable return; and other items, including loan-mongers' profits, count up to within some seven millions of the total funded debt of the State. Besides this, however, the Viceroy has himself, in his eagerness to civilise, contracted some rather onerous obligations on the security of his private domains, with results rather disastrous than otherwise. The *Daira* debt, as it is called, is indeed one of the most sinister features in the financial position of Egypt, and the element of uncertainty which these obligations, as a whole, throw over the future of the country are unquestionably great, especially when taken along with the fact that, however vigorous the administration, it is still personal and Mahomedan, and that, therefore, when the present ruler dies, there is no safeguard whatever against the State's being plunged into an abyss of anarchy and bankruptcy by a foolish or madcap ruler. Still the fact remains that Egypt has been vigorously ruled by Ismail, and has progressed far beyond what Turkey has done. The debts are but an index of his ambition, of his conviction that Egypt has a future, and that to fulfil her destiny she must take a bundle of leaves from the book of the Christian sectaries of the West.

In spite of drawbacks, therefore, Egypt has to be treated as a growing power. She is greater in not a few ways to-day than she was ten years ago, every year becoming more powerful than the empire to which she has been forcibly tied, and, blunders and misrule notwithstanding, promises to be greater still in the future—if *Ismail* live. That if is, however, all-important.

The problem which the Viceroy has set himself to solve as the means of reaching the goal—of founding a new empire—is a very difficult one, and he cannot be said yet to have solved it. The efforts which he has unceasingly made to mingle Western ideas with the whole mass of Mahomedan ideas and habits have not yet borne any perceptible fruit so far as the population is concerned. In his European leanings and policy of scientific progress he is far ahead of his people, and even of the most of his subordinates. Their ideas are still far from his. But, being absolute, he has produced superficially a great and notable change; for the Oriental bows submissive and silent to the will of his master, and the sight of the great changes he has wrought has bewitched Europeans, and kindled their enthusiasm. These seek to see with the Khedive's eyes, to hope with his hopes, and, believing in his honesty and in his power to do what he will with the country, forget that the very absoluteness of that will increases rather than lessens the danger which the State may be in from probable reaction against his reforms. The Arabs have no parliament, and government by a majority is not an institution that the Khedive has succeeded in establishing; but they contrive at times to have their will by means of the assassin's knife, and to turn the current of politics, mechanically as it were, when a new head gives place to an old.

Europeans, and most of all Englishmen, seem to forget this, however; and it was doubtless a belief in the power of the ruler of Egypt to do as he willed even with slavery, strange though it might seem, that induced Sir Samuel Baker in the first instance so readily to undertake the annexation of territory at discretion to his dominions. Sir Samuel had come

to believe in the Viceroy and in the dominance of the new ideas, and hoped to be the means of helping on the better régime, forgetting that the Viceroy cannot change the natures of his people, nor the habits that date from time immemorial, nor yet the hard tenets of their creed. However absolute he may be, not all his power can stop the traffic in slaves at his Red Sea ports, or even at Cairo, although it does enable him to pave the streets and light them with gas. The work which the Viceroy meant Sir Samuel to do might be good, just as many another scheme of his is noble; but it was a work which could not be accomplished under the existing conditions, and as a mere raid or commission to annex kingdoms the acceptance of the task by the English traveller was a great mistake.

It was a mistake too on the part of the Viceroy to ever think of organising such an expedition, and argued a degree of impatience which hardly consists with breadth of intellect. His cry almost from the outset of it was for returns—revenue; and he has turned round with some bitterness on the English Pacha since he came back for leading him to so great expense with nothing to show for it. But how could it be otherwise? It will be long before Central Africa can repay the trouble taken—longer still before Egypt obtains any substantial grasp of the country. So far as putting down slavery is concerned, the position taken by Sir Samuel under the Viceroy's protection was from the first singularly anomalous; and unless he were carried away by a rather maudlin philanthropic dream, he was remarkably short-sighted too. The slave systems of Egypt and Turkey will only disappear with the Mahomedan creed. The utmost that can be hoped for from this ambitious scheme is that henceforth the slave trade will be better regulated, that

the rulers of Egypt will see that the poor blacks are no longer herded together like swine in wretched dhows, or compelled to march wounded, fainting, and dying through weary stretches of desert country, or that the cattle of one tribe are not stolen to pay for the women and children of another. The war between the old institutions and the new ideas in Egypt will become deadly indeed if more than that be attempted.

An expedition of this kind reveals, however, the character and the ambitions of the ruler of Egypt; and the new and peculiar attitude which he has assumed towards his country as civiliser, his passion for European habits, his unremitting desire by all means, but chiefly by European means, to build up the greatness of his country, have in them something that fascinates the mind. We do not wonder that Sir Samuel Baker has been led away by the spectacle, for many more besides him have been induced to believe that here the impossible might be accomplished. In spite of the fact, obvious to those who look on dispassionately, that all which Ismail has done hitherto has had for aim the building of a great Mahomedan power (with whose peculiar constitution Western ideas cannot permanently consort), men will believe that some vital change has been wrought—that the new wine is after all going to be stored in the old bottles without their bursting. But Egypt is being consolidated, her riches eagerly developed, her borders extended beyond what men dreamt of half a generation ago, by English gold largely, and English enterprise, solely in order that Egypt may one day become great as an independent Mussulman power. Nothing is more obvious than that fact: that is the goal of the Khedive's policy as it was of Mehemet Ali's—that the secret of his persistence. More than once he

has sought to set up his throne already, by acting independently of the Sultan, and he has ever, when balked in that attempt, fallen back on the process of gradually yet steadily cutting the bonds that hold him to his allegiance, and preparing to possess a fleet and an army of his own. At bottom we may safely enough infer the Khedive cares comparatively little for the progress of mankind, as a philanthropist would; but he sees the chance for Egypt in the fall of her superior, and he cares much and deeply that she may not lose that chance. The sceptre is falling from the sick man's grasp, the fire of the old Turk race is dying out in Europe, but a new offshoot of it shall flourish in a new empire on the banks of the Nile.

Hence, by reason of this very ambition, although always pushing onward, eagerly adopting reforms of every material kind, building railways, cotton mills, sugar refineries, canals, doing all that would in his esteem tend to make the people rich, the Khedive dare not break with his people in furtherance of a philanthropist's dream. He knows too well the limits of his power to so run counter to all the thoughts of their hearts and habits of their lives as to follow Sir Samuel Baker in his enthusiasm about suppressing the slave trade; but he was adroit enough to use that enthusiasm for his own ends. How narrow is the range of his reforming spirit is seen well enough in the fact that his heir apparent has had no European education, and can speak no language but Arabic. The Khedive himself is a true Turk still; and though he may not foresee all the consequences of the changes he is making, looking as he does but to the one object, assuredly his aim is not to subvert the present social order, and to cause himself to be looked upon as the degrader of his co-religionists. But he has thrown a

glamour over the minds of Europeans—of Englishmen—so that many miss altogether the real drift of the man's life, and, like Sir Samuel Baker, fondly hope that they are ushering in a new day when they lend all their strength to, and put their own gloss upon, the schemes of the Viceroy. Possibly there may be a vital change working up, but assuredly if it be so, it is because new forces are at work which neither he nor they take much heed of.

The Khedive Ismail, in short, means, before all things, to make Egypt a great modern power, capable of holding its own amongst the nations when the crack of doom comes for the empire of which his country is now nominally but a province; and it is worth while to consider if it seems likely that this able man will succeed in his intention. The question is profoundly interesting, indeed, on far wider grounds than those embraced in the discovery of what false steps Sir Samuel Baker and men like him may have taken; still it has a bearing upon that narrower topic, and is worth some thought in that connection, because Baker, chief amongst others, has given encouragement to a particular policy which must become important to England in certain eventualities.

The spectacle of a revived Mahomedanism giving life to a new empire in Africa, bringing order and some kind of honesty of government into the wilds of the far inland, teaching the tribes there to reverence authority; of a power able to keep its independence, to open the centre of a great continent to commerce and civilisation, and to hold the key of the East as firmly as it was ever held by the House of Othman at Stamboul, when men thought the centre of the earth lay there—such a spectacle would be a most alluring one on many grounds to the political stu-

dent. But the reality, I fear, even after all that has been done, gives small indication of so glorious a consummation as this. Nowhere that I can discern are signs to be found of a real influx of new life into the race that dominates Egypt, or to the people who make up its 'dim common' population. What reforms have been effected have come, as I have said, all from above, and the life of the people, while it bows to some extent to their imposition, remains essentially the same—idealess, unprogressive, petrified. There is no new force outside the will of Ismail Pacha moving the race to seek a new form of existence; and although it may be that history gives examples of a people elevated at the bidding of an individual endowed with a master-will to some loftier level than they otherwise might have reached, I do not think that this has ever occurred without elements of greatness existing in the people themselves. Abstract all the European element from Egypt, and where are such elements to be found there? The impression distinctly given is that Egypt is a country of the past, a country without a future. The whole fabric hangs by the single thread of the Khedive's will: no 'house of representatives' would dream of standing against him; and should his successor be a man like his predecessor, Said Pacha, ignorant, arbitrary, and cruel, all that Ismail has done would vanish before *his* personality almost in a day. No empire can be built upon a basis so shifty as that. The work which has been done, granting it one of progress, needs the presence of a ruler who cannot capriciously change things, to keep it from being undone; and such a safeguard can only be found in institutions which are the expressed will of a whole people, and which the temper of the people shall suffice to conserve. Egypt has not these, and no class

amongst her population is capable of giving them to her; so that, looked at in the light of sober fact, there is something almost pathetic in this attempt which the Viceroy is making before our eyes to re-enact the old, old story under strangely new conditions. By means foreign to the nature of the people, often repugnant to their creed, he is trying to raise a new power out of a limb of a perishing empire, but he has no new race to do it with. Looked at in this light—the sober light of facts—the help which enthusiastic Englishmen like Baker give towards the realisation of this dream is a strange phenomenon. What good can they do? What do they really find in Egypt that leads them to be hopeful of the future? Where are the signs to-day that barbarity and misrule are henceforth to end—that subordinates will no longer crush provinces by extortion, as the Soudan has been crushed even since Ismail reigned—that judges will no longer take bribes? What indications are there that a new leaf has been turned over by the priests of one of the bitterest and most exclusive creeds that the world has ever seen—that the bonds of the dead Mahomet are being at last burst asunder, and men coming forth to the light and the free air of heaven? None anywhere. The tide is stemmed a little here and there, European models copied, officials hired, names and fashions adopted; but beneath this varnish the corruption is the same, and will burst out anew under a new master. Leave Egypt alone, give her a new Khedive, ferocious and touched with a little Moslem fanaticism, and the dream which so many seem to dwell on would vanish like a summer cloud. In such an eventuality—quite a probable one—no incentive would press towards this policy more strongly than that afforded by the burden of the debt which Egypt has been saddled with



by cunning project-mongers and money-changers under pretence of helping it on to civilisation and power. It is against the law for a Mahomedan to exact usury, and a Turk might well plead that what it was unlawful for him to take it was wrong in him to pay. To his moral sense there would probably seem nothing wrong in getting rid at one sweep of the whole of the load which Ismail has laid upon the people; nor would he need to go far for an excuse. He might say with colourable justice that his predecessor had been a prey to the designs of financial sharks who led him and his country to ruin. I do not say that a ruler will arise in Egypt who will actually do this; but what should be distinctly borne in mind is that if it be not done, it is not from any change in the nature of the government or the nature of the people giving greater security. The possibility is there; and while it is there, it can only be from pressure applied from without that Egypt can advance to wealth, civilisation, and ultimate independence. In herself the elements of these are altogether wanting.

But this state of perpetual dependence is just the one that gives significance to a political raid like that of Sir Samuel Baker. Egypt has been coming more and more under European influence, and Europeans have so wound themselves about it, that it is theirs more than the Egyptians'. The French have made the Suez Canal, and by so doing placed the country in a position to hold the key of the far East; and as she has no power to hold it herself, some one must see that it is held for her. This greatest step in her advance to importance has thus placed her supremely in the hands of strangers. Egypt has become the prey of 'scientific progress' men, of adventurers, mercantile and others, but most of all it has become essentially subject to the great

maritime powers who have interests cast of the Red Sea, and to England beyond all others. Our interest in the Canal is not approached by that of any maritime power in the world; and we are consequently compelled by sheer self-interest to keep a close hold over the native rulers of Egypt, to prevent any other powers obtaining the paramount influence there to our hurt. We dared not even allow a private company, such as that of the Suez Canal, to maintain shipping tariffs and tonnage dues inimical to our interests. In the event of a struggle over the partition of the Turkish empire—by no means an unlikely or remote eventuality—England could not allow any of the combatants to lay hold of Egypt; if the neutrality of that country could not be guaranteed, there would be no resource but for her to hold it against all comers at the point of the bayonet. The interests of our Indian empire, of our vast Chinese trade, would not leave us any alternative, and the fact that such a contingency always faces England brings conspicuously into light the weakness of this ambitious tributary State. She could not defend herself nor make her own terms. Even should self-interest induce the contending powers on the continent of Europe and in Asia to sign a compact to hold Egypt neutral, it would not make her strong; the arranging of that compact would be an affair to which Egypt could be no weighty party; her duty would be simply to obey. And there is always a contingency which English statesmen ought to face, and in which action must be prompt—the complete occupation of the country. Still I admit it is not by any means an immediate or pressing contingency; and even did it occur, it would be perfectly compatible with our own safety that Egypt should be permitted to look after its internal affairs itself. We might hold the country so far as it

affected the safety of our shipping, and yet not need to take upon ourselves its government. In order to be compelled to do that also, other causes must be at work.

Now it seems to me that the expedition of Sir Samuel Baker, looked at on its political side, gives just the impulse wanted to place us in the false position of being compelled to rule Egypt as well as hold it neutral during a fight and always. His conduct raises new questions, and, whether he meant it or not, places upon this country new obligations towards Egypt which need not otherwise have been heard of. For our trade with the country, although great, is not much more than a transit trade, which would have been sufficiently protected by holding the ports and the Canal, so that, in any ordinary event, disturbances, unless they arose within the country, should not have made us take upon ourselves its government. But Sir Samuel has done his best to force that government upon us. When he became a Pacha, he could not divest himself of the position of an 'English citizen,' nor did he seek to. He, on the contrary, gloried in his citizenship, and boasted that he had gone forth to put down a great evil as an Englishman; and many, doubtless, will be disposed to say that England, for the honour of the country, must not let his labour be lost. He has interfered in the internal affairs of Egypt nominally as an Egyptian official it is true, but with all the weight of his country's philanthropy loudly proclaimed as at his back; and this knight errantry of his has virtually committed us to the task of suppressing the slave trade in Central Africa. He has implicated us thereby in the affairs of Egypt to an extent that must make action unavoidable should any political cause arise for drawing relations closer between the two States. Nothing

stirs popular sympathy more in this country than a good 'cry' about the wrongs of the slave trade, and Sir Samuel has painted these wrongs in so black a light, has vaunted so loudly his own services in sweeping them away, that should it turn out after all that he has done next to nothing, people will tease the Government into attempts on its own account—attempts that may be ill-timed, and that may lead to many troubles. Nay, we have further committed ourselves to the policy this English Pacha inaugurated by suffering a Royal Engineer officer to go and take up his work, so that these civilisers under the wing of Mahomet and the Turks cannot now be allowed to fail. Col. Gordon is not, indeed, going about his task so fiercely as Sir Samuel did, and seems to see that slavery cannot be suppressed by a march through the hunting-grounds of inner Africa. He is indeed pleasing the Khedive much by paying more attention to quieting the country than to subduing it by force of arms—by looking to the main chance, revenue, rather than to the 'annexation' by beat of drum of some tribe's pasture grounds. But, although he works quietly, and probably sees that slave-holding must be tempered rather than abolished, none the less have the language and actions of the 'mighty hunter' who preceded him made the danger of our ultimate intervention in Egypt over this question a very real one. The Mahomedans will not, we may rest assured, give up their slaves; it was a dream ever to suppose that a mere scamper over the sources of supply would conduce to making them do so, however it might for a moment cause them to shift the source whence they drew their main supply; but people will nevertheless say that they ought to give them up, and that the honour of England is enlisted in the cause of the oppressed

blacks. So we shall have by-and-by to take upon us the government of half a continent to vindicate the wisdom of Sir Samuel Baker. Men will not see that there may be a middle course, and when the question comes up, as come it will, as to who shall be door-keeper at the gate of the East, we shall find, if not sooner, that we, at least, cannot accept the charge without also taking upon us the government of all the Khedive's dominions, Baker's provinces, slave problem and all. Many are the explosive elements that lie around this Eastern question, but the utmost which their catching fire heretofore involved for us was that we should secure the neutrality of Egypt and the freedom of the Canal. We owe it to Sir Samuel's zeal as a servant of the Khedive that it is now also to be laid upon us that when the day comes for us to secure the one we shall also be compelled to see that no slave to be bought or sold, hunted or entrapped, in all the valley of the Nile. That may be a good and noble work to do, but I submit

it was not a necessary one for us to tackle in the near future, and that there are worse evils than even slave-hunting, as witness the history of the redskins in America, or the Maoris in New Zealand.

I may be told, indeed, that I have, in saying this, much exaggerated the importance of 'Baker Pacha's' work; that it was merely a passing episode soon to be forgotten. In a country less bound up with our material interests than Egypt it might have been so; but here, I think, the force of what he has done and said can hardly be exaggerated. He has appealed to a popular English craze or superstition with all the vigour of which he is master, and the progress of political events will by-and-by open up the way for that superstition to act upon English statesmen with perhaps irresistible force. I honour Baker for his enthusiasm and his bravery, but I cannot admire his judgment nor believe that by doing as he has done in this episode he has done wisely or well.

A. J. W.



## THE HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS COMMISSION.

By JOHN PIGGOT, F.S.A.

[FOURTH REPORT.]

THE Commission appointed to examine public and private collections for MSS. of historical interest continues its useful labours, and the report recently issued (consisting of 856 folio pp.) greatly exceeds its predecessors in bulk, and equals them in the interest of its contents. Since the Commissioners commenced their labours, in 1869, no less than three hundred and fifty collections have been examined; and we are glad to hear that they have been gratified by the importance of the documents brought to light, as well as the manner in which possessors of MSS. have made them available.

We propose first noticing the collections which contain documents relating to the Middle Ages, treating that period, for convenience, as extending to the end of the fifteenth century. Of these the 'miscellaneous' portion of the muniments of Westminster Abbey is the most interesting, and Mr. Burt has made a careful inventory of the documents composing it, based on the catalogue of Widmore, compiled in the last century. One packet contains eleven warrants or letters from Henry III. to Masters John of Gloucester, Edward of Westminster, and Robert of Beverley, 'our masons and wardens of our works at Westminster,' directing that marble columns and blocks of freestone should be sent to St. Martin's, London, to make

a pulpit; that the Friars Preachers should have 1,000 freestones for their works, and all the einders of all the lead for the Church of Westminster, to make an aqueduct. Another paper states that the cost of the works at Westminster, from their commencement under Henry III. to his 45th year, was 29,345*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.* There is an Indulgence promulgated by Abbot William de Humez to all contributing towards the building of the Lady Chapel between 1220 and 1222.<sup>1</sup> By a deed dated 15 Richard II. it appears that, instead of continuing a grant of 100*l.* annually to the 'new work,' the Crown gave the abbot the Priory of Stoke-nigh-Clare. A Letter Patent, 1413, grants to William Waldern and others the power of pressing workmen for the construction and repair of the nave of the Abbey.<sup>2</sup> A paper, 20 Ed. I., witnesses the delivery of the heart of Henry III. to the Abbess of Font Evraud (Fontevault) in the presence of many distinguished persons.<sup>3</sup>

Among the Indulgences are those by Reynard, Archb. of Armagh, in 1248, of forty days to all bringing relics of the blood of our Lord from the Patriarch of Jerusalem to Henry III., which were carried by the king in solemn procession from St. Paul's to the Abbey; by Hugh Bishop of Ely, 1283, of twenty days to those visiting the Abbey and praying at the tomb of William de

<sup>1</sup> Henry III.'s second coronation took place at Westminster, May 17, 1220. The day before that he laid the foundation of the Lady Chapel. About that period a great impetus was given by the preaching of S. Bernard to the worship of the B. Virgin, and we may trace this result in nearly all our cathedrals.

<sup>2</sup> Little had been done to this nave since the death of Edward I. Under the direction of Whittington, Lord Mayor, it was continued, by command of Henry V., in the style of two centuries previously—a very unusual proceeding.

<sup>3</sup> Dean Stanley calls this 'the last relic of the lingering Plantagenet affection for their foreign home.'—*Historical Memorials*, 132.



Hasele; by the Bishops of London, Hereford, and St. David's to those worshipping in the chapel of St. Nicholas, in 1311; and by the Bishop of Winchester, 1328, to those visiting relics in the Abbey and the tomb of Henry III.

A few documents refer to disputes between the Abbot and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Winchester, respecting jurisdiction. The three latter protested that by coming into the Abbey at the royal request to say mass and do service at the burial of Avelina, wife of Edmund Earl of Lancaster, and at the coronation of Edward II., the privileges of the Abbey should not be affected.

The abbots were often obliged to borrow, and appear to have resorted to Italian merchants for the purpose. Richard de Berking (1222-46) obtained a loan of Agapitus de Vezosa, merchant, of Venice. Richard de Ware (1258-84), one of 1,000 marks in Rome, c. 1259, and Walter de Wenlock (1284-1308), various sums of Florentine merchants. Henry III. was often in difficulties likewise; and we find notice of a number of jewels and precious stones belonging to the shrine of Edward the Confessor which the king borrowed to raise money upon in 1267, and returned two years afterwards. A grant 12 Richard II. shows that he gave a ring with a precious ruby to the shrine of S. Edward, on condition that when in England he might use the ring, but when abroad it should be placed on the shrine. An indenture witnesses the delivery in 1483, by the

king to the abbot, of the 'golden and jewelled eagle, containing the relic called "the ampulle," to be given up again when asked for.'<sup>4</sup> Late in the thirteenth or early in the fourteenth century Maud de Clare, Countess of Gloucester, writes to the prior and convent that she hopes they will excuse the long stay their friar Dan Henry is making with her, for to let him leave with the relic which they had allowed her to have for so long before she was better than at present would be a great discomfort to her.<sup>5</sup>

An indenture (1407) between Henry IV. and his son Henry Prince of Wales shows that the latter agreed to serve his father in the wars in Wales with 600 men-at-arms and 1,800 archers for half a year, each man-at-arms to be paid 12*d.* per day, and each archer 6*d.* Some of the documents at Westminster are in the original turned wooden boxes called *skippets*.

Among the MSS. of Lord Fitzhardinge at Berkeley Castle is a cartulary<sup>6</sup> of the monastery of S. Augustine, of Bristol, chiefly written at the end of the thirteenth century. It appears from it that the monastery was founded A.D. 1140, the church dedicated six years after, and that Alured Bishop of Worcester first introduced canons in 1148. Duke Henry of Normandy and various members of the Berkeley family were considerable benefactors. In one part of the volume a curious definition of apostasy appears:

It is a reckless (*temerarius*) departing from the state of faith, obedience, or re-

<sup>4</sup> This golden *ampulla*, or eagle, said to have been brought from Sens Abbey by Thomas à Becket, is still among the regalia. It was used to contain the holy oil or balm for anointing our sovereigns at their coronation. The gold anointing-spoon is likewise preserved, and is an interesting example of twelfth century work. (Figured in Shaw's *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages*.)

<sup>5</sup> It was not an unusual circumstance for a monastery to lend its relics for the benefit of sick persons. The Abbey of St. Albans possessed a sardonyx with a representation of Jupiter holding a Victory in his hand, which was lent to women in labour. (Dugdale's *Monasticon*, ii. 185.)

<sup>6</sup> *Registrum seu potius historia foundationis hujus cœnobii a Joanne Newland, abbate contextum.*—Tanner, *Notitia Monastica*.

ligion. It is threefold: 1, perfidy; 2, disobedience; 3, irregularity:—1, departure from the faith, like Julian the Emperor; 2, wilful transgression of the commands of a prelate, like Adam and Eve; 3, departure from his state of religion, as when a monk, clerk, or conversus, or any in religion, apostatizes;—this is in many ways, viz. leaving off the tonsure, throwing off the religious habit, or a clerk returning to the world.

• A deed among the family papers of Richard Pine Coffin, Esq., of Portledge, North Devon, is of a very remarkable character. It relates to a bargain with a champion for a duel, and the following is a translation from the Latin:

Know all who the present writing shall see or hear that it is thus agreed between Richard de Cokematone and Letice, his wife, of the one part, and Richard de Poulesholte, of the other part, namely, that the aforesaid Richard de Cokematone and Letice, his wife, are bound unto the aforesaid Richard de Poulesholte in twenty marks sterling for the duel which the same Richard de Poulesholte shall wage for the same Richard de Cokematone and Letice against William Fitz-Jordan for one mesuage and one plough-land, with the appurtenances, in Cokematone; so that if the aforesaid Richard shall complete the aforesaid duel, the Lord so granting, then the aforesaid twenty marks, the day on which the aforesaid duel shall take place, shall be delivered unto Richard de la Wille before the said duel shall be begun, to be paid to the said Richard de P. when the said duel is ended. And if the parties aforesaid, before the duel is stricken, shall agree as to the tenements aforesaid, then the said Richard de Cokematone and Letice, his wife, shall pay for the blows of our Lord the King to the aforesaid R. de P. forty shillings on the same day. And if it shall happen that the parties aforesaid, on the day for the duel being stricken, shall agree upon the field, the duel being begun, then the said Richard de Cokematone and Letice, his wife, are bound on the same day to pay to

the said R. de P. ten marks without doley out of the moneys so being in the keeping of the aforesaid Richard de la Wille. And this covenant the aforesaid R. de C. and R. de P. have made corporal oath faithfully to observe. And the aforesaid Richard and Letice shall find mainpernors that the said covenant shall be fully observed, namely, Baldewyno de Belestone and Robert de Stolkeheye, who acknowledge themselves to be mainpernors, and by this present writing they have bound themselves to make payment of the aforesaid money, and to pay the same in form aforesaid, each of them for the whole. In witness whereof the aforesaid parties to these writings in chirigraph have alternately set their seals. Given at Exeter, on the Wednesday next after the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the eighteenth year of the reign of King Edward (1290).

From another deed it appears that the duel did not take place; but it is probable that such a method of settling disputes was not uncommon at that period.

The muniments in St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, are not numerous; but from a book compiled by Robert Woodelarde, the founder of the college,<sup>7</sup> the following list of the altar ornaments is worth quoting:

In the first place, a large super-altar, hallowed. Also a green set of vestments for week-days of bustian.<sup>8</sup> Another set of green silk. A *corporax* (cloth for the consecrated elements in the Sacrament), of black silk on one side and green bustian on the other. Another *corporax* of *chekere* work of gold and silver cloth. Eleven towels to lie upon the altar, with black crosses in the middle, the same being two yards and three-quarters in length. Two *steynd* clothes, one of which contains two yards and a quarter in length, and the other two yards; having a crown in the middle and at the end of the cloth. A carpet containing two yards in length; also five linen cloths.

<sup>7</sup> The date of the foundation is generally given as 1475; according to this book it should be 1473. Dr. Woodelarde was Provost of King's College, and also, it appears from this volume, master of the works then in progress there. He complains that the burden of payment was thrown upon him. It is well known how slow was the progress of the work since Henry VI., in 1446, laid the foundation of the celebrated chapel at King's. St. Catherine's College, as founded by Woodelarde, was a timber structure, and in this book reference is made to the removal of two framed houses (*domibus framatis*) from Coton. The present College buildings are chiefly c. 1680.

<sup>8</sup> Or fustian. This material is often mentioned in inventories of church goods. It was a superior fabric to that now called by the name.

Among the gifts to the same college are the following:

Master Percy gave to us and the college one mazer cup. Master Symson gave five marks for the souls of John Wayde and his wife; also forty shillings for the repair of the chapel. Doctor Myddelton, rector of Balsham, gave a tablecloth of dyaper, with twelve hand-napkins. Dame Alice Tayllur gave five nobles. Dame Claryvay gave a mazer of the value by estimation of four nobles. John Hosyer, mercer, gave to the college a set of vestments, value 6s. 8d. Master Garnel gave a silver piece of the value of four nobles; the same Master gave in money forty shillings. Master William Wodo gave twelve spoons and one silver saltcellar, 3li in value. Master Spycor gave a silver saltcellar parcel gilt, value 40s., with a cover

Robert Woodelarke gave the college some books which he had chained in the library; among them *Lincolniensis* (Groteste) *de Oculo Morali*, *Franciscus Petrarcha de Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*; *Stephanus Cantuariensis* (S. Langton) *super Ecclesiastem*; *Distinctiones Holcoti* (executor of R. de Bury) *super Sapientia*; *Policronica, cum aliis*; *Johannes Salisburiensis de Pollicrotico*; *Bocasius* (Boccaccio) *in Anglicis de Viris Illustribus*; *Historiæ Cronicales Angliæ, Franciæ, et aliarum regionum*. Some works of Aristotle are mentioned also. In the chapel, besides three missals, were:

One great breviary without notation; another breviary, chained; a Legend of the Saints, chained; a primer, with Placebo and Derige (*sic*), chained; a small gradal, with masses of S. Katharine, and of S. Mary, and of Requiem, bound in boards; another small gradal, bound in parchment, with the same masses; a sequence, with notation; a manual; a His-

tory of S. Katharine, with notation; a Legend of S. Katharine, with the History; a gradal, the gift of Master John Leche; a breviary, with notation, the gift of the same; a printed breviary, bound, the gift of Master Halle; a little book of Synodals, bound, the gift of Master Balderston (elected Master in 1506).<sup>o</sup>

It is curious that the library of the same college should have the register of the Corporation of New Romney in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. It contains such rules as this: If a person be found cutting wood within the franchise he is to have the pillory the first time, to have his ear cut off, and be taken to the other end of the town, and made to abjure it. On a second occasion he is to lose the other ear; and on the third offence be punished with death. A letter in Norman-French to Sir R. de Mortimer states that the bailiff and barons, in accordance with his wish, have searched all the cellars of the town for the six tuns of best Gascon wine he required, but can only find four tuns *a nostre tast*, and they have purchased them for thirty-four marks.

It is much to be regretted that the records of the Cinque Ports have been greatly neglected and in part destroyed. Those in an iron chest at New Romney are evidently part of a much larger collection, while those in a chamber over the porch of the parish church at Hythe have been rendered almost illegible from damp. From very early times the ports had to provide seventy-two ships, each manned by twenty-one sailors, to serve the king freely for fifteen days, and after that period to receive

<sup>o</sup> The *Breviary*, or *portous*, contained whatever was to be said by all in holy orders, either in public or private, i.e. of the canonical hours; the *Legend*, lessons out of Holy Writ and works of the Fathers, read at matins; *Gradal*, or *graduale*, portions of the service sung by the choir; *Sequence*, a companion to the gradal; *Manual*, the occasional offices, as baptism, matrimony, visitation of sick, &c. By the statute 3 and 4 Ed. VI. those were threatened with fine and imprisonment who had in their possession any 'antiphoners, myssales, scrayles, processionales, manuelles, legends, pyes, portuysses, prymars in Lattyn or Englishe, cowchers, iournales, ordinales, or other books or writings whatsoever, heretofore used for service of the church.' In Springfield Church, Essex, an antiphoner was recently discovered in the roof, hidden by the priest, doubtless, who hoped for better times.

payment. *This was the germ of the Royal Navy.* A great deal of interesting information respecting the ports and the curious customs connected with them will be found in *Boys' History of Sandwich*. Among the papers at Hythe quoted in the Report is a churchwardens' account for the year 1480. Some of the entries are curious:

'Eleven pounds of wax for the Paschal taper and torches, 5s. 0½d. For two men watching the Lord's Sepulchre, 8d. For a cloth of *hayre* for one of the altars, 10½d. Paid John London for mending the organs, 10s. 2d. Paid the parish clerk for keeping *le chyme* and *le klok*, 13s. 4d. Paid the same clerk for keeping the organs, 10s. Paid Sir Thomas Howlet, for praying for the soul of Master Drowis, 6d. Paid Sir Richard, the Priest of the Mass of Jesus, for his wages of the preceding year, 3s. 3d. Paid the same Sir Richard his wages in full for three-quarters of a year this year, 3s. 1d. Paid Thomas Bedeman, for cleaning the church this year, 2s. Paid the same Thomas for his gown, *for lying in the church*, 4s.

It is probable that mediæval churches were rarely left at night. This will explain the fact that many doors have ponderous bolts which could only be drawn from the inside.

From a jurats' book of the same town, c. 1412, it appears that the corporation were very anxious to keep in the good graces of their ecclesiastical and other superiors. They presented Robert Long, messenger from the Archbishop of Canterbury, with 20d., 'that he might speak to his lordship good words for this town.' On other occasions

Paid John Godescale for a porpeys<sup>10</sup> for the Archbishop of Canterbury, 3s. 4d. Paid for fish bought, namely, *whytyng*, *haddock*, and *salt mackerel*, for the Lieutenant

of Dover Castle when he came through this town to Romene, 20d.

From a careful examination of thirty-two fourteenth-century fragments of court books of Hythe, consisting chiefly of declarations by married women relating to property, Mr. Riley gives some interesting conclusions respecting Christian names at that time:

The name Johanna or Joan seems here, as in London, at the same period, to have been the most favourite name for females in the fourteenth century; out of 130 names occurring it appears 32 times. It had, however, become less popular at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The name Alice occurs 19 times, Agnes 12. As in London at the same time, the Christian name Mary never occurs. Christina is met with 11 times, Margery 10, Isabel 8, Philippa 5, Lucy 4, Magota 4, Cecily 3, Juliana 3, Margaret 3, Matilda 2, Dionysia 2, and Avicya, Beatrixia, Elena, Elianora, Elizabeth, Emma, Juliana, Letitia (or Lettice), Lore, Mabilia, Martha, and Yadilda, once each. As London, in the fourteenth century, John was by far the most common Christian name for males, and it so continued for at least the first half of the fifteenth.

The *Custumal*, temp. Henry VI., among the archives of the Corporation of New Romney, is very different from the volume of that title printed in Lyons' *History of Dover Castle*. The same body has a diary of the bailiffs sent by their town on behalf of the Cinque Ports to the Michaelmas Free Fair<sup>11</sup> held at Great Yarmouth in 35 Elizabeth (1593). Mr. Riley says it is in English, is full of quaint matter, and deserves publication. This fair, one of the largest in the Middle Ages, lasted for about forty days. Speed, in his *Chronicle*, 1611, says:

There is yearly in September the worthiest herring fishery in Europe, which

<sup>10</sup> Porpoises (derived from French *porc-poisson*, hog-fish) appear to have been considered a delicacy in the middle ages. As they were conveniently considered fish, ecclesiastics could eat them on fast-days. In the reign of Edward I. the price was regulated at 6s. 8d.: a high price, when we know that turbot was sold at 6d., mackerel 1d., and haddock 2d.

<sup>11</sup> By charter of Edward I., 1277, the Barons of the Cinque Ports had jurisdiction over Yarmouth, by no means relished by the inhabitants of that port. On one occasion, in the reign of that monarch, a Cinque Port bailiff was killed by a like officer of Yarmouth, who was hanged for the deed.



drawith great concourse of people, which maketh the town much the richer all the year following, but very unsavoury for the time.

Manship,<sup>12</sup> alluding to the bailiffs' visit, remarks :

The Cinque Ports exercised in turn the right of nominating the bailiffs, who, on the vigil of the feast-day of S. Michael, repaired to Yarmouth, to a house hired for the purpose, bringing with them their learned counsel, town clerk, two serjeants bearing white rods, a brazen horn-sounder, one carrying a banner of the arms of the ports, and a jailer. On being come thither the bailiffs of Yarmouth the same evening and some of their brethren attended at their lodging and courteously did entertain and welcome them. Next morning all repaired to church to hear divine service, they of Yarmouth inviting the others to take their places with them in their seats. . . . And here I may not overpass with a silent pen the exceeding bountiful fare, feasting and royal cheer and open house keeping wherewith the Cinque Ports bailiffs do give entertainment in their fair house, in, by, and during the one and twenty days of their abiding at Yarmouth.

Their jurisdiction ceased soon after.

We are glad to see that Mr. Riley has discovered among the records of Balliol College several references to Wycliff. The date of the commencement of his Mastership of Balliol has been up to this time given as 1361. It was in the previous year, for there is a memorandum which states :

At the Husting of Common Pleas holden on Monday next after the feast of our Lord's Ascension, in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of King Edward, after the Conquest, the Third (1360). John de Wycliff, Master of the House of the Scholars of the Hall called 'Le Bailliohalle,' in Oxford, was attached to make answer to Nicholas Marchant in a plea of distresses taken.

There are no less than 13,000 old

deeds in the muniment-room in the Cloister Tower of St. Mary Magdalene's College, Oxford. Their number is easily explained. Bishop Waynflete founded the college in 1458, and afterwards obtained papal and royal permissions to annex some small religious houses, their muniments being naturally brought to the college. These have been well preserved, and actually remain in original oak boxes of the fifteenth century. Good reasons are assigned for the annexation of these houses. The Priory of Sele, in Sussex, had in 1474 only one monk beside the prior; ten years later no one resided in the Priory of Selborne, Hants. The other foundations were the Hospital of SS. Stephen and Thomas of Canterbury, at Romney; the chapel of St. Katherine, at Wamborough, Wilts; and the Hospitals of Brackley and Aynho, Northamptonshire. About 1467 Sir John Fastolf by will intended to found a college at Castre, in Norfolk, for seven priests and seven poor men, and directed the sale of manors for the purpose to the extent of 4,000 marks. Waynflete, Sir John Paston, Sir William Yelverton, Thomas Howes, and W. Wirecester were the executors. After his decease disputes arose which caused Sir John's property to be much wasted. In 1481 Waynflete got a dispensation from the Pope to change the Castre endowment in favour of Magdalen College; by this means a good deal of Norfolk property accrued to the college. Mr. Macray tells us in the Report that the numerous deeds among the records referring to this dispute contain papers of interest relating to Sir John Fastolf and the Pastons, so well known by the famous *Letters*.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *History of Great Yarmouth*, 1619.

<sup>13</sup> The history of the MSS. of these interesting letters is curious. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Richard Fenn, in 1787, published the two first volumes, and gave the MSS. to the King. These have never since been discovered. Sir R. Fenn published vols. iii. and iv. subsequently; the originals have disappeared likewise. Some years after Serjeant Frere edited vol. v., and the MS. of this was lost sight of. It is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Hermann Merivale and others should have impugned the authenticity of the

Amongst this mass of documents are several sales and manumissions of serfs. In the beginning of the thirteenth century a serf at Brackley, Northampton, was sold for three marks, and another later in the century for twenty shillings. Mr. Macray remarks that to a deed dated 1252 respecting property in Oxford a seal is attached by a Jewess named Mildegoda, which has an indistinct animal upon it, such indistinctness being intentional, in accordance with rabbinical teaching. The seals attached to many of the deeds are generally in fine condition.

A confirmation by Richard II. (1378) to the Knights Hospitallers grants their liberties, 'cum sock et sack, et thol et theam et infangen-thef et utfangenethef et hamsock et gridbrith et bodwyte et fchwyte et flitwyte et ferdwyte et hengwyte et leyrwyte et flemme-nefrithe et murdro et latroeino et forstal et ordel et oreste,' and exempts them from 'wardepeny et averpeny et hundredepeny et borghelpeny et thethyngepeney.' It appears that William of Wykeham took pains to reform the Priory of Selborne. By his Injunctions issued September 27, 1387, among other things ordered were:

The cloister not to be a thoroughfare for persons of both sexes. None to go to public hunts or keep hunting dogs. None to be absent from services on pretence of convent business without leave. Common seal to be kept under five keys. None to be godparents without the Bishop's leave. None to wear precious furs or gathered (nondulatis) sleeves, or silk girdles, with gold or silver ornaments.<sup>14</sup> Vestments and vessels of the church to be kept clean; wine

for the altar to be good, not corrupt and sour, *as it is wont to be*. Relics, vestments, vessels, and books not to be pawned, and those that are now in pawn to be recovered.

Among the relics in a chapel at Wanborough, c. 1484, 'zona sanctæ Katherinæ et ampulla de oleo ejus,' was chief.

The reasons assigned in the Report for the destruction of many monuments of the illustrious family of Argyll are the forfeitures of Archibald, eighth earl and first Marquis, in 1661, and his son in 1681. But the fact that no charters exist of a date previous to the beginning of the fourteenth century seems to us to point to another cause, viz. the destruction of the records of the great families of Scotland ordered by Edward I. From a warrant by the Marquis of Argyll, 1641, it appears that the charter-chests, or 'kists,' as they were called, were then kept at Carriek Castle, in the island of Roseneath. About seventy years later John, the second duke, had twelve new oak chests made, which are still preserved. The place where these were kept—probably in the last century—was so damp that many of the documents have been much injured.

By charter, dated 1315, King Robert Bruce granted to Sir Colin Campbell (Cambell in the early charters) the barony of Loehaw and Ardskeodnish, on condition that he furnished a ship of forty oars, properly manned, for the space of forty days, when required. This Sir Colin was son of Sir Neil, also a great favourite of that monarch, and contributed much to his success

Letters. Happily this induced Mr. Philip Frere (Serjeant Frere's descendant) to institute a search, which ended in the discovery, in an old box in his house, in Norfolk, of the originals of vol. v., in November 1865. A careful examination of these set all doubts at rest, and sceptics were silenced.

<sup>14</sup> Chaucer's Monk had—

— 'His sleeves purfled at the hond  
With gris, and that the finest of the lond;  
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne  
He had of gold ywrought a curious pinne:  
A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.'

at Bannockburn.<sup>15</sup> He married the king's sister, Lady Mary Bruce, of which union Sir Neil was eldest son. Sir Colin's great-grandson, Sir Duncan, was the first of the family who took the name of Argyll. In 1445 King James II. created him Lord Campbell. He was fortunate enough to marry Marjory Stewart, daughter of Robert Dnke of Albany, Regent of Scotland. This was the second royal marriage of this family. His son Colin, second Lord Campbell, was in 1457 created Earl of Argyll. Twenty-three years later the lordship of Lorne became the property of the earl by an agreement between himself and Walter Stewart, Lord Lorne. The latter agreed to resign the lordship into the hands of the king (who re-granted it to the earl and his heirs), in exchange for the lands of Kildonying and others, in the shires of Perth, Fife, Kinross, and Aberdeen. By this arrangement the Argyll family obtained lands in the neighbourhood of its ancient possessions. This took place in 1470, and four years after the king by charter erected the earl's village of Inverary, in the shire of Argyll,

into a free burgh of barony, with power to the tenants and inhabitants thereof of buying and selling within the same wine, wax, wool and linen cloth, and other merchandise, with liberty of having bakers, brewers, fleshers, and other craftsmen belonging to a burgh of barony, with a right also to elect bailies and officers. They

were also to have within the said burgh a cross and market weekly, and also public fairs yearly, to wit, markets at the feast of Michaelmas, and another fair at the feast of St. Branden, in the month of May and through the whole octavos, with all other privileges, as freely as any other burgh of barony.

One document of the Middle Ages in this collection only claims our attention.

This is a verdict of an inquest held at Kandrochid, April 22, 1428, by the Baillie of Glendochart, by which it was found that the keeper of a relic called the *Quigrich* of St. Fillan had a right to certain payments of meal from the inhabitants of the district. St. Fillan founded a monastery at Glendochart in the eighth century, and the *quigrich* was his pastoral staff. It was the custom to cover the staves of the early Irish and Scotch missionary saints at a later period with elaborate metal-work, and in like manner their hand-bells were enshrined. Certain families became keepers of these relics, which were religiously handed down from father to son. There is a tradition that the bell of St. Fillan used to be laid on a gravestone in the churchyard of Killin, and when mad people were brought to be dipped in the Holy Well there, it was placed on their heads, after they had passed the night in the chapel.<sup>16</sup>

A similar relic is described by Mr. Gilbert as in the possession of Sir R. O'Donnell, Bart., of Newport,

<sup>15</sup> This was not the first time that a Campbell had done good service for his king. Sir Colin, father of Sir Neill, in 1263, when Haco of Norway brought 160 ships into the Firth of Lorne, brought such aid to Alexander III. that the invader was routed. This Sir Colin died in 1294.

John Ogilvy, and resigned the bell into his hands, with all the pertinents thereof, after which Sir John made it over to his wife Margaret, Countess of Moray, for her liferent use.' By the other deed the Countess 'appeared July 18, 1447, in the presence of a notary, at the house or toft belonging to the bell of St. Medan, along with her husband's brother, James Ogilvy, and asked from the latter as baillie for his brother that she should have possession or saisin, to which he agreed; and then, having shut her into the said toft or house, he gave possession to her by the delivery of the feudal symbols of earth and stone.' (*Archæological Journal*, viii. 50.) The documents are printed in the *Spalding Miscellany*, iv. 117-8.

co. Mayo. This is the *cathach*,<sup>17</sup> or metal casket, containing a portion of a Latin psalter on vellum, believed to be in the handwriting of St. Columba (521-96). A dispute respecting the ownership of the MS. is said to have led to the battle of Culdreimne, and caused the saint to leave the country. It is thus called *cathach*, from Irish *cath*, a battle. It must not be supposed that the casket is as old as its contents; the former was added by Cathbarr O'Donnell late in the eleventh century. An Irish inscription upon it has been thus translated:

Pray for Cathbarr O'Donnell, for whom this casket was made, and for Sitric, son of MacAedha, who made it; and for Donal MacRobartaigh, successor (of St. Columba as abbot), of Kells, at whose house it was made.

The O'Donnells believed that if it was carried on the breast of a 'sinless cleric' three times round their troops before a battle, victory would be certain.

We quote Mr. Gilbert's careful description of this casket:

It is  $9\frac{3}{4}$  inches long,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  broad, and 2 in depth. The top—a gilt and chased plate of silver, riveted to one of brass—is divided into three compartments, supported and separated by columns. In the centre is a sitting figure, with hair flowing over the shoulders, holding up the right hand, of which the third and fourth fingers are folded down; the left hand holds a square resembling a book. The arms of the seat terminate in fierce animal heads, with open mouths. At the feet of the figure is a now vacant square setting for a large gem. In the right compartment is a bishop or abbot, in vestments and mitre, the right hand held up, with third and fourth fingers folded; a pastoral staff in the other hand. In the left compartment is the Crucifixion,

with a figure on each side. Over the arms of the cross are engraved two birds. In the upper right arch an angel swings a censer, under which is engraved a tonsured ecclesiastic; above is a grotesque bird. Over the left arch is a similar angel, with censer, above which is a bird with human face; below is engraved a griffin. Round the casket runs a chased border of about three-quarters of an inch wide, on the top and bottom of which are grotesque figures of birds and lions; on the sides oak-leaves and acorns. In each corner is set an oval crystal; in the centre at the top is a round crystal<sup>18</sup> in a setting surrounded by gems. Affixed to the right side of the casket, at the top, is a small silver double-looped hollow ball, suspended to a flexible silver chain. On the ball, in which are round holes, is a defaced inscription in Gothic characters. The bottom of the casket is of brass, over which is a silver network plate divided into numerous small cruciform openings of nearly uniform size; on two sides and one end of the margin runs the Irish inscription.

From the period of the fabrication of the casket until 1814—more than seven hundred years—it had never been opened. The true character of its contents had been quite lost sight of, and it was supposed to contain the bones of St. Columba. In the year 1814 Lady O'Donnell lent the relic to Sir W. Betham, Ulster King-at-Arms, to have a drawing made of it. She heard that he had opened it, and filed a bill in Chancery at Dublin, April 30, in that year, complaining of the act. There was a tradition in the family that ill would come of such curiosity. In June following a sworn answer to the bill was put in, and in this document Sir William admitted that he had opened the casket. He understood through a third person that her ladyship had no objection to its being opened if it contained a MS.,

<sup>17</sup> It is deposited in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. Exact copies have been made of several pages of the psalter for the series of 'Fac-similes of the National MSS. of Ireland.'

<sup>18</sup> Dr. Rock thinks the custom of placing a circular piece of crystal in these ancient caskets and bindings is derived from the Druids. It is probably the *æstel* of the following extract from King Alfred's translation of Gregory's *Liber Pastoralis*: 'To every bishop's see in my kingdom I will that one [copy of the book] be sent; and upon each there is a *æstel*, and I bid in God's name that nobody that *æstel* from these books shall undo.'



as Sir William had discovered. He found out that it contained a MS. by introducing, through a small opening, a slender wire and passing it along the edges of the vellum. He afterwards opened it, and declared that the box contained no jewels or precious stones, nor anything besides the MS. At a later period Mr. C. O'Donnell allowed him to open the casket and more carefully examine its contents.

The psalter appeared to have been originally stitched together, but the sewing had almost entirely disappeared. On one side was a thin piece of board covered with red leather, very like that with which Eastern MSS. are bound. It was so much injured by damp as to appear almost a solid mass. By steeping it in cold water I was enabled to separate the membranes from each other, and by pressing each separately between blotting-paper and frequently renewing the operation, at length succeeded in restoring what was not actually decayed to a legible state.<sup>19</sup>

This book does not appear to be illuminated, like other MSS. of the period,<sup>20</sup> as the celebrated books of Kells and Durrow. St. Columba spent the greater part of his life either transcribing manuscripts or directing their transcription. He is said to have copied three hundred volumes with his own hand, and was engaged upon a psalter on the day of his death.

The Book of Kells is certainly the gem of the magnificent collection of MSS. at Trinity College, Dublin.<sup>21</sup> It is more richly illumi-

nated than any Irish MS. which has been preserved. Sir Digby Wyatt says he once attempted to copy some of the ornaments, but broke down in despair. In the space of a quarter of an inch Mr. Westwood counted one hundred and fifty-eight interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern. No wonder there is a tradition that it was executed by angels. It is said to have been the work of St. Columba himself, but it was more probably illuminated in his honour soon after his death. It came into the possession of Archbishop Ussher when he was Bishop of Meath (1621-4). This precious volume differs from others in having drawings of men, animals, &c. executed without reference to the text, and also in having at the end some curious charters relating to the clergy of the church of Kells, the only documents of a like character in existence of a date previous to the Norman invasion.<sup>22</sup>

The Book or Gospels of Durrow, in the same collection, is also said to have been written by St. Columba. It was preserved at that place until the Reformation, when it was given to Trinity College Library by Dr. Jones, Bishop of Meath.

The *Cethar Leabhar*, or Garland of Howth, is supposed to be older than either of the preceding volumes. It belonged to the church of Inis Meic Nessain, or Ireland's Eye. It is a New Testament, and came into

<sup>19</sup> Sir W. Betham gives the above account in *Irish Antiquarian Researches*, 1862, 109-11.

<sup>20</sup> Professor Westwood's magnificent volume, *Fac-similes of Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS.*, may be consulted with advantage by those who wish to study the peculiarities of the marvellous examples of early Irish art which have been handed down to us. See also H. O'Neill's *Fine Arts and Civilisation of Ireland*, 1863.

<sup>21</sup> This important library was commenced in 1591, and augmented by the addition of Primate Ussher's library in 1661. Sir Jerome Alexander, Justice of the Common Pleas, 1674; Robert Huntingdon, Provost (1683-92); and Stearne, Bishop of Clogher, 1741, were also liberal donors of MSS. No perfect catalogue of these MSS. exists, and we are glad that Mr. Gilbert has undertaken the task of supplying one, and gives in the Report a list of the contents of about one-third of the works.

<sup>22</sup> Westwood's *Fac-similes*. These charters have been printed in the original Irish, with a translation and notes by Mr. O'Donovan, in *Miscellany of Irish Archaeological Society*, vol. i.

the possession of Archbishop Ussher. The Book of Dimma Mac Nathi (d. 620), a small copy of the Latin Gospels in Irish characters, is another interesting Irish MS.<sup>23</sup> in the Trinity College Library. It is preserved in its original *cumdach*, or casket of brass and silver. Until the Reformation it was preserved in the Abbey of Roscrea. The Royal Irish Academy purchased it of Sir W. Betham.

We must allude to one more MS. in the library, mentioned by Mr. Gilbert. This is an important Greek MS., the Codex Montfortianus—from a former owner, Montfort, a D.D. of Cambridge—which is one of the MSS. which contain the passage of 'the three that bear record in heaven' (1 John v. 7). Montfort had it just before Ussher, and it had also belonged to Froy, a Franciscan friar. Erasmus is supposed to have known it under the name of Codex Britannicus.<sup>24</sup>

Turning to the Report for notable documents of the sixteenth century, we find in the account of the Westminster Abbey muniments some documents relating to disputes between the abbey authorities and the heralds as to who should have the hearse and its furniture used at great funerals. It appears to have been the custom to set up in the church a framework of timber, covered with silk and velvet hangings, and decorated with waxen images, banners of arms, and a great many lights.<sup>25</sup> The wax for the hearse of Henry IV. cost 200*l.*, and 66 cwt. of wax was used in that of Anne, Queen of Richard II.<sup>26</sup> During the funeral rites the coffin was placed under the hearse. The latter

had upon it a waxen effigy of the deceased, which, after the hearse had been exhibited for a month or so, was preserved in the abbey. These figures, placed in presses in the Islip Chapel, formed one of the chief sights of the abbey. One paper at Westminster is endorsed:

The names of the counsellors in Qu. Mary's time that did take order that the latte abbot and convent of West<sup>r</sup>. should have the herse, &c. at my L. Anne of Cleves funerall.

Another :

1568.—Funeral of Lady Anne of Cleves.<sup>27</sup> How the abbot and convent take the herse, &c. The heralds complain to the Council. The abbot and the sexton appeared and shewed grants for the right of the church. Sentence given with the church against the Heralds p. Hugh Philip.

In the following year this decision seems to have been reversed, for there is an order made April 26, 1569, by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, directing that the hearse of Lady 'Knowles' (Catherine Knollys, cousin of Queen Elizabeth) should be given to the heralds. These disputes do not seem to have been settled until 1758. A document, January 9 of that year, is the agreement between the Dean and Chapter and the heralds for dividing the perquisites at royal funerals; and another, February 6, same year, is an order for paying the heralds half the value of things used at Princess Caroline's funeral.

Professor Brewer continues his report of the unique collection of historical papers at Hatfield House, bringing the series down to 1587. We cannot help regretting that he has given us such a bare 'calendar'

<sup>23</sup> It is described in Sir W. Betham's *Irish Antiquarian Researches*, and also in Westwood's *Palæographia Sacra*.

<sup>24</sup> Dr. Barrett, Vice-Provost of the College, printed in 1801 a collation of part of this Codex; and so did the Rev. O. T. Dobbin fifty-three years after.

<sup>25</sup> A good idea of the appearance of the hearse may be obtained from the engraving of that of Abbot Islip, 1532, in *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. iv.

<sup>26</sup> Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, vol. i.

<sup>27</sup> See description of this hearse in *Excerpta Historica*, p. 303. Hearses were generally square in form, but that of Anne of Cleves was hexagonal. (Parker's *Glossary*, 250.)

of these MSS.—generally one line states the writer and receiver of a letter. There are four letters he surely might have given in full—two written by Wolsey to Secretary Gardiner after his fall (which, he says, are of *special and unique interest*), and the two casket letters of Mary Queen of Scots filling up the blanks in the collection at the State Paper Office.

The following lines are said to be by Robert Earl of Essex, and appear among the papers of Sir Hervey Bagot :

Happy were heo could finish foorth his fato  
In some unhaunted desert, where obscure  
From all society, from loove and hate  
Of worldly folk, there shoold he sleep  
secure,  
Then wake again and yield God ever  
prayes;  
Content with hipp with hawes and  
bramble-berry,  
In contemplation passing still his dayes,  
And chaunge of holy thoughts to make  
him merry;  
Who, when he dyes his Toomb might be  
the bush  
Where harmless Robin resteth with the  
Thrush;  
Happy were hee.

Lord Fitzhardinge's MSS. comprise letters of Henry VIII., Queens Mary and Elizabeth, James I. and II., and William III. Mr. Horwood says it is well known that Henry VIII. frequently used a stamp for his signature during the latter years of his life, but two letters here show that he began that practice when a young man, probably to save time and trouble. A letter from Sir George Carey to his wife, April 22, 1595, mentions the Earl of Derby's death, and attributes it to poison :

The physicians say poison, and partly witchcraft. The witch is in prison. They have found his picture in wax with one of her hairs priet directly in the heart. Order

is taken for the appointment of a Commission for the examination and trial of the Earl's death.

One of the most interesting results of the labours of the Commission, as given in this Report, is the discovery, in a manuscript in the possession of Col. Towneley, at Townley Hall, Burnley, of a hitherto unknown fact relating to Edmund Spenser. Mr. Knowles found this in a MS. containing the payments of the executors of Robert Nowell, Attorney-General of the Court of Wards, Reader of Gray's Inn, and Steward to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, who died February 6, 1569. In this volume there is an entry of

Gownes given to certeyn poor schollers of the scholls aboute London, in number 32, viz. St. Paul's, Merchant Taylor's, St. Anthony's Schole, St. Saviour's Grammer Schole, and Westminster School.

First on the list of scholars of Merchant Taylors who had a gown is *Edmunde Spenser*. It is well known that Spenser entered Pembroke Hall May 30, 1569, and fortunately the MS. settles the identity of the Edmund Spenser with the author of the *Faerie Queene* by three other entries :

*Given to poor schollers of dyvers gramare scholles.*

Apl. 28, 1569.—To Edmond Spensore, scholler of the Mrchante Tayler schollers at his gowinge to Pembroke Hall, in Chambridge, xs.

Nov. 7, 1570.—To Richard Langher and Edmond Spenser, two poore scholars of Pembrock haule, vjs. a pece, in the whole xij s. by the hands of Mr. Thomas New, fellow of the same howse.

To Edmonde Spensere the xxiiij of Aprill, A<sup>o</sup> 1571, ijs. vjd.

So little is known of Spenser's early life that the discovery of the name of the school in which he was educated is of particular interest.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>28</sup> According to Oldy's MS. additions to Winstanley's *Lives of the most Famous English Poets*, copied by Isaac Reed, Spenser was born in East Smithfield, A.D. 1552, or the year following. Mr. Payne Collier, in his *Works of Edmund Spenser* (Aldine, edition i. 10), thought that he was educated at Kingsbury, because he found an E.

Some papers in the possession of the Countess of Rothes relate to the murder of Cardinal Beton (or Beaton), which took place May 30, 1546. John Leslie (brother of George, the third Earl of Rothes), rector of Kynnore, and Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes, were among those guilty of that horrible deed, and were forfeited on the following 14th of August. By a deed, dated July 3, 1575, David Earl of Crauford and others, 'as nearest and principals of the kin and allies of the late David, Cardinal, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, not only taking the burden upon them for themselves and friends before named, but also for the whole four branches of the father and mother's side of the said David, Cardinal, having consideration and respect to the repentance of John Leslie of Pukhill, declared unto them manifestly for the slaughter of the said David, Cardinal, their most tender friend, committed, and forgave to the said John Leslie the rancour of their wrath and deadly feud and malice conceived by them against him for the said slaughter, and received him into their hearty love, favour, and kindness, as lovingly as if he had never committed the said slaughter, or been partaker thereof.' It is perfectly clear from the State Papers (V. pt. 4) and the Sadler Papers that a negotiation for the murder of the Cardinal had been going on for some time between Scotch traitors and the Privy Council with the express sanction of Henry VIII. The cardinal was in the castle of St. Andrews, which was surprised by sixteen men, though it contained 150 workmen and 50 retainers of the archbishop. A dagger is shown at Leslie House with which it is believed the car-

dinal, at the hands of Norman Leslie, received his deathblow.

It was not likely that George Earl of Rothes would escape suspicion. Among the Rothes MSS. is a Commission by Mary Queen of Scots, July 12, 1547, stating that her Majesty's tutor and governor thought it expedient that the Earl 'should be put to the knowledge of an assize,' to answer reports which had been circulated relative to his connection with the murder; and that Mr. Alexander Stranohauchan should act as justiciar. A Testimonial, dated three days after, states that the earl had appeared before the court of justiciary, held 'in the fields near the Water of Yarrow,' and by a 'condign assize' was acquitted.

Papers among the MSS. of the Earl of Selkirk, at St. Mary's Isle, refer to the gold and silver mines of Scotland. James IV., in 1505, offered at the shrine of St. Ninian, at Whithorn, a 'relique maid of the Kingis awn silver.' Damian, abbot of Tunland, visited the Crawford mines March 28, 1513; he was the King's alchemist. James V. granted these and other mines, in 1526, for 43 years to these foreigners, Joachim Hochstetter, Quintein von Lanytes, Gerard Sterik, Erasmus Sohets, and Anthoni Niket.<sup>20</sup> Charles I., in 1631, granted for seven years to James Marquis of Hamilton all the mines within the barony of Crawford-John.

We now turn to notices of papers of the seventeenth century.

Messrs. Monro and Thoms continue their report on the MSS. of the House of Lords. It occupies no less than 170 pp. of the Report, and comprises documents extending from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the end of the year

Spenser named in the Muster Book of the Hundred of Kingsbury, in 1569, who might have been the poet's father.' Spenser published his first poem, 'The Shepherd's Calendar,' in 1579, and dedicated it to Sir Philip Sidney.

<sup>20</sup> Pennant says that in the reigns of James IV. and V. great wealth was obtained in the Lead Hill district from the gold washed from the mountains, and estimates its value at 300,000*l*.



1641. The most important discovery is that of the depositions taken before the committee appointed by the Parliament in Scotland to inquire into the alleged design against the Marquis of Hamilton and the Earls of Argyll and Lanark. Charles I. was in Scotland in October 1641, and it was thought countenanced a plot by which the noblemen named might be seized. This is known as the 'Incident.' The marquis and earls fled, and Charles marched, at the head of 500 men, to the Parliament House and demanded that the affair should be investigated, and the aspersions which had been cast upon him withdrawn. The debate lasted from the 12th to the 21st of October, and it was then resolved, greatly to the annoyance of the king, that the inquiry should be conducted by a committee of twelve. The depositions were taken on the 22nd, 23rd, 25th, and 27th of October, read before the king and Parliament on the 28th, and sent to England. In a letter sent to the House of Commons on the 14th it was stated that 'before this fell out the treaty and what remained of the writers' business seemed almost completed, but this affair has put a stop to everything, and may give rise to great troubles.' Hume says (under October 20):

The English Parliament which was now assembled, being willing to awaken the people's tenderness by exciting their fears, immediately took the alarm, as if the malignants, so they called the king's party, had laid a plot at once to murder them and all the godly in both kingdoms. They applied, therefore, to Essex, whom the king had left general in the South of England, and he ordered a guard to attend them.<sup>30</sup>

The depositions were read in both Houses on November 5, but do not appear in the Journals. Such an omission was most unfortunate, for the depositions dis-

appeared, and Isaac Disraeli conjectured this was designed, 'for the honour of the king, to bury the transaction in impenetrable obscurity;' <sup>31</sup> and Napier observes:

It would be of great consequence to the memory of Charles I. (since such historians as Mr. Hallam still persist in pointing the obscure calumny against him), if the depositions in question could yet be discovered in the State Paper Office.<sup>32</sup>

These documents have now been discovered, and, as Sir Edward Nicholas wrote to Charles I. (November 4, 1641), there is 'nothing in all these examinations that in any sort reflects upon his Majesty's honour.'<sup>33</sup> They appear in the Report *in extenso*. We select, as a fair example of the whole, a portion of the deposition of Captain Stewart, and that of W. Murray, a favourite groom of the bedchamber to the king; the former showing the nature of the plot, the latter the king's connection with it.

Captain Stewart said that Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart entered into discourse with him,

showing that the haill cuntrie was governed be two, the Marques of Hamiltonne and Earle of Argyll; bot now ther was ane factionne stronge aneugh to suppress thame, for ther was thrie or four hundreth men wponne that cours, and it was resolved that the Marques of Hamyltounne and Earle of Argyll sould be drawine into the withdrawing rowme in the abbay, whair the Lord Amound sould come vp the privie way from the privie gardine and sould enter in discours with tham, that they haid assumed to thameselffes the haill governament of the cuntrie and haid wrongit the same, and therfor was comandit to putt thame jn arreist, and theraponne it was resolved that hands sould be layed wponne thame, and becaus the castell was full of prisoners, thay sould be conveyed to the Kinges schipe. The said Stewart said that William Murray, of the bedchamber, sould have drawine the Marques and Earl of Argyll, wponne the pretence of some discourse unto the with-

<sup>30</sup> *History*, vi. 429.

<sup>31</sup> *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*, ed. 1851. ii. 246.

<sup>32</sup> *Montrose and the Covenanters*, ii. 148.

<sup>33</sup> *Evelyn's Memoirs*, II. pt. ii. p. 59, ed. 1819.

draweing rowmes; and that the Earl of Crawford was also wponne the pairtie, for about four hundreth men sould hawe met him at his hous, and hawe come from thence to the privie gardene, to hawe attendit the executionne of this plotte.

### W. Murray:

Being callit before the comittée declairit that casuale being in the castell with the Earle of Montrose, and discoursing on the publict bussines, his Lo. was pleasit to bemoane the delays that the publict did suffer, and protestit if he had the happines to speik with the king himself, he wuld not only discover the caus of these difficulties bot also thnges of very hich nature concerning his Ma. and his stato and honer. The deponer told him the proposition was of so hich ane nature that he durst not intrust it to his memorie, bot if his Lo. wuld be pleasit to sett it down in wreat he wuld cary it to the king and delyver it. And howsoever the deponer thocht himself obligit to tell the King, it being a matter of so hich a straine and that samen nicht did impairt the samen to his Ma<sup>tie</sup>. The Kinges Ma. told the deponer that q<sup>a</sup> he receavit the Earl of Montrose his lre, he wuld then consider q<sup>t</sup> an<sup>r</sup> his Ma. thocht fitt to returne. The next day in the efternoone, a letter was brocht to the deponer inclosit within two lyues of ane directione, and directit to his Ma. The King did reid it, and told the deponer that the letter was not so home or so hich as the deponer had told by word of mouth; his Ma<sup>tie</sup> had considerit of the thing & wuld not interrupt his owne bussiness which were in so fair ane way, with any more project. The deponer did returne both the lre and this an<sup>r</sup>, & within two or thrie dayes y<sup>r</sup> after the Earl of Montrose sent ane vy<sup>r</sup> lre directit to his Ma. And howbeit the secound lre wes more full, yet his Ma. gave th samen an<sup>r</sup> to the deponer, and sd that becaus y<sup>r</sup> wes surmises that his Ma. was come to mak divisions he wuld y<sup>r</sup> for lett his people see that he wuld not interteyne any motiones that nicht seeme to mak interruptions. And sicklyk his Ma. sd. that his purpose nicht mak mentione of some by past busnes, and he would have all by gones, by gones, and fair play in tymes to come, as also his Ma. did say that he beleavit that ane man in the conditione of the E. of Montrose his restraint wuld say very much to have the libbertie to come to his Ma. pns. The deponer, as he rememberrs on Setterday the 9 oclo. returned the effect of this his Ma. an<sup>r</sup> to the sd Earle of M. & hard no farder of it till Monday yrest in the efternoone at four ane klok, and then ane vy<sup>r</sup> lre was brocht directit to his Ma. which the deponer delyvrit. And q<sup>a</sup> His Ma. had red the thrid lre, he sd this is very

hich and deserves some consideration. His Ma. did lett the deponer reid the lre who thocht is very hich. His Ma. sd he wuld tak tyme to consider of it, for it wes ane mater not to be rashlie jugit of. And at nicht q<sup>a</sup> his Ma. went to bed he sd he thocht he wuld communicat the samen to some of his lords, bot that he wuld speik more of it the morrow morning. On the Tuysday morning so soone as his Ma. was awake, the deponer went in to him and then the King told him he had thocht vpon it, and that he wuld communicat the samen to the Lo. Chenr, the Dooke of Lennox, the E. of Argyll, the E. of Mortoun and Roxburgh, and to the Lord gill. and commandit the deponer to send for the gill becaus he thocht the rest would be y<sup>r</sup>. His Ma. owne opinion was thet they sould call ane certaine number of the noblomen, barrones and burrowes togidder before q<sup>m</sup> the E. Montros. should be brocht in his Ma. pns with his keeper, and desyrit to explaine q<sup>t</sup> his meining of his lre wes, bot wald resolve nothing till he had consultit with these Lordis q<sup>m</sup> his Ma. had named. And as the deponer conceaves this his Ma. resolu<sup>on</sup> wes int<sup>r</sup>uptit with the incident fell on the Mononday at nicht.

The papers relating to Archbishop Laud's visitations (1634-6), are printed *in extenso* in the Report, and afford interesting particulars respecting the state of the cathedrals at that period. The Archbishop knew the importance of the preservation of records, and accordingly one of the articles submitted to the cathedral authorities of Salisbury was:

Item, whether the muniments and evidences of your church be safely kept and preserved from the knawing of rats, mice, and other such like vermine, and be kept drye from the iniury of rayne and other such like offensius weather, and whether they be soe fittly and orderly disposed in your muniment house or bee soe registred in your bookes and ledgeors as that when need shal be you may easily find out the same without much search?

The reply was favourable. The same Chapter wrote to Laud:

The body of our church is much pestered with diu<sup>r</sup> ranckes of moveable seates not many yeeres since erected, and too much roome is taken vp, and the convenience of hearing thereby taken from many, and the preacher many times troubled w<sup>th</sup> noise in opening and coming into the seates; and

other fixed scates<sup>24</sup> there are in the body of our church built and set vp too far out into the body of the church and into the isles.

Dell, Laud's secretary, writes beside this :

His Ma<sup>ty</sup> com' and is for y<sup>e</sup> taking downe of all fixt seats within the Body of any Cathedrall. And such as are moueable are not to stand, but for y<sup>e</sup> use of Sermon tyme onely.

The Dean and Chapter of Bristol thus refer to the same subject :

There is in the opinion of many of sound judgment a graund enclosure in our church by reason of certaine seats set vp in our sermon place by the citezens by vertue of a long leaso from the D. and C. (scilz. for ever) conteyning 29 foot and a half in length and 11 foote in breadth on the south side of the said church for the maior, aldermen, and common counsell w<sup>th</sup> 20 foot in length on the north side and 11 foot in breadth for their wives w<sup>th</sup> scates are appropriated to them, so that neither knight nor esquire, lady nor gentlewoman have any proper place where to heare the sermon. Thies scates for the manner of site, stand soe remote fro the pulpit that they betray the chieffest place of audience where the maior &c. were wont to sit on benches with backes, moveable, to the more vulgar and meaner auditory.

The Archbishop enjoined the cathedral authorities at Gloucester :

In regard it is his Ma<sup>ty</sup> express pleasure y<sup>e</sup> the bodyes of y<sup>e</sup> cathedrall churches should not be pestered w<sup>th</sup> standing seats contrary to y<sup>e</sup> course of cathedralls and y<sup>e</sup> dignity of these goodly piles of building, wee must & doe require you y<sup>e</sup> all standing and fixt seats, as well those where y<sup>e</sup> mayor and aldermen's wyues use to sitt as others between y<sup>e</sup> pillars be taken downe, and other moueable ones fitted into theyr roome according to such directions as wee gaue to y<sup>e</sup> deane by our late L<sup>ty</sup> witten to him.

The growth of the Puritan party is shown in a passage in a reply from Salisbury :

Y<sup>e</sup> may please to take notice that in most parishes in Wiltshyre Dorcetschyre and the Westernne partes, there is still a puritane and an honest man chosin churchwardens together. The puritane alwayes crosses the other in repayres and adorning the church, as also in the presentments of vnconformityes and in the issue putts some trick or other vpon the honest man, to putt him to sue for his charges hee hath been at for the church.

The designation of the Puritan's co-churchwarden, simply as 'an honest man,' is very amusing.

The same authorities say :

There are no coapes in o<sup>r</sup> church most of them were sould away about 66 years since & the rest turned into pulpitt clothes and cushions, neither have any been provided since. There was an anncient ordinance that every dignitary, archdeacon and prebendary should at theyr installation pay a summe of mony according to theyr severall taxe, which was for the maintenance of coapes, but about the year 1562 there was a decree made by the bishop deane and chapter that this coape mony should be conuerted to the fabrique reuennue, and so it hath been continued ever since, although the style of the taxe doth still runne *pro capâ*.

Laud's reply is very significant :<sup>25</sup>

I thinke the fabrick was repayred before y<sup>e</sup> and the coape money may returne to the proper use and supply them in tyme.

The Dean and Chapter of Wells state

that there are very few or noe auneyent vestmentes or ornaments belonging to this church. But there have been of late yeares diūs bought, viz<sup>t</sup>. one greene vellvett pullpitt cloth and cushions to the same, one red vellvett cushion, one other of purple, one other faire pullpitt cloth for the Lord Bussopp and canons only when they preach, one faire carpett for the coñunion table, one crimson vellvett cloth ou<sup>r</sup> the same, w<sup>th</sup> three crimson vellvett cushions.

Laud directed the Dean and Prebendaries of Rochester 'to have

<sup>24</sup> One of the earliest pews for the use of the congregation is in the north aisle of Geddington St. Mary, Northamptonshire, dated 1602.

<sup>25</sup> Bishop Cosin, at Durham, used to wear a cope 'of plain white satin without any embroidery upon it.' The late Bishop of Winchester said, in Convocation, that the Eucharist was never celebrated at Durham without the vestments until the time of Bishop Warburton. Copes of rich materials were used at the funeral of George II., at Westminster Abbey. Such vestments are preserved at Carlisle, Ely, Lichfield, Salisbury, and Westminster Abbey.

square cappes within your cathedrall chnrch at all tymes of dyvyne servyce and sermons.' These caps were enjoined by the canons of 1604.

At Bristol great respect seems to have been shown to the Mayor:

It hath long been a comon practice if Mr. Mairr come before our divine service is ended, abruptly to breake off service, if the service chaunce to be ended before his comyng, all the congregaōn stay, and expect his comyng before the sermon begin.

Laud very properly says, 'I like neyther of these two, and require y<sup>t</sup> both be remedied.'

Among petitions presented to Parliament are many relating to the ritual controversy of the period. Clergymen are frequently complained of (c. 1640) for placing the Communion-table altar-wise, setting up rails, refusing to administer the sacrament unless communicants knelt in the chancel, using superstitious gestures, &c. There is a petition, February 6, 1641, of Peter Farren and Francis Riskworth, churchwardens of All Saints, Northampton, who were directed by Dr. Clark, one of the surrogates of the Ecclesiastical Court, to remove the table from the centre of the chancel and place it altar-wise under the east window. For refusing, they were excommunicated. In another, Mary Wheeler states that her husband, in 1635, being churchwarden of St. Botolph's, Colchester, was ordered by Dr. Aylet to rail in the table; he refused, was excommunicated, and obliged to fly the country. The following seems a hard case. December 30, 1640, John Turner says, that about fifteen years before he was summoned before the 'Comensarie' Court by the minister and churchwardens of Sutton Valence, Kent, *for not coming to evening prayer till the service was begun* for the space of six weeks, though he was prevented by his duties as constable. He was excommunicated, even to the millers re-

fusing to grind his corn. After imprisonment in Maidstone gaol he was seized under warrant of the High Commission Court, and when he appeared before it, for refusing to take the oath *ex officio*, he was sent to prison, where he has been, says the petition, for thirteen years.

Here is a curious scene in a church. William Townsend says, June 24, 1641, that he hired a farm at Wormingford, Essex, of Lady Jeremiah Waldegrave. Two years ago, happening to be left unpaid about 4*l.* of half a year's rent, Lady Waldegrave had a writ served upon petitioner during Divine service on Sunday in his seat in the church. Lady Waldegrave was present; and being patroness of the church, commanded the keys from the parish clerk after the service, and sent them by her servants to the bailiffs, keeping him prisoner in the church until twelve o'clock at night.

A petition of John Stanesby, Gent., February 24, 1641, shows how Parliament discouraged reports of its proceedings being made. He had collected, 'with much expense and labour, sundry manuscript journals and other passages of Parliament, with divers other notes and papers of several natures, to the number of about 300 quires of paper.' These one of the clerks of the Council took away from his room in his absence, afterwards stating that the Lords of the Council intended to suppress all such collections.

The Coventry Papers among the MSS. of the Marquis of Bath, at Longleat, are of considerable importance. In 1664 Henry Coventry was ambassador to Sweden, and Secretary of State from 1672 to 1680. From a paper dated February 10, 1673, relating to the first Earl of Shaftesbury, it appears that the House of Commons ordered that Mr. Thomas Meeres and Mr. Garroway attend Lord Shaftesbury to



be informed whether he saw an altar and crucifix in the house of Mr. Pepys. His lordship denied that he ever saw an altar in that house, but has some imperfect memory of seeing something like a crucifix. An anonymous letter is in the same collection, *temp.* Eliz., in which the Queen is called a hare; Ceeil, fox; Bacon, slow-worm; Knowles, knewt; Sussex, spider; Leicester, viper; Essex, snail; Shrewsbury, lobster; Bedford, toad; Sadler, moth; Clinton, otter, &c. There are five volumes of official letters and papers relating to the Treaty of Nimeguen.

Few collections examined by the Commissioners have yielded documents of so interesting a nature as that of the Earl of Denbigh, at Newnham Paddox. Four volumes of letters of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. supply Mr. Knowles with materials for a lengthy report, and we hope he will return to the collection at a subsequent period. Two of these volumes consist of Family Letters—235 in number—and though our space will only allow us to give a few extracts, we hope they will induce our readers to turn to the Report for the remainder.

Here is a letter from George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, to his mother (undated):

Deere mother, I humblye kiss those hands that guided your pen when you writt last, and with reverence thanke that holie spirit of union which put so harmonious a resolution into your hart not to part till the saints & angels in heaven should rejoyce at our mutual affection. the contrarie whercof would eone a made me werie of this world. But now that I see there can be no change of that more then ordinario naturall love of a mother which you have ever borne me even from that infancie when I did nothinge els but unreasonablie and frowardlie rangle—now I say, I dare take

the bouldnee againe to tell you with my ould free and frolicke stile that the same naughtie boy, George Villiers, who mett you att St. Albons on Tuesday, by the grace of God will caste himselfe at your feete with the same hart, without adition or diminution that then he mett you with; onelie there will be this alteration, that his joy will be greater, for that absence then was but personall, but this I did fere had bine loss and absence of affection which, if I should justlie deeerve I should be ashamed to aske what now I crave, your blessing, and in dispare of pardon from Him who hath the onlie absolute power to pardon the offences of your one (own) collicke but humble and obedient sonne, G. Buckingham.

Lord Fielding (afterwards second Earl of Denbigh) was ambassador in Italy from 1634 to 1638. There are no less than sixty letters in this volume addressed to him by the Marquis of Hamilton.<sup>36</sup> He frequently tells Lord Fielding to lose no opportunity of securing rare pictures and other works of art, chiefly for the king. 'I heave tould the King,' he says in a letter dated March 21, 1636, 'thatt ye wrytt to me of ane rare pictur thatt was att Venis. He is desyrus to knoe the storie & whatt figures itt is of and the pryse. Those ye boght for me is not as ycitt comc.' Six months after, he says:

I reseved a letter of yours 8 or 10 monthes sines which med mention of ane other studie of pictures, but ye said ye woud not advyse me to by them, foring lest I might be too much bewiched with those *intysing things*.

In another (undated):

I informed the King of that amatyst (amethyst) cup which is to be soold. The pryce is so great as we dard not so much as think of itt, bot he inquyred of that rare pictur which ye wrytt of a yeir agoe.

The following letter refers to the purchase of an important collection:

<sup>36</sup> In 1643 he was created a Duke, but soon after his loyalty was suspected, and he was sent to Pendennis Castle. He was liberated in 1646, but was accused of having betrayed the King in Scotland. To show his loyalty he raised some force and entered England, but was defeated at Preston. In March 1649 he was tried and beheaded.

July 7, 1637. His Ma<sup>ty</sup> having seeine the the noot (note) of Delanave's collection, is so extremly taking ther with as he has perswaded me to by them all, and for thatt end hes furnished me with munnis. So, brother, I have undertakin that they shall all cume into England, booth pictures and statues, out of which he is to make choyes of whatt he lykes, and to repay me whatt they coost if I heave a mynd to turne marchand, bot for thatt ue (we) shall agree. He hes desyred me to get you thies causioones which he hes found by experiens to heave bein practised: First thatt sume of the rarest peeises be not conseled; secondly that the originules be not retened and coppies given in ther place; Thirdly, thatt extraordinarie kayre be taking in the packing of them upe; Forthly, thatt the frames of such peeisis as is to bige to cume on the pictures, thatt they be putt up in easis and so sent a loong; ffyfy, thatt if itt be posabill, the shipe wher in they cume may heave no quicksilver nor coraanes in her, bot, if thatt can not be, then take kayre thatt they be so plased wher they may each least hurt. Now I ame lykuys to lett you knoe thatt ther hes cume feu or no marbiles to England frome Italy bot they heave bein com'only brook. By yours I fynd they ar held att 20 m. ducketes, bot thatt itt is probabill the price may be broght doune to 12 m. duckets which make 2 m. pound (2,000*l.*) sterling. In my last to you I said I would be content to give 1,500 pound bot now sines itt is his Ma<sup>ty</sup> plesoure, joyned to my ooune inclinatioonn, thatt I shall by them whatt sum ever they coost lett them not gooe by you for I ame resolved to heave them.

He goes on to connsel haste, for 'my Lord Marshall'—i.e. Lord Arundel—the greatest collector of the period, had heard of the collection, and would probably order his agent to secure it. That nobleman seems to have been a very clever buyer, for a snbsequent letter informs us of his *modus operandi*:

The way thatt he takes to procure them is by his agent, Pettie, who doueth weikly give him advertisement of all pictures thatt ar to be sould, the prysis of them, the ouneres names and thoes thatt uould by them. So, if he lyk anie of them, he gives directiunes to P. to make greatt &

large offers a pourpos (to) rayes ther prysis by which menines the buyarres ar forsed to leaive them and the pictures remain with ther oanners, he weill knoing thatt no Englishman stayeth long in Italy nor you long to reseid wher you are.

The MSS. of Earl de la Warr, at Knole Park, form a collection of seventeenth century papers of great importance. They consist chiefly of correspondence and documents of Lionel Cranfield, first Earl of Middlesex,<sup>27</sup> Lord High Treasurer, and throw a great deal of light upon the state of England in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Many of the papers show the profuse expenditure in the court of the former monarch. From one document it appears that James had received from the Parliament from his accession to 1621, 1,133,663*l.* Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham, on their journey into Spain, expended 47,847*l.* In 1619 the Crown owed 829,484*l.* The natural result of such an expenditure is the arrear of official salaries, and those who could not recoup themselves by the grant of monopolies—a fruitful source of the oppression of the people—were in great distress. Sir Robert Lanc, December 1623, complains that his salary as Equerry of his Majesty's Stables, 30*l.* per annum, has not been paid for twelve years, and his wages as Captain of Southsea Castle are in arrear a like period. About the same time Francis Ingleby, 88 years of age, keeper of the armoury at Greenwich, petitions that seven years' pay may be granted him. Such cases are frequent in these MSS.

A letter, March 18, 1622, from the Dnke of Buckingham to the Earl of Middlesex, written from Madrid, mentions the Prince's safe arrival:<sup>28</sup>

<sup>27</sup> His daughter Frances married Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

<sup>28</sup> Carlos Estuardo soy.

Al cielo d'Espana voy  
Per ver mi estrella Maria.—Lope de Vega.

He alighted at the house of Lord Bristol, remained there until Sunday last, when he made a solemn entry into the Town from a monastery (where we that day dined). He passed on horseback thro' all the town having the King on his left hand and a canopy carried over them both. The Prince desires him to speak to the King at once about building a chapel at St. James for the Infanta and her family.

Buckingham does not appear to have pleased the Spaniards, for the Marquis of Inijosa wrote to James especially to complain of his conduct.

A memorandum (c. 1623) of agreement states that Thomas Finch and his wife had agreed with Sir Arthur Ingram that if Lady Finch was made a viscountess they would give Copt Hall, in Essex, and Park and the Manor of Gladwins, to be redeemable on the payment of 13,000*l.* and 500*l.* a year. She was made Viscountess Maidstone, which cost her, says the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox, in a letter to the Earl, the surrender of Copt Hall, 7,000*l.*, and a suite of tapestry hangings. The Duchess in another letter asks him to get money for her husband, *by compelling some one to be a baron or a baron to be an earl*, or forcing some one to lend. This was analogous to the practice of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, who compelled all persons possessed of lands yielding an income of 40*l.* to receive knighthood or pay a fine!

It is stated in a petition of W. Shipman to Sir John Fernc, March 22, 1613, that there was 200,000*l.* spent in this country on tobacco annually. It is probable he does not overstate it, for he offers 5,000*l.* a year as a present to a nobleman

for an exclusive patent! James's *Counterblaste to Tobacco* was published nine years before.

In order to check its importation he imposed a duty of 6*s.* 8*d.* on every pound in addition to the twopence which had hitherto been charged.

The seventeenth century papers of the Duke of Argyll relate to Archibald, seventh Earl<sup>39</sup> (d. 1638); Archibald, eighth Earl and Marquis, head of the Covenanters in the reign of Charles I., who joined the Parliament in the Civil War, and was beheaded at the Restoration; Archibald, ninth Earl, who in 1667 received from Charles II. a grant of his father's lands; and Archibald, tenth Earl, who 'came over' with William III. in 1688, and was in 1701 created first duke of the house. James VI. ordered the seventh earl to bring the lawless clans of the Western Isles—the McConnells, McLanes, McLeods, &c.—to reason. In the Act they are described as 'an infamous byke<sup>40</sup> of lawless limmers.'<sup>41</sup> He was to pursue them with fire and sword until peace and quietness were restored. Subsequently he was ordered to pursue the rebellious clan McGregor and likewise reduce it to obedience. His son, Lord Lorne (afterwards eighth Earl), was, in 1636, the apprehender of Patrick McGregor—or Gillie Roy, the Red Lad, as he was popularly called—and received the special thanks of the Privy Council.

Here we must close this notice of the fourth report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

<sup>39</sup> It is interesting to note that Archibald, fifth earl, married Lady Joan Stuart, sister of Mary Queen of Scots, and daughter of James V. Playfair (*Family Antiquity*, vol. iii.) says that if he had had issue one would have succeeded to the English throne on the abdication of James II.

<sup>40</sup> Wasp's nest.

<sup>41</sup> Vagabonds.



## THE DANGERS OF THE SEA.

BY THE CAPTAIN OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.

**P**ROBABLY no more appalling tragedy of its kind than the burning of the emigrant ship *Cospatrick* ever occurred on the ocean. The captain throwing his wife overboard to drown rather than burn, and then leaping after her; the surgeon throwing his little son, and himself following, are incidents which will not quickly pass from memory. Amidst a long recent calendar bearing witness to the dangers of travel, it stands the foremost in magnitude. Yet there is no fear of the tide of emigration being checked so long as the inducements held forth make it worth a man's while to change his locality.

It is all the more the duty of officials to lessen these dangers by every possible arrangement which practical science can suggest. Too many theories, along with gross disregard to their application, seriously increase the perils of the sea, while lulling people into a sense of false security. Of what service are boats in an emergency if they be turned bottom up inboard on ships, or placed athwartships, frequently in situations where the greatest skill is required, even under ordinary circumstances, to hoist them in and out? Given a heavy sea, the horrors of a fire, and last, as is too common, an undisciplined, disobedient, and unseamanlike crew to work with, and the results are easily calculated. What is required is not more boats, but more precautions and arrangements, to make their, at best, doubtful aid unnecessary. I will ask anyone who has the slightest knowledge of that wild piece of water between Queenstown and New York, if the expensive system of boats, which crowd our magnificent ocean steam-

ers, materially lessens the chances of danger? The sea of that stormy region requires them to be securely swung inboard, and secured with six or eight chains each; yet with these precautions a bad winter never passes without a serious loss or injury to these cumbrous fittings. When a distressed vessel has to be boarded to take off or relieve the crew, the greatest care is necessary to get the boat safely clear of the ship; and in hoisting up damage generally occurs to such an extent as to cause abandonment. Several instances have occurred during the present winter.

With such facts before us it is evident that other life-saving appliances are worthy of mature consideration by the Board of Trade; and in appointing a committee they will act wisely in giving the merchant nautical element every opportunity to bring their experience to bear, in lieu of depending so much on the testimony of naval officers who, as a body, really know nothing of the difficulties shipmasters have to contend with under such trying circumstances as a fire, or the abandonment of a ship at sea. From my own knowledge of the subject, I unhesitatingly say the late Royal Commission on ships and seamen have, in the evidence of an old Liverpool shipmaster (Mr. Ballantine), all that is required to point out the alarming condition of the *personnel* of the mercantile marine of this country, and the entire absence of power on the part of the masters. The loss of the *Cospatrick* points out a singular anomaly in maritime law, viz. the emigrants are entirely under the authority of the surgeon, not the commander.



The writer of this article is personally cognisant that many of the young surgeons who hold this responsible appointment are only a year or so from college, and is not aware of any existing law to debar them from obtaining it immediately they receive their diploma. Such a system places all authority and discipline in the hands of an inexperienced youth who has no idea of the responsibility of his situation, or the knowledge and tact it requires to rule a large body of men by moral force alone. Maritime law provides no other. To the commander should all power be given to make what regulations he thinks best for the safety of the large number of lives committed to his care, and on the arrival of a vessel in a British colony, at least, any infraction of them by the emigrants or abuse of them by him personally should be rigidly enquired into. A few examples would quickly work a salutary effect on the delinquents, and should be posted up on the lower deck of all emigrant ships as a warning to offenders, just as we see them in railway stations.

As a general rule, the emigrant is provided with a straw mattress. The Board of Trade should compel the vendors of these articles to soak the straw in a solution which would prevent its kindling into a blaze. He also stocks himself with a large quantity of cheap lucifer matches of the most inferior quality. There is a law against the carrying of the latter dangerous article by passengers, but anyone who has made a voyage in an emigrant ship will remember the constant crackle and flash of the match as the smoker lights his pipe, at a companion way, or other sheltered spot. A few months back, a startling instance of the danger of fire from this cause alone came under my observation in an emigrant ship. The luggage was being hurriedly

struck into the hold, and a portmanteau on being unslung emitted smoke from the interstices of the cover. It was hoisted on deck, opened, and among its contents were two boxes of wax vestas, each containing several hundred matches, which had caught fire by the shock of the portmanteau striking the lower deck. These had set fire to the linen, and it is highly probable that had the smoke not been noticed the ship would have been on fire in a few hours. Such gross infractions of the law require prompt punishment, but what power has the shipmaster to meet such cases? It is not uncommon in bad weather to catch some reckless or thoughtless individual smoking in his berth with his head wrapped in a blanket to avoid the observation of the steward on watch, if the supervision on board be sufficiently vigorous to enforce such a judicious precaution.

It is to be regretted that in all classes of merchant ships smoking below is an acknowledged custom. Jack lies on his dirty bed of straw with pipe in mouth, reading some old scrap of a newspaper, or the pages of a novel, and not unfrequently falls asleep with the burning embers beside him. The mystery is not why the *Cospatrick* was burned, but why such accidents are not constantly occurring from this and other causes. To mention one which happened not long since in a magnificent steamship. During a gale of wind a steward was unpacking a cask of wine, when a sudden send of the vessel unhooked the glass lantern from the beam overhead; it broke in the fall, set fire to the straw, and in a few minutes the smoke rolled in volumes from the hatchway. Fortunately, the fire hose was always ready near the spot, and in a short time the flames were got under. Immediately adjoining the store room, and sepa-

rated by only a thin partition of wood, several hundred bales of cotton were stowed, and had the fire reached them the ship would have been in a blaze forward, and perhaps totally destroyed with all on board. Then conjecture would have been actively at work concerning her fate, just as it is at this day about the *President*, the *Pacific*, the *City of Boston*, whose mysterious disappearances remain amongst the secrets of the great deep.

The Board of Trade might do much by judicious management to alleviate or lessen the chances of fire and shipwreck, but it is a matter of doubt whether their present system is not productive of more annoyance to the shipowner than benefit or safety to the passengers and crew, except in regard to victuals, where it is rigorously carried out in the majority of inspections by emigration offices. In this particular branch the matter is simple enough; anyone can tell good meat from bad, old biscuit from new, and the passengers would soon find out if they were badly treated, and complain of it. It is right, no doubt, to look after such things, even though their inferiority would seldom endanger human life. More essential, however, than quality of food, and less easy to examine into, are the arrangements for the instantaneous extinguishing of a fire, the ordinary handiness of the boats' positions for lowering or hoisting out, and the position, construction, and adjustment of the standard compass. It will be best to take these subjects in their regular order of precedence.

Of all the perils of the sea, fire is decidedly the most to be feared. Men fight cheerfully to the last against wind and sea, but there is something in the cry of fire on ship-board which damps the energy of the bravest, because, in many in-

stances, its origin or position are unknown. In the coal-laden ship it may have been silently increasing for days before the flames burst forth from the charred deck. As coals increase in price the danger from spontaneous combustion appears to increase in an equal ratio. The reason is evident. When they could be had for a few shillings per ton there was no object in weighing the scales down with iron pyrites, which, when damped, either with sea or fresh water, and excluded from the atmosphere in the hold of a ship, are at all times liable to ignite, especially in the tropics. It has, however, been known to do this on the steamers plying between Liverpool and New York in mid-winter, after being a few days in the bunkers. With this fact before them, insurers are to be blamed for allowing shippers to insure above the market value.

On the cotton ship the stevedores men are proverbial for their recklessness in smoking amongst the bales. It is the general belief that the majority of accidents occur from this cause, not only in port, but at sea, as it is a well established fact that cotton will smoulder for days, if excluded from the air, before it bursts into a flame. Another source of danger is the presence of tar, oil, and cotton waste in the store-rooms. In emigrant ships these inflammable articles should be stowed in a deck-honse, as the records at Lloyd's distinctly prove that a large number of ships have been destroyed from this cause. It is the old story of a naked light, a sudden plunge of the ship, and the mischief is irretrievably done. In all ships, if possible, but especially in the emigrant, spirits, wines, and beer should be stowed aft, in order that they may not be broached by the crew, many of whom openly declare that stealing 'grog' is no sin. It would be well, by-the-bye, for the shipowner

and the merchant if these formed the only objects of the seamen's larcenous attention; a glance at their books will prove that the annual amount of reclamations is enormous from this cause alone.

Where a large number of lives are at stake, more than ordinary precautions should be used, and all respectable shipowners will cheerfully meet the views of the Board of Trade, if they be founded on a proper basis.

It may not be amiss to suggest a few additions to the present arrangements of emigrant ships. Under the deck, in each compartment, a pipe of a certain bore should run fore and aft. At intervals, couplings with a short hose screwed on should be placed so that in the event of a fire two streams of water could be brought to bear on any place where it might break out in the emigrants' quarters. Again, a small tant or scuttle butt, with a baler hanging over it, should be placed in each store-room and the fore-castle. A fire is easily put out at first, but every fitting of a ship being more or less inflammable it soon gathers head.

Experience confirms what nautical men have so often asserted, that boats are a sorry resource in the hour of danger, and often lull people into a state of false security, owing to the undue value which is attached to their presence. In all sailing emigrant vessels at least one-half of the boats are stowed bottom up on skids, and in positions which require great care and skill to get them out free of damage (witness the case of the *Cospatrick*, where these were destroyed before an attempt could be made to extricate them). As a general rule, the oars, sails, and other essential fittings are stowed below, often in some unknown place. In the case of the *Cospatrick* a woman's petticoat formed the sail of one boat.

Such a state of things ought not, for one moment, to be tolerated. A penalty should be attached if any of the fittings of a boat were removed from her after the Government officers had inspected her. In a merchant ship there is so much to do, and so few to do it, that nothing should be left to chance. It may well be doubted whether boats afford the most efficient means for saving life when a large number of people, without discipline, suddenly meet with a great disaster which compels them to abandon the ship. In every instance we hear of the violent rush to the boats, of the strong trampling down the weak, of overcrowding, and finally upsetting. Some two years since the writer saw a man leap overboard from an emigrant ship which probably had twelve or thirteen hundred souls on board. The boats had been swung inboard for bad weather, and the crew immediately commenced to swing one out. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been done in a few minutes, but the yelling of the emigrants and their unskilful eagerness to aid the crew rendered all exertion useless for some time; not a command could be heard, and it was not until some of them had been violently thrust aside that order could be restored, and the boat lowered. Had that ship been in danger, a legion of boats would not have aided her. In addition to these perils is the serious one of previous damage by heavy weather. It is a well-known fact, as I have before stated, that on the Atlantic a winter never passes without accidents to the boats of steam-ships. The present winter has been prolific of them.

On the other hand, pontoon rafts are easily secured and disengaged, will support a much greater number of people than boats of corresponding dimensions, can generally be launched without damage,

and are not easily upset under any circumstances. Anyone who is conversant with the dangers attendant on the abandoning of a ship at sea, will allow that the chances of safety are in any case small indeed, if immediate succour be not at hand; cold, hunger, thirst, and the gale, all conspire to reduce them to a minimum. But in the event of a collision—such as the *Ville du Havre*, for example—rafts would have saved numerous lives, whereas boats were from many causes useless. Other cases might be quoted, but none which is more vividly impressed on the mind of the public than the accident to this unfortunate ship.

Shipowners would gladly substitute a certain number of rafts in lieu of boats, as this would be more serviceable and economical than the present expensive system. By a few

simple fittings a certain quantity of bread and water could always be in place, as it is in the quarter boats of all men-of-war. It is idle to expect more; the leaving of a ship at sea is not a picnic, but the result of grim necessity where one holds his life in his hand, often on conditions which some would think unendurable. In the recent case of the coal-ship *Euxine* the poor Italian sailor, after drawing the fatal lot, meekly and without a murmur bared his breast to the knives of his starving associates, who eagerly drank his blood and ate his quivering flesh. Most of us read such things with a shudder, and presently forget them; and what the old song says is still true—

Ye gentlemen of England,  
That live at home at ease,  
Ah! little do you think upon  
The dangers of the seas!





## THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

NO questions, within the entire range of literature, are more important than those of the date, the authorship, and the authority, of the book which, in its earliest extant copy, is headed by the simple title *After John!* But, although the enquiry is triple, the main issue is that of the authorship. Investigation as to date is chiefly directed to the evidence to be derived from date as to author. Authority, again, depends altogether on authorship. If it can be proved that the Apostle John, one of the sons of Zebedee, wrote the gospel which now bears his name, the date at which he wrote it is a subordinate detail; and the only important question remaining is that as to the weight of the apostolic authority. If it can be proved that the Apostle John did not write the book in question, its date is immaterial, and authority it has none.

The question is more ancient than any distinct proof that we possess of the existence of the book in its present form. Late in the second century occur independent references to four gospels, and expressions closely similar to some parts of the language of the fourth. A Syriac version is ascribed to the same age. But the Sinaitic codex is, as yet,<sup>1</sup> our most ancient positive evidence, being possibly of the age of Constantine. At the beginning of the third century the sect of the Alogi rejected the authority of the writings ascribed to the Apostle John; and the name of this school affords a sufficient indication of the cause of this rejection.

The dispute has been embittered by the fact, that the contest has originated in the hearts rather than in the heads of the disputants. The true method of patient historic re-

search has, therefore, been too tardy for their ardour. By one party, the Fourth Gospel is regarded as the very *Magna Charta* of the Christian faith. It excites, in their minds, deeper feelings of love, awe, and tenderness than any other written language. From early infancy the ear has been trained to listen to the voice of a Divine teacher in its mystic phrases. So much of orthodox doctrine depends exclusively upon this gospel, that a belief in its authentic and venerable character has become an essential element of the entire system known as orthodoxy.

On the other hand, very grave doubts are entertained, by men whose studies are rather critical than doctrinal, as to the possibility that the book in question could have been written by a personal disciple of Jesus, or, indeed, by any inhabitant of Palestine. The crucial importance of the question is due to the minute detail with which this Evangelist professes to narrate the very words of Jesus. None but a constant attendant on His person could be a trustworthy witness to such an extent. And if, in the study of this gospel, it should become apparent that a course not uncommon amongst ancient historians has been followed, and that the opinions and reflections of the writer have been conveyed by him under the guise of speeches from the Subject of his narrative, the work would be not only untrustworthy, but something more.

It does not, however, follow that, even in such a case, the stigma of forgery should be applied to the writer. For a considerable period in the history of literature, the assumption of an imaginary personality was a license commonly accorded to the

<sup>1</sup> See introduction to the Tauchnitz edition of the New Testament, p. xi.

historian. No one calls Livy a forger, although no one supposes that Hannibal made the speeches which Livy put into his mouth. In our more exact age, such a method of conveying what the writer believes to be true is inadmissible. But to argue from the piety or beauty of any of the language of the Fourth Gospel, that the writer of such sentiments could not have been other than an exact chronicler, is to betray great unacquaintance with literature. Of the definite purpose with which the book was written we are told by the writer. As to the manner in which that purpose was carried out, it remains to be seen whether his ideas were accordant with our own.

It ought to be distinctly borne in mind, from the commencement of the enquiry, that the Fourth Gospel nowhere contains a statement that it was written by a personal follower of Jesus. It includes no direct avowal of authorship, such as is to be found in the Apocalypse, and in the Epistles of Paul, James, and Peter. It contains no implied avowal of authorship, such as is the case with the Third Gospel, and the Acts of the Apostles. The writer makes no of the third person, in a manner not called for by the natural flow of the narrative, as an anticipatory protest against disbelief of his account; and adds an argument which, before any existing tribunal, would tell against his veracity. 'He that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe.'<sup>2</sup> For that same end, 'that ye might believe,' he again tells us, it is the case that his book contains only a selection from the many acts of Jesus. This is a virtual disclaimer of the character of a simple historian. Lastly,

at the close of the book is found what, if it be not an admission of a plural authorship, is a species of *testatur* from unnamed and unknown witnesses;<sup>3</sup> who designate the Apostle John as their authority, not by name, but by reference to a late ecclesiastical tradition. 'This is the disciple which testifies these things, and wrote these things, and we know that his testimony is true.' Whatever value may attach to such a sentence, it cannot be said that it is a declaration made by the author of the book which it concludes that it is the work of the Apostle John.

While thus indistinctly indicating, but not plainly claiming, an Apostolic authorship; and accepting the character, not of a history, but of a doctrinal treatise; the book commences with a commentary on the first words of the Pentateuch, couched in the language of the Cabbalistic writers. It was the doctrine of the Cabbala (as may be seen in the book *Jetsira*),<sup>4</sup> that the manifestation of the Almighty took place in the three phases of Conception, Word, and Writing. Such, the Cabbalists held, was the outcome of the words 'Let us make.' The 'Conception' corresponds, to some extent, to the Platonic Idea. The Word is sometimes spoken of as the Metatron, or Angel of Creation. The Writing is the visible, material creation. We must not here plunge into the mystic obscurity of the Cabbala. But nothing that occurs in any book of the New Testament would lead us to understand how language, so opposed to the simple narratives of the Synoptic Evangelists, could flow from the pen of one who, like other apostles, was recognised by the priests as an 'unlearned and ignorant' man.

That the Fourth Gospel presents a view of the person, life, and

<sup>2</sup> John xix. 35, xx. 31.

<sup>3</sup> John xxi. 24.

<sup>4</sup> *Prolegomènes de la version du Talmud.* Par l'Abbé L. Chiarini, p. 92.

teaching of Jesus, which is in startling contrast to that taken by the Synoptic Evangelists, it is needless to say. The only question that remains is, how far these different accounts are, or are not, reconcilable. It is quite possible that delineations of different parts of a lifetime, or different aspects of a character, may coincide in one harmonious whole. But it is one thing to admit a possibility, and another to accept a fact. To give real weight to the opinion that an account, differing so widely from that in which three Evangelists in the main agree, emanated from a member of the same little band of disciples, we must either find evidence that the writers intended their several accounts to be compared and taken together; or some satisfactory reason why one part of the story should have been told by one, and another by the other, narrators.

There is no indication in either of the Four Gospels that the writer was aware of the existence of any other record of authority equal to his own. The writer of the Third Gospel implicitly undervalues the many attempts made before his time, by referring to his own perfect knowledge,<sup>5</sup> derived from personal witnesses. In the Fourth Gospel occurs a silence which is yet more significant. In making the statement that many things were done by Jesus which were not recorded in that book,<sup>6</sup> a writer could scarcely have omitted to say where they were recorded, if he had been aware of the existence of other narratives of authority equal to his own. Thus, as far as the language of either of the Evangelists goes, it is opposed to the idea of concurrent narratives.

If we seek for any reason, afforded by the course of either narrative, for the special division of subject existing between the two accounts, we find ourselves altogether at a loss. In the passage which refers

to the testimony to be borne by the apostles, the eleven are alike addressed. In the Synoptic Gospels, Peter is spoken of as the first of the apostles; but it is not clear that anything more is intended than a reference to the historic fact in point of time. On three cardinal occasions—namely, at the raising of the daughter of the Ruler of the Synagogue, at the Transfiguration, and at the Agony in the Garden—Peter, James, and John are alone mentioned as present. That in a narrative written by the latter these important events should have been described we might fully anticipate. To neither of them is any reference made in the Fourth Gospel. On the other hand, in the account given by the fourth Evangelist of the conversation with the woman of Sychar, it is stated that the apostles were absent;<sup>7</sup> nor is their presence indicated at the conversation with Nicodemus, or at that with the blind man when healed. These conversations are referred to by the Fourth Gospel alone. Thus the selection of topics is a matter in no way favourable to the argument for the apostolic origin of that book.

If we look with proper attention at the leading features of the character of Jesus, as drawn by the Synoptic, and by the single, writers, we shall find it hard to believe that the same historic Personage can be contemplated by the two accounts. Of the hope and expectation of Israel; of the portents preceding and accompanying the Advent; of the Nativity and Circumcision; of the youthful promise; of the Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation; of the Agony and bloody Sweat; of the darkness, and rending of the veil of the Temple; of the glorious Transfiguration, and Ascension; and of the coming of the Holy Ghost; the Fourth Gospel has not one syllable. Of twenty-eight distinct miracles

<sup>5</sup> Luke, i. 3.<sup>6</sup> John, xx. 30.<sup>7</sup> John iv. 8.

described by the Evangelists, two only are mentioned by the fourth; and their occurrence is coupled with a statement which it is hard, if not impossible, to reconcile with the course of the Synoptic narrative, to the effect that Jesus withdrew to the mountain from the multitude that sought to make Him a King.<sup>8</sup> Even more striking is the contrast in the accounts of the teaching of Jesus. The First Gospel declares that Jesus did not speak to the people without a parable.<sup>9</sup> Thirty of these beautiful lessons (including their repetitions) are narrated by the Evangelists. Not a single parable, in the true meaning of the word, is to be found in the Fourth Gospel. In the first three, the Teacher retires behind the authority of the Law, or the self-asserting wisdom of the moral of His wonderful fables. In the Fourth Gospel He speaks only of Himself; practical instruction is absent or obscure; and the use of mystical metaphor replaces the lucid simplicity of the great Prophet, whom the common people heard gladly.

In omitting the most important incidents of the history narrated by the accordant Evangelists, and in making the laboured course of argument depend on occurrences not referred to by them—such as the marriage at Cana, the healing of the blind-born by making clay, the raising of Lazarus, and the washing of the disciples' feet—the Fourth Gospel does not afford the means of constant collation with the Synoptic narrative. There are, however, a certain number of incidents, or of periods, which can be identified as spoken of by the contrasted accounts; and there is, moreover, a further number of incidents as to which it is uncertain whether they are, or are not, so to be identified. An honest comparison of these accounts is essential to the formation

of a sound judgment as to their harmony or discrepancy.

Take first the chief cases of doubtful identity. These are the cleansing of the Temple, and the anointing of Jesus with a precious unguent. In the Synoptic narrative, the fame, the wonder, and the authority of Jesus appear rapidly and naturally to augment with each new display of His miraculous powers. The march of the narrative increases in its grandeur and awe from the commencement to the close. In His last visit to Jerusalem, when already hailed by the populace as the Heir of their native kings, the exertion of His authority to correct abuses that might have crept into the discharge of the wise provisions of the Law, for providing victims for the sacrifices of the worshippers, and legal money for the payment of the annual Temple tax, is in no way out of place. That an unknown provincial Teacher could have attempted such a service, without interruption, is highly improbable. The Synoptic writers place this incident at the close; the fourth writer at the commencement; of the public life of Jesus. The apologists for the Fourth Gospel assume a repetition of the act, for which there is no authority in either text; nor does the expedient obviate the difficulty as to its early occurrence.

The anointing of Jesus, shortly before the Passion, occurred, according to the first Evangelist, on the day before the Passover, at the house of Simon the Leper, in Bethany.<sup>10</sup> The host is called Simon the Pharisee in the Third Gospel, and the woman is described there as one who was a sinner in the city.<sup>11</sup> In the Fourth Gospel the incident is dated six days before the Passover; the name of the host is not given, but the woman is said to have been Mary,<sup>12</sup> the sister of

<sup>8</sup> John vi. 15.

<sup>9</sup> Matt. xiii. 34.

<sup>11</sup> Luke vii. 37.

<sup>10</sup> Matt. xxvi. 6.; Mark xiv. 1, 3.

<sup>12</sup> John xi. 2.



Lazarus, who is described in the preceding chapter as one of the intimate and beloved friends of Jesus. It is incredible that two writers, alike revering the memory of their Master, could consciously have allowed these two statements to be read side by side. The expedient of a double occurrence is again suggested. But in this case, the fourth Evangelist neglected the direction of his Master that the good deed of the Magdalene should be commemorated wherever the gospel was preached.

When we pass to those few points as to which the identification is unquestionable, it is only to find the accounts to be in open and positive contradiction of one another. Thus the date and occasion of the commencement of the public life of Jesus is a leading feature of His history. According to the accordant Evangelists, Jesus was baptised by John, and immediately afterwards was rapt into the desert, where he underwent the mysterious temptation of forty days. Thence He went into Galilee; but did not begin to preach until He had heard of the imprisonment of John.<sup>13</sup> His first public act being the calling of Peter and Andrew, while they were fishing in the Lake of Galilee, to follow and accompany Him.

In the contrasted account, the baptism is not mentioned; but the visit of Jesus to John is identified by the reference to the descent of the Spirit. Two days later, Andrew, on hearing the testimony of the Baptist, brings his brother Peter to follow Jesus in Bethabara. Three days later, Jesus is represented as making a beginning of miracles in Galilee. The Passover follows, when He goes to Jerusalem, drives the dealers from the Temple, is visited by night by Nicodemus, and then goes into the land of Judea, tarries with His disciples, and baptises. It

is expressly added that John was not yet cast into prison.<sup>14</sup>

No contrast can be more direct than that between these two accounts, the latter of which, by its reference to day after day, precludes the possibility of the forty days' sojourn in the desert, and represents Jesus, not as the successor, but as the rival, of the Baptist in his public functions.

The account of the close of the public life of Jesus, given by the fourth Evangelist, is as irreconcilable with that in which the other three narratives agree, as is that of the commencement of that life. The dates given are totally discrepant, and so are many of the special incidents narrated. Thus the supper at Bethany, before referred to, is described in the first and second Gospels as within two days of the Passover; in the fourth, as six days before the Passover. The supper at which the sop was given to Judas is stated by the Synoptics to have been the Passover. In the contrary account it is called 'before the Feast of the Passover,' and it is proved that such was the meaning of the writer, by the statement that the eleven thought Judas had gone out to buy what was needed for that feast. To purchase anything, or even to carry forth money in a purse, on the night when the Passover was eaten, would have been not only a sin, but a crime punishable by the law. Again, the accusers of Christ are spoken of as intending to eat the Passover after the betrayal; and the day of the Crucifixion is called the preparation of the Passover. These facts explain the meaning of the expression 'that Sabbath day was a high day' to be, that, in the year of the Crucifixion, Pasque fell on the Sabbath. According to the Synoptics, it fell on the fifth day of the week, our pre-

<sup>13</sup> Matt. iv. 17; Mark i. 14.

<sup>14</sup> John iii. 24.

sent Thursday. This difference as to the course of the moon is equivalent to a difference of three years in the date of the Crucifixion; which Panvinus, following the Fourth Gospel, has assigned to the year A.D. 33, instead of to the year of the consulship of Longinus and Quartinus, A.D. 30, which is the date accordant with the Synoptic narrative, and with the falling of the day of the week commemorated by the Church as the Day of Pentecost.

The result of a dispassionate comparison of this nature has the certitude of a sum in subtraction. It is no question of possible explanation, or of minor and unimportant discrepancy. Whenever positive comparison is possible, as to date, order, doctrine, the two accounts are absolutely irreconcilable. It is no more possible that both should be historic, than to take away two from four, and yet leave four remaining. The next step in the enquiry leads us to ask which, or whether both, of the two accounts are contradicted by other sources of information.

A tacit and instinctive sense of the impending result of more accurate study may be detected in the language of some of the most recent writers on the subject of the harmony of the Evangelists. Ebrard may be cited as an example. It is betrayed by a disposition to speak somewhat lightly of the authority of the Synoptic Gospels, on the points where, as in the instance of the year, day, and hour of the Crucifixion, they are contradicted by the fourth Evangelist. But it is certain that the question of comparative credibility can only be truthfully investigated, by means of a careful and accurate comparison, of the documents in question, with that ancient literature of similar or nearly identical date, which bears on the subject-matter of the gospels.

Research for this purpose must

be directed to documents less familiar to the general reader, and somewhat less accessible even to the student, than is the Greek Testament. But, in compensation for the difficulty, the information which is afforded by those treatises of the Mishna, which throw light on the laws, manners, and opinions which prevailed in Jerusalem during the last century of the existence of the Jewish polity, is so minute, precise, and exhaustive; the date of each new 'fence' to the written Law is so securely fixed by the name of the Doctor who proposed, and of those who opposed or who sanctioned it, that the ground is firm beneath the tread. A comparison of the Mishna and the gospels has a further result beyond that derived from the comparison of the gospels themselves. It shows that while the first three gospels are in full and unbroken concord with the testimony of Hebrew literature, the reverse is the case with reference to the Fourth Gospel.

The First Gospel, from its commencement to its close, is instinct with Jewish life, doctrine, and feeling. The more fully we become acquainted with the literature of the time, and with the contemporary state of the synhedral legislation, the more simple, luminous, and pointed become those passages in the narrative of the Evangelist which have long been confessedly obscure. References, slight indeed, but numerous and unmistakable, to the laws, the habits, and the opinions of the contemporaries of the Evangelist, sparkle in every page. That the writer of the First Gospel was a Jew, educated in Jewish learning to a point far above the common people, orthodox in Judaism, neither a Pharisee nor a Sadducee, but very probably a Karaite, and deeply imbued with the Jewish belief in oneiromancy, or the authoritative teaching of dreams, no student of Jewish literature can doubt. The Second Gospel,

closely as it resembles the first, with the exclusion of the references to prophecy, and the full details of the teaching of Jesus, bears signs of the consultation of independent, or at least common, sources of information. While very probably written for the Gentile world, it contains little that is out of harmony with devout Judaism. The third Evangelist possesses the remarkable characteristic of speaking of Jewish laws and habits in the most narrow Jewish language, while he displays an educated and philosophical tolerance with regard to the Samaritans and the heathen world.

The author of the Third Gospel is indicated in the Acts of the Apostles. By that Evangelist alone is the first person employed; in the singular, in the two short introductions; in the plural, towards the close of the narrative. At Lystra, the writer informs us, Paul met the son of Eunice, a Jewess, by a Greek father, whom he adopted as his companion. At Troas, a few verses later, the first person is used by the narrator, when Paul, Silas, and Timothy are the only names suggested by the narrative to whom it can refer. But at Philippi, directly afterwards, when Paul and Silas only are mentioned as cast into prison, the third person is resumed. It is maintained during the account of Paul's solitary travels, until he sails for Philippi with five companions, including Timothy, but not including Silas; when the Asiatics, Tychicus and Trophimus, coming beforehand, no doubt from Asia Minor, awaited the apostle and his little party at Troas. Thence to the close of the book the continued presence of the writer with Paul is indicated by the constant use of the first person. It would be difficult to acquit the author of the narrative of a great

want of candour, if he were any other than Timothy.

This view of the authorship of the history, regarded by the light of that classification of Jewish opinions which we described in a former number,<sup>15</sup> gives an admirable explanation of that mingling of the narrowest Jewish creed with great breadth of tolerance for the Samaritans and the heathen, to which we have referred as the peculiarity of the Third Gospel and the Acts. The writer commonly called St. Luke alone gives the parable of the Good Samaritan, which affords a marked contrast to the injunction given in the conventional Matthew—'Into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not.'<sup>16</sup> The elegance of the language, and the comparative purity of the Greek, employed by this Evangelist, are again peculiar to himself. But the purely Jewish ideas of the writer are such as a man of his catholic knowledge would have been more likely to acquire from the teaching of a mother than from any other source. Thus, while the first Evangelist tells us of the appearance of angels in dreams, in the pages of the third we meet visible angels. Dives, in the Third Gospel, is borne at once to Sheol, and sees the happy Lazarus enjoying the compensation for his misery in this life, from across the great gulf. The reward of the followers of Messiah is to be in this present time. For a writer who had learned Greek philosophy from his father, and Jewish tradition from his mother, such a mixture of the broad and the narrow might be expected. On no other hypothesis has it been explained. With this important qualification, the Third Gospel coincides with the First in being in full harmony with the Jewish literature of the second century.

<sup>15</sup> *Fraser's Magazine*, No. lxi. New Series.

<sup>16</sup> Matt. x 5.

When we turn to the Fourth Gospel, we find the case altogether reversed. The very first verse of the narrative speaks the language of a stranger to Judea: 'The Jews sent Priests and Levites from Jerusalem.' No Jew could have written such a sentence. A Jew would have designated the authority which instituted the enquiries, and the appropriate agents of its prosecution. To a foreigner, regarding the occurrences of which he spoke from a distant locality, and, possibly, at a long posterior time, the expression was unconsciously natural. Throughout the entire book the keynote here struck is kept up. 'The Jews' are always spoken of from without; not from within, as by the other Evangelists, and by Peter, James, and Paul. Instead of being spoken of as the Sons of God, the sacred nation, of whom Jesus claimed to be, by birthright, the anointed King, and to whom the writer was proud to belong; they are everywhere described as a party hostile to the truth, and even as the children of the Devil. No personal follower of Him who bade His hearers obey the Law and the Sanhedrin could thus have written.

Not only is hatred to the Jews a distinctive feature of that gospel which even omits the prayer of Jesus on the Cross for his misguided murderers, but positive unacquaintance with Jewish law, habit, and thought is very frequently betrayed.

Thus, in the account of the marriage at Cana, we are told of the *Architriclinos*, or master of the feast; a festal office proper to the Greeks, but unknown to the Jews. The entire course of a social meal, from the rinsing of the hands at the commencement; the 'indication,' or prescribed prayer, uttered by the most honorable rabbi present, the

blessings proper to the various viands, down to the final service of the ewer, was ordered by a distinct legislation, the enactments of which we possess.<sup>17</sup> The Greek triclinium was never used in Judea, unless it were by some of those Herodian or Grecian schismatics of whom the Book of Maccabees and the Talmud speak with such abhorrence. In the account of the Last Supper, the same substitution of Greek for Jewish manners is to be found. It is true that what appears to a Western reader to be the true meaning of the language of Moses, in appointing this festival, is now only accepted by the Samaritans, who to this day eat the Passover on their feet, even walking about during the meal. The Jewish Doctors taught that in the Holy Land Israel was to rest; and that, therefore, the Passover, within Palestine, was to be eaten seated. But it is impossible to admit that the heathen practice of reclining on the bosom of a friend could ever have been tolerated, at that solemn festival, by a people whose main dread was innovation. The remark that applies to the principle applies also to the details. It is not accordant with the Jewish laws to say that 'he that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit.' The feet, together with the hands, were to be washed in the services of the Temple; the hands alone before and after meals; and this practice, though common with the stricter Jews, was not rendered obligatory until after the time of Jesus. Again, the contents of the waterpots are described in Greek measures—not in Jewish. The presence of such vessels, of such size, would not have been 'after the manner of the purifying of the Jews.'<sup>18</sup> Even in the expression 'water pots of stone,' which is a description of vessel

<sup>17</sup> *Vide Beracoth*, section 6; the whole of the eight *Mischnaioth*, and the accompanying *Ghemara*.

<sup>18</sup> John ii. 6.



unknown in Palestine, may be detected a confusion of two similar Aramaic words, one of which means stone, and the other means a water vessel.

The utter contrast between the ideas expressed by the writer of the Fourth Gospel, and those which were universally entertained by the Jews of Palestine, is even yet more distinctly shown by those passages in which Jesus is represented as claiming a character, of which the Synoptic Gospels are far from giving the slightest indication. It is not in pages like these that it would be proper to express any personal opinion as to the sanction for such a claim. The only question we attempt to answer is, what would have been possible, and what impossible, in Judea, in the first century. As to this, the language of the fourth Evangelist is such as to encounter a double impossibility. 'The Jews,' he writes, 'sought the more to kill him because he said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God.'<sup>19</sup> It is intelligible why the writer of such a sentence omitted the Lord's Prayer from his narrative. He must have been unacquainted with the beautiful and solemn prayers of the Jewish Liturgy; with the written Law which said 'Israel is my son, even my first born;' and forgetful of his own language, where he writes, a little later, thus: 'The Jews said we have one Father, even God.'

This passage, however, must be read together with the last two verses of the 8th, and the 28th of the 20th, chapters. With these must be contrasted the accordant account given by the Synoptic writers of the condemnation of Jesus by the great Sanhedrin, for blasphemy. The cardinal fact of the rending of his robe by the High Priest is mentioned by the first and

second Evangelists. The import of the whole is this: The great Sanhedrin, consisting of 71 members, reserved to itself the right of jurisdiction in three special cases, of which the question of a false prophet was one.<sup>20</sup> It was on this charge that Jesus was brought before them.<sup>21</sup> Their proceedings were prescribed by an exact and most merciful code; and the evidence adduced was not adequate to ensure condemnation. But the High Priest, misunderstanding, as we have previously mentioned, the Aramaic word of assent used by Jesus, for the utterance of the Divine name,<sup>22</sup> the most awful and unpardonable crime known to the Jewish Law, rent his garment, which rending, not afterwards to be repaired, was the prescribed formality on the proof of that crime;<sup>23</sup> and judgment of death was an inevitable consequence. Not only so, but we can only understand the total revulsion of popular feeling towards Christ as arising from the spreading amongst the people of the news that the High Priest had thus rent his robes. And thus, also, is the forgiveness of Jesus to be understood. The people knew not what they did—for He was guiltless of the tremendous accusation, the very idea of which would strike terror to every Jew. With this horror Jesus would fully sympathise, knowing at the same time that it had been excited by a false accusation.

Viewed in this light, the whole narrative, as given by each of the Synoptic Evangelists, is perfectly consistent, both with itself and with the provisions of the Jewish law. The account of the fourth writer is widely different. He omits all those points by which, in the other gospels, the harmony between the teaching of Jesus and the law is illustrated. Of the baptism, undergone 'to fulfil all the injunctions of

<sup>19</sup> John v. 18.    <sup>20</sup> *Tractatus de Synedris*, i. 5. 64.    <sup>21</sup> Matt. xxvi. 61; Luke xxii.  
<sup>22</sup> Mark xv. 62, 63.    <sup>23</sup> *De Synedris*, vii. 5.

the Law ;<sup>24</sup> of the dignity and sanctity of those who fulfilled the minutest precepts ;<sup>25</sup> of the permanence of the Law as long as that of the order of nature ;<sup>26</sup> of the duty of obdience to the Senate ;<sup>27</sup> of the gladness with which the common people listened to a prophet,<sup>28</sup> and more than a prophet ; of the character of the trial before the Sanhedrin, and the final declaration of the High Priest, not a word is said in the Fourth Gospel. On the contrary, Jesus is represented as using language in the Temple which would have been the most open contempt of the Divine Law that was possible ;<sup>29</sup> and which would not only have aroused the popular fury, from which He is represented as escaping no less than seven times, but have at once attracted the interference, and judgment, of the Senate. No other false witness would have been needed to enforce the doom of lapidation, according to the Pentateuch itself,<sup>30</sup> if the evidence of the fourth Evangelist had been brought before the Council, and had received independent confirmation.

In face of this formal and vital contradiction between the narrative of the Fourth Gospel and every other literary authority, it is scarcely necessary to refer to the numerous remaining marks, contained in that work, of unacquaintance with the law and customs of Palestine. Such is the reference to the Divine law as 'your law,' or 'their law.'<sup>31</sup> Such are quotations, nowhere to be found in the Hebrew Scriptures, or in the LXX. version. Such are the arguments as to the testimony of two men being true, and as to the inference from the 82nd Psalm.<sup>32</sup> Such are the expressions—'One of you is a devil.' 'Ye are of your father the devil.' 'This people, that know not the law, are cursed.' 'All that ever

came before me are thieves and robbers,'—the utterance of any one of which would have been a crime of defined character. Such is the account of making clay on the Sabbath, which would have been a direct breach of the law ; which healing by word or by touch was not. Such are the statements that the Jews had agreed that, if any man did confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the Synagogue ; 'that they cast out' the blind man who was healed ; and that many among the chief rulers who believed did not confess, because of the Pharisees, lest they should be cast out of the Synagogue. It is certain that not one of these phrases could have been written, or uttered, by an apostle or a personal disciple of Jesus.

For the question is not as to the truth or justice of the expressions ; but as to their irreconcilability with the character of a Teacher who gave honour to the law. Such emphatically was Jesus, as represented by the Synoptic Evangelists. As such, He always refers to the Law, with the usual forms of citation. As such, He quotes it truly, although in the language, not of the Hebrew original, but of the Septuagint. As such, He would never have perverted the merciful provision, that forbade capital punishment to be inflicted on the testimony of a single witness, into a statement that the witness of two men must be true. As such, He would have had no occasion to draw, from a misread passage, an argument in defence of an expression used in the Temple liturgy, and in the Pentateuch itself. As such, He taught that he who used to his brother expressions far milder than those above cited, was in danger of condign punishment.<sup>33</sup> As such, He argued that what He

<sup>24</sup> Matt. iii. 15.<sup>25</sup> Matt. v. 19.<sup>26</sup> Luke xvi. 17.<sup>27</sup> Matt. xxiii. 2.<sup>28</sup> Mark. xii. 37.<sup>29</sup> John viii. 58.<sup>30</sup> Levit. xxiv. 16 ; *De Synedris*, vi. 4, 5.<sup>31</sup> John xv. 25, x. 34, viii. 17 ; Cf. *Avoda Sara*, f. 130.<sup>32</sup> John viii. 17, x. 34.<sup>33</sup> Matt. v. 22.

or His disciples did on the Sabbath day was within the limits of the Law.

As to the expression 'cast out of the Synagogue,' it is one of those which is a very probable mark of the late date of the book in which it occurs. During the existence of the Jewish polity, although the power of life and death, in the three specially reserved cases, had been taken from the Sanhedrin,<sup>34</sup> the ordinary Jewish courts maintained their authority.<sup>35</sup> As to this, the Synoptic Evangelists are in full accord with the judicial treatises of the Mishna. To teach that anyone who had been condemned by the Senate had been wrongfully condemned, was, if openly practised, an act of contempt of the Supreme Court, and was punishable by flagellation. In the case of the apostles this state of the law was exemplified. But it is the distinct testimony of Hebrew literature,<sup>36</sup> that the punishment of excommunication was only resorted to out of Palestine. It is perfectly intelligible that such must have been the case. It is only when the executive power has fallen from the hands of the judge, that he resorts to what is called the spiritual sword. In the palmy days of Rome, when the hierarchy wielded the one weapon, and commanded the service of the other, the spiritual curse was employed to add bitterness to the pangs of the stake. But with the Jewish Law all was alike divine and spiritual. Disobedience was at once a sin and a crime. It was avenged by the legal punishment, so long as the national polity stood, and only stigmatised by the milder and inadequate process of exclusion from the community, when no other power of enforcement was left to the rulers of the people. To an accurate scholar,

the introduction of this non-Judean punishment into the course of the narrative would alone be sufficient to impugn its authentic character.

It has not been attempted, within the brief limits of the foregoing pages, to present an exhaustive analysis of the Fourth Gospel. The object of the writer has been to compare, first, the accounts given by the four Evangelists of incidents which can be distinctly identified; and, secondly, the several statements, with the provisions of the Jewish Law as they were in force during the lifetime of Jesus, and down to the destruction of Jerusalem. As to these points no doubt is possible to the patient and honest student. The result of the comparison appears in the pure white light of truth. With those who are content to accept the awe-inspiring dogma of the existence of a canon of sixty-six books, all directly and equally inspired by the Holy Spirit, on the authority of the Councils of Carthage and of Trent, our remarks will have no value. But to those who consider that accurate investigation of any work, said to be historic, should precede its full acceptance, as authoritative, enough has perhaps been said to lead them to study for themselves those irrefragable facts, which it is impossible to reconcile with the verdict of an unlearned and superstitious period as to the apostolic origin of the treatise *After John*.

F. R. C.

NOTE.—Courteous enquiries having reached the author as to the Aramaic word which Caiaphas professed to take for the Tetragrammaton, it may be mentioned that either *הוּא*, *הוּרִי*, or *הוּי* might be fairly represented by *ἐγώ εἰμι*; but that the proof of the misrepresentation is the rending of the pontifical garment according to the provisions of the treatise *De Synedrüs*.

<sup>34</sup> Wagensheilius, in *Sotah*, ix. 12.

<sup>35</sup> See Buxtorff's *Lexicon of the Talmud*, under *הוּרִי*, *הוּרִי*, and *שְׁמִתָּה*, the three kinds of excommunication.

<sup>36</sup> Acts vii. 59, v. 18, 40.

## A REJOINDER ON THE DEBTS OF NEW ZEALAND.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

SIR,—In his reply to the letter you were so good as to insert for me in your January number, the Prime Minister of the New Zealand Government admits what I therein stated in regard to military expenditure being defrayed out of loan and excluded from consideration as affecting the question of deficit or surplus. The amounts which have been so paid for native and defence purposes during the past four years he gives<sup>1</sup> as:

	£
1870-71 . . .	173,327
1871-72 . . .	209,434
1872-73 . . .	222,317
1873-74 . . .	258,121

Mr. Vogel further admits what I affirmed as to there being no prospect of the public works in progress yielding a return in any way approaching interest on their cost. Eight million pounds will soon have been applied to this purpose, involving a yearly charge or interest of four hundred thousand pounds, and the best Mr. Vogel ventures to hope for is their making *some* contribution towards that enormous liability.

My two main points are therefore conclusively established.

With reference to the chronic excess of disbursements over receipts, Mr. Vogel enters into explanations with the view of showing that the native difficulty renders it impracticable for New Zealand to meet her entire expenditure out of revenue. That, however, I submit, is hardly the question. It is needless to discuss whether exceptional circumstances may not sometimes compel a State to exceed its income. What I urged, and what I still hold, is—that in such

cases the excess of expenditure over receipts should be acknowledged. Deficits, where really existing, should be admitted, not kept out of sight by the process I have described.

On reference to the alleged surplus, I read Mr. Vogel's letter with much interest. After admitting that during the last financial year no less than 258,121*l.* had been paid out of loan for native and defence purposes, I was anxious to observe whether he would reiterate his statement with reference to the 'surplus.' I hardly know whether to construe his observations on pages 265 and 266 as affirming its existence. I observe, however, that he calls in as a witness 'the Colonial Treasurer,' and gives a long extract from a speech delivered by that officer, in which the alleged surplus is set forth in all its glory, as if the Colonial Treasurer were a person offering independent evidence. Naturally, therefore, it would not be supposed that Mr. Vogel and 'the Colonial Treasurer' were one and the same person. Such, however, is the case.

Proceeding to particulars, I find Mr. Vogel, in his financial statement for 1871-72, commenced with:

... I have a more agreeable task this year than I had on the last occasion, for I have not to speak of deficiencies of or impaired revenue;

and farther on he affirmed the existence of a surplus of 10,562*l.*<sup>2</sup>

In contrast to this, however, Mr. Vogel now admits 'there can be no doubt that, until the last two years, the finance of New Zealand was exceedingly embarrassed' (p. 255). How the existence of a 'surplus'

<sup>1</sup> Page 257 of Mr. Vogel's letter to you, last column but one.

<sup>2</sup> *Financial Statement of the Hon. the Colonial Secretary*, August 1872, B, No. 2, pp. 3, 8.



can be maintained in the face of this embarrassment I leave your readers to judge.

Passing on to the accounts of the preceding year, which I endeavoured to analyse, Mr. Vogel admits the payment of defence expenditure out of loan. He passes over in silence the omission of 52,000*l.* for interest on the debt, and only makes a sort of half-protest against the miscellaneous or 'other' expenditure being classed with ordinary disbursements. The total sum so expended out of loan for the year in question was 118,572*l.*, and one item of it for which the payment of 50,000*l.* was authorised was, as Mr. Vogel states,

to provide for a payment to be made by the province of Otago to the New Zealand Government, on account of the late province of Southland, and for other debts due by that province.

Now, to show for what purposes these debts of Southland were incurred, I will simply subjoin an extract from a report made by Dr. Knight, the Auditor-General of New Zealand, who was commissioned to investigate the subject. The province of Southland, I should premise, originally formed part of Otago, from which it seceded with a population of about 8,000. After a few years' separate existence it reunited with Otago, bringing, as its dowry, debts amounting to something like half a million pounds. After stating that the 'ascertained liabilities' of Southland amounted to 470,359*l.*, 'besides others,' bearing interest partly at 5 per cent., partly at 8, Dr. Knight's report proceeds:

Taking the whole revenue and expenditure of the province since its separation from Otago, we find that

	£	s.	d.
The receipts of ordinary revenue amounted altogether to	90,222	4	8
And from the disposal of Crown lands to	146,834	15	0
	£237,056	19	8

While the expenditure for the same period

	£	s.	d.
On Departments is	164,105	15	2
„ Public Works	45,156	4	4
„ Roads	134,389	5	11
„ Railways	367,168	2	8
„ Surveys	27,426	12	8
	£738,246	0	9

It will thus be seen that the expenditure on Departments exceeded the ordinary revenue by 73,883*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, and the outlay on public works, roads, and railways exceeded the Land Fund receipts, after deducting the cost of surveys, by no less a sum than 427,205*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.*<sup>3</sup>

In regard to the railway which figures for 367,168*l.*, I would merely observe that it is the one I have spoken of as yielding a net revenue of 1,200*l.* a year. I note that Mr. Vogel disputes my accuracy in calling it the 'first' railway constructed in New Zealand. I believe I am perfectly correct in so terming it, but shall not waste time in discussing the point.

The statistics given by Mr. Vogel on page 257 of this letter to you are of a highly instructive character, and I would invite the attention of your readers to the following table, which I extract therefrom:

*Expenditure out of Loan.*

	Native £	Defence £	Total £
1870-71	230	173,097	173,327
1871-72	49,434	160,000	209,434
1872-73	60,667	161,650	227,317
1873-74	91,385	166,735	258,120

The progressive increase of these figures cannot fail to strike the reader, and they become still more instructive when viewed in connection with Mr. Vogel's statement that, during the recess of 1869-70, his ministry was 'at no loss to understand that war expenditure must be discouraged.' Further, if amounts like these are to be paid out of loan, and ignored as affecting the balance, the origin of Mr. Vogel's 'surplus' is at once made manifest; and indeed, with such a system in

operation, the wonder is not that we are now told of a 'surplus,' but that we have ever heard of a deficit.

Thus far I have confined myself to reviewing Mr. Vogel's admissions. Now I will solicit attention to what he endeavours to deny. He says in one part of his letter:

The statement that borrowed money is used to pay interest on the public debt is a scandalous perversion of fact;

qualifying that statement, however, by adding:

The only ground for it is that authority was given by the Legislature to charge to borrowed money interest on the cost of railways during the course of construction.

Mr. Vogel, as already mentioned, abstains from noticing the 52,000*l.* for interest, omitted from the accounts in the manner I explained. However, suppose we pass by that, and take Mr. Vogel on his own ground. Now, I do not question that where there is a prospect of a railway or public work remunerating to the extent of interest on its cost, the interest during construction may justifiably be capitalised. But where there is no such expectation, where the undertaking is never expected to return interest, or anything like it, I fail to see that the interest may be more properly paid out of capital during construction than at any subsequent period.

To show that this consideration fairly applies to the case in point, I will quote Mr. Vogel's own speech made in proposing the initiation of the railway scheme.

He said:

Is it unreasonable to suppose that at the end of the third year a sum of 10,000*l.* will be the result, over and above working expenses, from the railways opened up to that time by the expenditure of two millions and a half?

And then, extending his glance to the future, he proceeded to conjecture what might be the result in

ten years. Well, the best he ventured to hope for was, that during that period the direct receipts from railways, over and above working expenses, might average a little more than a third of the charge they involved for interest. I subjoin the exact figures as given by Mr. Vogel:

	Total Interest £	Receipts over and above Working Expenses of Railways £
1st year .	23,375	...
2nd „ .	70,125	...
3rd „ .	116,875	10,000
4th „ .	163,625	20,000
5th „ .	210,375	50,000
6th „ .	257,125	75,000
7th „ .	303,875	100,000
8th „ .	350,625	150,000
9th „ .	397,375	200,000
10th „ .	444,125	250,000
	<hr/> £2,337,500	<hr/> £855,000

With such a result in anticipation I am certainly unable to consider that the interest can properly be capitalised, and must accordingly adhere to my opinion that the payment of such interest out of loan can be made with no more propriety during construction than after the works are completed.

I note that Mr. Vogel says that a sum of 300,000*l.* is all that *has been* authorised by the Legislature to be paid out of loan for interest on works under construction; but I may be allowed to remark that, if the scheme is carried out, much larger amounts will have to be provided.

Mr. Vogel further says:

The charge that borrowed money 'is applied to maintain the regular establishment of Government' is quite untrue, *unless* by it is meant a reference to the fact that the cost of a considerable portion of the staff engaged in the Public Works Department is defrayed out of loan.

In like manner with the capitalised interest he contends that this payment is legitimate; and in each case I find myself totally unable to

\* *Financial Statement of the Hon. the Colonial Treasurer, June 28, 1870, B, No. 2, p. 16.*

agree with him. The former Premier of New Zealand calls these works 'political railways, and not railways intended to serve any useful purpose.' What are Mr. Vogel's anticipations I have already premised. It is incontestable that the result of his railway schemes will be to throw on the revenue a burden of some hundreds of thousands a year. When, therefore, a staff of officials is employed in bringing about such a result, I confess that I do regard their salaries as an uncompensated loss.

But, indeed, it is superfluous to prolong discussion on this point; for though Mr. Vogel denies the application of borrowed money to maintain the regular establishment of Government, he admits, in almost the same breath, that borrowed money is so applied. Take the Native Department, for instance. Mr. Vogel acknowledges (p. 257) that the following sums have been devoted to it out of loan during the last four years :

	£
1870-71 . . .	230
1871-72 . . .	49,434
1872-73 . . .	60,667
1873-74 . . .	91,385

Does not the Native Department, I would ask, form part of the regular establishment of Government? Then look at the amounts of borrowed money applied to defence, which Mr. Vogel allows have averaged, during the last four years, 160,000*l.* per annum. Is not providing for defence one of the ordinary functions of Government? On what ground, therefore, can Mr. Vogel deny the application of borrowed money to maintaining the

regular establishment of Government, when simultaneously admitting that during the last year more than a quarter of a million pounds has been so devoted?

In reference to the unfortunate results that have attended so many public works thus far constructed, Mr. Vogel deprecates the idea of anything similar happening in future. The extravagance of the past was the work of *Provincial Governments*, whereas now the public works policy is being conducted by the *General Government*. But, if those works yield no better result than Mr. Vogel's anticipations lead us to expect, it is not easy to see that they promise much improvement. He speaks approvingly of railways being undertaken 'without a thought of their yielding interest on their cost,' and that only promise 'to relieve to some extent the charge for interest on their cost.' If they are only to pay something 'in excess of working expenses,' as much might be said of the dock which cost 55,000*l.* and returned 400*l.* a year, or of the railway which cost 367,168*l.* and was leased for 1,200*l.*

Generally speaking, I think I might characterise Mr. Vogel's arguments as being not to the purpose; but it would be unjust to apply that designation to the whole, as there are some points he adduces which tell heavily against himself. For instance, Mr. Vogel complained of the period I took in comparing the relative growths of debt and population, and solicited attention to more recent statistics, which he gave as follows :

Year ending	Total Debt, Colonial and Provincial	Total Debt, less Sinking Fund	Population	Amount per Head of					
				Gross Debt			Annual Charge		
	£	£		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Dec. 31, 1870 .	7,841,849	7,384,505	248,400	31	11	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	2	0	5
June 30, 1874 .	13,411,736	12,500,000	308,000	43	10	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	2	10	5





I, however, fail to see how the soundness of my views is affected by their being expressed in an Opposition newspaper. Those letters were perfectly spontaneous, and neither the writing of them nor the contents of them were in any way suggested to me by the conductors of the journal or by any other person. For the purpose, however, of showing that I was not altogether singular in my views, it may be sufficient to subjoin the following extract from a speech delivered at the time by Sir David Monro, a gentleman who, I understand, formerly occupied the post of Speaker in the New Zealand Assembly.<sup>5</sup>

The great question which overshadows every other at the present moment is the financial position of the colony, and the effect upon its finances of the policy of public works and immigration. It is a question of life and death. We owe an amount of money greater per head than that of any of the Australasian colonies, greater than that owed by the people of Great Britain, greater than the debt of any people I know of. And this amount of indebtedness increases from year to year. There can be but one end to this, gentlemen. When a man's debts constantly exceed his income, it may be a question of time and the amount of property which he has to borrow upon, but it is the high road to insolvency, and the terminus will inevitably be reached. It will be said, 'Oh, we can easily raise more money by taxation.' We are an exceedingly well-taxed people at the present time. The Customs revenue could hardly be increased without injuring the resources of the country, and local taxation—a land tax, for instance—will press upon the *bona fide* settler, curtail his income, and diminish the value of his property. This is not pleasant, gentlemen, but it will have to be submitted to. More money will have to be got somehow or other—either by borrowing or taxation, or both. But if we go on as we are going at present, finding at the end of each year a large balance to our debit, it must come to this—that sooner or later our credit and our capability of taxation will both be exhausted, and we shall be in a position of unmistakable insolvency.

Speaking of the advantages af-

forded by railways, Sir David remarked:

Where there is a large amount of goods to be carried (or passengers) the superior appliances enable the transport to be done both cheaply and quickly. But, with every possible economy, a railway is an expensive road, and, in thinly populated and poor districts, is as much out of place as a steam plough would be in a cabbage garden. The early settlers in a new country may manage to get along with their ordinary wheeled carts without a sixpence of expenditure on the surface, and, as their means increase, they will dig ditches, and cart metal, and make in time a good macadamised road. But you can't go to work in this way with a railway. The thing must be made complete from the first. A break of a single yard in any length of a railway effectually interrupts the traffic. It means a large amount of capital in hand, annual interest, and a large sum annually to keep it up. It is the best of roads, and the cheapest, when there is a large haulage business to be done; but for the poorer districts it is much too expensive, and, like the Launceston and Deloraine line, will prove a curse instead of a blessing.

Alluding to the introduction of the railway scheme, Sir David proceeded:

I had knowledge enough of railways to know that the Colonial Treasurer (Mr. Vogel) was talking about a matter with which he was very imperfectly acquainted. I did not in the least believe in his figures and his calculations; and, so far as we have gone yet, they have proved utter delusions.

Speaking of the manner in which the public works scheme was forced on the country, Sir David remarked:

What would be thought of the directors of a joint stock company who suddenly, and without consulting the shareholders, should create a very large mortgage upon the whole property held both individually and in common? The thing, of course, is so monstrous that it is inconceivable, and yet this, or something very like it, was done by the Fox-Vogel Government in 1870. If, in the view of that Government, the time had arrived when the interests of the colony were to be promoted by a railway system carried on by the General Government, and given effect to by borrowing some millions of money, an announcement

<sup>5</sup> Sir David Monro at Waikonaite.

Otago Daily Times, March 1, 1873.

to that effect should have been made to the country generally, in order that the probable results of the scheme might have been fully discussed at the bar of public opinion. In the neighbouring colony of Victoria, before they committed themselves to the railway system, they discussed the whole question in the press, in pamphlets, and in the Legislature for something like a couple of years. But we do things differently in New Zealand. It was deemed essential to the success of the Fox-Vogel Government in 1870 that there should be large public works and large loans. The shareholders in the joint stock company—that is, you and I, gentlemen, and the owners of property generally throughout the colony—were the last persons thought of, and were not consulted at all. It was a party move, and made in the interest of party. I know well enough what will be answered to this—that the whole thing was submitted to the Legislature, and that the Legislature approved it. But I maintain that it should have been submitted to the Legislature in a very different way, and to the country as a proposition to be deliberately discussed by it, and not suddenly thrown down as a political *coup d'état* upon the table of a moribund Parliament, with all the Bills to give it effect ready drafted, and the whole required to be passed, and actually passed, in a ridiculously short period of time. I cannot, for my part, understand how conduct of this sort can be held to be in accordance with the usual practice of constitutional government, or can be justified by any reference to prudence or common sense.

As Mr. Vogel has affirmed that the expression of my views was received in New Zealand first with surprise, then with amusement, and finally with weariness, I may be permitted, perhaps, to adduce some further evidence showing that they were shared by persons of position and intelligence. At the time I was making public my views a protest against the passing of the Railways Bill was signed by several members of the Legislative Council, or Upper House, and handed to the Speaker for transmission to the Governor. The following are the reasons that were urged against the passing of the Bill :

1. Because the present Bill authorises the Governor to impose on the colony

liabilities on account of railways to the extent of 3,886,900*l.* (being 1,886,900*l.* in excess of the amount already authorised by law), in addition to the existing debt of 9,985,936*l.*, and to further sums amounting to 2,800,000*l.*, authorised to be raised under the Defence and Public Works Loan Act, so as to raise the indebtedness of the colony, actual and authorised, to upwards of fourteen millions and a half sterling—an amount disproportionate to the population, and creating, for the time, an undue strain on the revenue and resources of the colony.

2. Because no sufficient data have been supplied, such as are usually laid before Parliament, in reference to measures of this kind, to enable it to form an accurate judgment upon the various railway schemes to which effect is given by this Bill.

3. Because this Bill empowers the Government to incur liabilities so large in amount without reserving to Parliament its proper constitutional control over the expenditure.

4. Because the Bill empowers the Government to pledge the credit of the colony to a large amount without provision being made to meet its engagements.

5. Because this measure has been hurried through the Legislature without due deliberation, at the close of the session, when many members have returned to their homes, against the declared opposition of large minorities.

6. Because no opportunity has been given to the people of the colony of reconsidering the subject of the public works policy under the present altered circumstances, and having special regard to the difficulty experienced in the introduction of immigrants, the unexpected advance in the price of railway material, and the necessary increase in the cost of railways.

With reference to my incredulity as to the reality of Mr. Vogel's surplus, it is easy to show I am not the only one taking that view. In the monthly summary of the *Otago Daily Times*, published for transmission to Europe, of August 3, 1874, I find the following in the letter of their Auckland correspondent:

In this temper people are more disposed to cavil than to be contented. They ridicule the surplus as a test of solid financial prosperity, attributing it very largely to the unhealthy practice of paying last year, out of loans, the interest on works in course of construction. The surplus is thus regarded as borrowed, in reality, to that ex-

tent, from the loans, and not derived from the revenue.\* The further change in financial policy of abandoning the local charging of loan expenditure, on which so much stress was laid at the initiation of the public works policy, is also regarded with disfavour as throwing further burdens on the revenue, to which Auckland is so large a contributor, and which, in the absence of a land fund, is her sole resource. The talk about relieving loans by transferring certain charges to revenue is regarded as mere bunkum, and a very bold attempt to make people see the thing which is not. The Treasurer having this saving from the past year, and a very probable increase of revenue for the year to come, has two years' surplus to deal with, and only one year's interest to meet. It is, therefore, a cheap virtue to pay that one year's interest out of revenue, and not so much to crow over in the opinion of people who discuss the subject here. The reference to new loans to finish the works in hand is regarded with suspicion, but of course nothing is yet known of the amount to be asked. The large increase in savings bank deposits is not regarded with unmixed satisfaction, as it is believed that the whole—or nearly the whole—amount is put into colonial debentures to strengthen the market, and that in case of depression the case might become additionally complicated by a panic among depositors. The reference to the Australian market being exhausted has taken most men by surprise, and they think, with a shiver, of the possibility of a similar report from the London Exchange, which, though so much larger, of course has its limits for anything but consols, while even they cannot be materially added to without serious depreciation. In short, a reaction is decidedly setting in. People long for something less risky, something of which they can see the end. Their experience of the past shows them that a great public expenditure may be going on, and great public encumbrances be quietly accumulated, and that yet a general dullness may exist unless the staples of trade are in good request.

From the general tenor of Mr. Vogel's letter it would seem to be implied that I have some unworthy

motive for depreciating New Zealand. Such an insinuation, however, is entirely destitute of foundation. Not to speak of the valued friendships I am so fortunate as to possess there, it will be enough to say that there is no one in England whose interest in the colony is more immediate than my own. My principal business relations are with New Zealand, and with her welfare my own is inseparably bound up. Wantonly to disparage New Zealand would therefore be an act not merely of ingratitude, but one of the most suicidal folly. Being, however, bound to the colony by strong ties of attachment and the most grateful recollections, having a distinct and immediate interest in her welfare, and being sincerely of opinion that the present financial policy does not conduce thereto, I consider myself at liberty to give expression to my views without incurring the imputation of sinister motives.

Mr. Vogel alludes to my having resided in Vancouver's Island, and then having left it. It is true that I passed more than three years in that colony, and left it, early in 1864, on account of the misgivings I entertained in regard to its future. It is true that my apprehensions were not shared by my then fellow-colonists, who generally regarded them as chimerical. I, however, very much regret to add that the event surpassed even my worst anticipations. If your readers should be acquainted with any persons conversant with what transpired in Vancouver's Island in 1865 and 1866, I would appeal to them in reference to the disasters

\* The writer of this, and those he writes about, are apparently unaware of the sums paid out of loan for native and defence purposes. The extract serves to show that many people in New Zealand are under the impression that the loans are incurred only for public works and the interest upon them, and have no idea that there is an additional accumulation of debt for other purposes. What will be their feelings on learning, upon Mr. Vogel's authority, that last year no less than 258,120*l.* was paid out of loans for the Native and Defence Departments, besides the interest on the public works in progress?

which befell that colony, and from which it has only recently begun to recover.

Mr. Vogel concludes his letter by saying that, if he has pressed hardly upon me, it has not been from a desire to do so. I would beg to assure Mr. Vogel that any pressure which he may think he has exercised towards me is perfectly harmless, and does not excite my smallest resentment. Considering Mr. Vogel's admissions in regard to the payment of current expen-

diture out of loan, and the ignoring of that payment as affecting deficit or surplus, I think I may dispense with his somewhat ostentatious forbearance; and shall be perfectly content if the case I have adduced prove so fortunate as to obtain a hearing at the bar of public opinion.

I am, &c.,

CHARLES FELLOWS.

[The subject having now been discussed rather fully, on both sides, in this Magazine, we cannot pursue it farther.—Ed.]





## CHARLES KINGSLEY.

**A**LTHOUGH it may be impossible, immediately after the removal from the midst of us of a man of genius, to determine with certainty the permanent position which he will hold, or even to measure the extent and depth of his influence on the generation through which he has lived, it sometimes happens, especially if the character has been one of great openness and simplicity, that its essential qualities are more easily recognised at such a time than at any other. We awaken all at once to a sense of what we have lost; and a clear instinct leads us to fasten on the highest and most distinctive characteristics of the life whose circle has just been completed.

There have perhaps been few Englishmen of letters whose sympathies have extended throughout so wide a range as Charles Kingsley's, and who, with a remarkable power of accumulating detail, have shown themselves so governed, let the subject be what it might, by one great, commanding principle and passion; few, indeed, whose teaching can be so plainly read. It is, of course, this singleness of aim and of nature which has been so generally recognised. Vigorous and earnest (a much abused word, which was from the first accepted as characterising the school of which he was the chief interpreter), the whole range of active and energetic life was for him the truest academy, full of the highest and noblest lessons. It was life with a background of nature; or rather all nature, from the highest to the lowest, formed in his mind but one whole, and could not be separated from the human life set in the midst of it. What seized on him, and what he set forth in whatever he wrote, was the sacred-

ness of this life in all its relations—in its relations to the natural world no less than in those between human beings 'after their kind'; the eternal goodness of God; and the certainty that a thread of true guiding, if but simply followed, will lead the honest, open-dealing man to the development of his best self, half unconsciously it may be, but none the less surely. This is the way, he insists, in which all the highest characters have been formed—the grandest Englishmen of Elizabeth's day—the Englishmen who have never yet failed in the land, who fought and fell in the Crimea, whose justice and honour hold India for us. This is the way in which he has drawn his own Amyas Leigh, contrasting him with his cousin Eustace, the Jesuit:

There, dear readers. *Ex pede Herculem*; I cannot tire myself or you with any wire-drawn soul dissections. I have tried to hint to you two opposite sorts of men. The one trying to be good with all his might and main, according to certain approved methods and rules, which he has got by heart; and, like a weak oarsman, feeling and fingering his spiritual muscles over all day, to see if they are growing. The other, not even knowing whether he is good or not, but just doing the right thing without thinking about it, as simply as a little child, because the Spirit of God is with him. If you cannot see the great gulf fixed between the two, I trust that you will discover it some day.<sup>1</sup>

We have here that 'breath of open air' which places his ideal in such sharp contrast with the trained, directed 'product' of the schools to which he was most opposed; that natural freshness which formed his own life, and which makes us feel, on opening any one of his books, as if we had passed from crowded streets or close, over-shadowed lanes, to some wide-stretching heath, fresh with the

<sup>1</sup> *Westward Ho!* ch. iii.

breezes and alive with all the lights and shadows of an open sky.

His intense love of nature was part of himself; and to the influences of nature he assigned a power even greater than Wordsworth had claimed for them. Here again we may turn to his own words. The talk in *Hypatia* between the two old monks in the glen of Scetis tells us what he thought of God's ever open book, and gives us one of his most vivid pictures :

'For me, my friend' (says the Abbot Pambo), 'it is the day, and not the night, which brings revelations.'

'How, then?'

'Because by day I can see to read that book which is written, like the Law given on Sinai, upon tables of stone, by the finger of God Himself. . . . My book is the whole creation, lying open before me, wherein I can read, whensoever I please, the word of God.'

'Dost thou not undervalue learning, my friend?'

'I am old among monks, and have seen much of their ways; and among them my simplicity seems to have seen this: many a man wearing himself with study, and tormenting his soul as to whether he believed rightly this doctrine and that, while he knew not with Solomon that in much learning there is much sorrow, and that while he was puzzling at the letter of God's message the spirit of it was going fast and faster out of him.'

'And how didst thou know that of such a man?'

'By seeing him become a more and more learned theologian, and more and more zealous for the letter of orthodoxy, and yet less and less loving and merciful, less and less full of trust in God, and of hopeful thoughts for himself and for his brethren, till he seemed to have darkened his whole soul with disputations, which breed only strife, and to have forgotten utterly the message which is written in that book, wherewith the blessed Antony was content.'

'Of what message dost thou speak?'

'Look,' said the old Abbot, stretching his hand toward the Eastern desert, 'and judge, like a wise man, for thyself.'

As he spoke a long arrow of level light flashed down the gorge from crag to crag, awakening every crack and slab to vividness and life. The great crimson sun rose

swiftly through the dim night-mist of the desert, and as he poured his glory down the glen, the haze rose in threads and plumes, and vanished, leaving the stream to sparkle round the rocks, like the living, twinkling eye of the whole scene. Swallows flashed by hundreds out of the cliffs, and began their air-dance for the day; the jerboa hopped stealthily homeward on his stilts from his stolen meal in the monastery garden; the brown sand-lizards underneath the stones opened one eyelid each, and having satisfied themselves that it was day, dragged their bloated bodies and whip-like tails out into the most burning patch of gravel which they could find, and nestling together as a further protection against cold, fell fast asleep again; the buzzard, who considered himself lord of the valley, awoke with a long, querulous bark, and rising aloft in two or three vast rings, to stretch himself after his night's sleep, hung motionless, watching every lark which chirruped on the cliffs; while from the far-off Nile below the awakening croak of pelicans, the clang of geese, the whistle of the godwit and curlew, came ringing up the windings of the glen; and last of all the voices of the monks rose, chanting a morning hymn to some wild Eastern air; and a new day had begun in Scetis. . . .

'What does that teach thee, Aufugus, my friend?'

Aufugus was silent.

'To me it teaches this: that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. That in His presence is life, and fulness of joy for evermore. That He is the giver, who delights in His own bounty; the lover whose mercy is over all His works—and why not over thee too, O thou of little faith? Look at those thousand birds—and without our Father not one of them shall fall to the ground: and art thou not of more value than many sparrows, thou for whom God sent His Son to die? . . . Ah, my friend, we must look out and around to see what God is like. It is when we persist in turning our eyes inward, and prying curiously over our own imperfections, that we learn to make a God after our own image, and fancy that our own darkness and hardness of heart are the patterns of His light and love.'<sup>2</sup>

Here the same note is struck as in the passage already quoted from *Westward Ho!* but under different circumstances. The 'muscular Christianity' of which Amyas Leigh

<sup>2</sup> *Hypatia*, ch. xi.

has been regarded as the great exemplar is here modified by the gentlest influences of nature. But 'muscular Christianity,' as has been truly said by a writer under whose initials it is not difficult to recognise one of those best qualified to judge, only expressed one phase of Canon Kingsley's idea, which 'consisted in a high appreciation of the perfection to which manhood might be brought. His great aim was certainly to excel physically as well as mentally; but morally also, as well as either mentally or physically.'<sup>3</sup>

For himself, he declared that he did not understand what was meant by the 'clever expression. . . muscular Christianity.' It might signify simply 'a healthy and manful Christianity—one which does not exalt the feminine virtues to the exclusion of the masculine'—and he insisted that chivalry, with all its shortcomings, because it asserted 'the possibility of consecrating the whole manhood, and not merely a few faculties thereof, to God,' was a far higher ideal than the monastic, which is essentially feminine; or it might mean 'something which is utterly immoral and intolerable.' And here it is desirable to give the rest of the passage at length. It is from one of a course of sermons on the character of David, preached before the University of Cambridge. His own ideal needed no defence; but Amyas Leigh has had unworthy successors, and the excess of modern athleticism has produced some results which are not the most satisfactory:

There are those (he continues) who say, and there have been of late those who have written books to show, that, provided a young man is sufficiently brave, frank, and gallant, he is more or less absolved

from the common duties of morality and self-restraint.

That physical prowess is a substitute for virtue is certainly no new doctrine. It is the doctrine of every red man on the American prairies, of every African chief who ornaments his huts with human skulls. It was the doctrine of our heathen forefathers when they came hither, slaying, plundering, burning, tossing babes on their spear-points. But I am sorry that it should be the doctrine of anyone calling himself a gentleman, much more a Christian.

It is certainly not the doctrine of the Catechism, which bids us renounce the flesh, and live, by the help of God's Spirit, a new life of duty to God and to our neighbour.

It is certainly not the doctrine of the New Testament . . . neither, though the Old Testament may seem to put more value on physical powers than does the New Testament, is it the doctrine of the Old Testament, as I purpose to show you from the life and history of David.

Nothing, nothing can be a substitute for purity and virtue. Man will always try to find substitutes for it. He will try to find a substitute in superstition, in forms and ceremonies, in voluntary humility and worship of angels, in using vain repetitions and fancying that he will be heard for his much speaking: he will try to find a substitute in intellect, and the worship of intellect, and art, and poetry; or he will try to find it, as in the present case, in the worship of his own animal powers, which God meant to be his servants and not his masters. But let no man lay that flattering unction to his soul. The first and last business of every human being, whatever his station, party, creed, capacities, tastes, duties, is morality.

. . . Believe it, young men, believe it. Better would it be for any one of you to be the stupidest and the ugliest of mortals, to be the most diseased and abject of cripples, the most silly, nervous, incapable personage who ever was a laughing-stock for the boys upon the streets, if only you lived, according to your powers, the life of the Spirit of God, than to be as perfectly gifted, as exquisitely organised, in body and mind, as David himself, and not to live the life of the Spirit of God, the life of goodness, which is the only life fit for a human being wearing the human flesh and soul which Christ took upon Him on earth, and wears for ever in heaven, a man indeed in the midst of the throne of God.<sup>4</sup>

The heroes of his best romances are such as he has here described. But while setting forth his own ideal, he was ever ready to recognise what was good in systems most opposed to his own. Witness his pictures of the 'Hermits' of the Egyptian desert.

It was this which perhaps most strongly individualised him. Neither the ideal which he painted—attractive because it is really the picture of the truest and best Englishmen—nor the animated, impassioned strain in which it was upheld in novel, in poem, and in sermon, would have given Canon Kingsley the great hold which he had on all who came within his influence, and especially on the young, but for that rarest of all gifts—certainly rarest in the extent to which it was manifested in him—the sympathy which seemed to breathe from him, and which knit himself and his hearers—the great assemblage which hung on his words, or the chance companion in a country walk—for a time, at any rate, in the closest bonds. It has been often said that a very short personal acquaintance sometimes does more to sweep away the bitter feeling engendered by controversy, and especially religious controversy, than any amount of moral determination; but in the company of Charles Kingsley all points of difference seemed to sink away utterly out of sight, whilst those on which he was sure of the sympathies of all good men gathered new force and pertinence, and you left him refreshed and strengthened, as by a touch of the true 'earth-mother.' His was a wide range of interests, and it sufficed that his companion should have but the slightest hold on the especial subject which was uppermost, so long as he really cared for it, to ensure him as com-

plete attention and respect as if he had been the most learned of professors or the profoundest theologian. It was this sympathy which led him to be tolerant of all men, and to find points of common interest where none, to ordinary sight, might seem possible. He had his own ideal, but was anything but narrow-minded in his judgment of others.

Charles Kingsley, the eldest child of his parents, was born on the 21st of June, 1819, at Holne, on the southern border of Dartmoor. His father, whose Christian name was also Charles, had just been ordained on the curacy, the vicar being non-resident. The family of Kingsley is one of old standing and good position in Cheshire, and became distinguished during the Civil War, when some of its members served under Cromwell, and afterwards in Monk's famous regiment, the germ of the 'Coldstreams.' Old family traditions had, beyond all doubt, their share in forming the character of Charles Kingsley; and to the Puritan bias of his ancestors we are perhaps indebted for the defence of that party—in some respects very uncongenial to him—which occurs in more than one of his books, and nowhere more remarkably than in his most vivid picture of Zeal-for-the-truth Thoresby, riding after Naseby fight, wounded and wearied, 'along Thoresby dyke, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers.'<sup>5</sup> His birth in and his later connection with Devonshire influenced him far more deeply. The vicarage at Holne, in which he was born, has been almost entirely rebuilt, but the site is the same; and although poets are not always accommodated with the most suitable of birthplaces, there is in this case the happiest accordance between the career and sym-

<sup>5</sup> The passage occurs in an article on *Plays and Puritans*, contributed to the *North British Review* (*Miscellanies*, vol. ii.)



pathies of the future writer and the country on which he first opened his eyes. Holne is a small, half-moorland parish, still of the most primitive cast, lying, as is implied in the name, which signifies a deep cleft or 'hollow,' partly in and partly along the ridges of a wooded ravine, steep and narrow, through which the Dart, here in the upper part of its course, winds and dashes along its rocky channel—'occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas.' On one side the granite church-tower rises, and the vicarage lies nestled among birch and oak coppice, on the very edge of the steep; on the other a range of tors, soaring high above the rugged, broken river-bank, is projected against the sky with a peaked and mountainous outline. It is true that the father of Charles Kingsley did not remain at Holne for so much as a year after the birth of his son; but his birth here connects him—and he always felt the connection—with that old valley of the Dart—the most famous as the most picturesque of Devonshire rivers—in which lay the homes and the haunts of so many of those heroes and adventurers—the Raleighs, the Gilberts, the Hawkingses, and the Davises—who were to him, in their simple faith and daring, the very ideals of Englishmen; and where, about the same time with himself, was born, in the parsonage of Dartington, the latest historian of their great century. Raleigh he describes himself, 'while yet a daring boy, fishing in the grey trout-brooks, or going up with his father to the Dartmoor hills, to hunt the deer with hound and horn amid the wooded gorges of Holne . . . and looking down from thence upon the far blue southern sea, wondering when he shall sail thereon, to fight the Spaniard, and discover, like Columbus, some fairy-land of gold and gems.'<sup>6</sup>

From Holne the elder Kingsley removed with his family to Clifton in Nottinghamshire, of which parish he became rector in 1820 or 1821, holding at the same time the rectory of Barnack in Northamptonshire. The parsonage at Barnack had been part of the priory, and was haunted by a spirit called 'Buttoncap,' whom Charles often heard walking up and down his room, but bore the visitation bravely, child as he was, until he found out that the ghosts were all rats, and never believed in them afterwards. Mr. Kingsley, however, could not root himself at either Clifton or Barnack. The health of his children suffered; perhaps, too, the great rick-burnings and riots, frequent in that part of England (those were the days of 'Swing') may have troubled him; at any rate in 1829 he returned to Devonshire, where he stayed for a short time at Ilfracombe, and then took lodgings at Clovelly. He had been there only a month or two, when the rector died, and he was himself appointed to the living—one of no very great value; but Mr. Kingsley had been charmed by the strange beauty of the place, and by the independent, old-fashioned character of the people.

The five or six years that followed were perhaps the most important in the early training of his son Charles. At Clovelly he was surrounded for the first time by all the influences of a really picturesque country. One of the grandest of English coasts, cleft with deep, wooded combs, stretching into long wall-ranges of rock, and towering into great headlands, on which the whole force of the Atlantic rolls and breaks, extends itself on either hand; whilst in front the mass of Lundy, changing in colour with every change in the sky above it, lies like a long ark on the water. It is impossible to estimate too seriously

the effect which such scenery always before his eyes, and such a country to wander over, must have had on an imaginative and impressionable boy. The fishermen too, a stalwart, daring race, full of wild sea-stories and of wilder superstitions, contributed their full share to his education; and, often as he visited this coast in later days, he declared that his first impressions had never been effaced, and that his first love remained with the moors and rolling seas of North Devon. He was 'making himself' in those early years; and perhaps the description of the cliff road beyond Clovelly, written in 1849, was but a putting into words of what had been felt and noted by the boy of fifteen. It is the singular contrast of deep wood and open sea, he says, which gives its special character to Clovelly:

One is accustomed to connect with the notion of the sea bare cliffs, breezy downs, stunted shrubs struggling for existence; and instead of them behold a forest wall, 500 feet high, of almost semi-tropic luxuriance. At one turn, a deep glen, with its sea of green woods, filled up at the mouth with the bright azure sheet of ocean. Then some long stretch of the road would be banked on one side with crumbling rocks, festooned with heath and golden hawk-weed . . . . and beds of white bramble-blossom alive with butterflies; while above my head . . . . the delicate cool canopy of oak and birch leaves shrouded me so close, that I could have fancied myself miles inland, buried in some glen unknown to any wind of heaven, but that everywhere, between green sprays and grey stems, gleamed that same boundless ocean blue, seeming from the height at which I was to mount into the very sky. And then, as the road wound round some point, one's eye could fall down, down through the abyss of perpendicular wood, tree beyond tree clinging to and clothing the cliff. . . . And then to see how the midday sunbeams, leapt past one down the abyss, throwing out here a grey stem by one point of burnished silver, there a hazel branch by a single leaf of glowing, golden green, shooting long bright arrows down,

down through the dim, hot, hazy atmosphere of the wood, till it rested at last upon the dappled beach of pink and grey pebbles, and the dappled surge which wandered up and down among them, and broke up into richer intricacy with its chequer-work of woodland shadows, the restless net of snowy foam.'

During the greater part of this period Charles Kingsley was educated at home, under his father's eye. In 1836 his father left Clovelly to become vicar of Chelsea, a change not for the better, so far as his sons were concerned; and the rector of Eversley often declared that his experience of life at Chelsea had given him an infinite distaste for work in such suburban parishes. The hospital with its relics and the reaches of the Thames were but indifferent substitutes for the hanging woods and the sea, or even for the open downs and the 'Loe Pool' of Helston, to the grammar school of which place, then under the mastership of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, Charles Kingsley had been sent a short time before his family left Clovelly. His love for natural history in all its branches, and especially for botany and geology—the last by no means in those days the attractive science that it has since become—had shown itself long before; and there were naturalists at Bideford who had formed collections, to which he obtained access, and which he described as having taught him much when, but a few years since, he presided at a meeting of the Devonshire Association in that quaint old town, and addressed his audience with a 'sigh of relief' at finding 'still unabolished the Torridge, and Hubbastone, and Tapely, and Instow, and the Bar, and the Burrows, and the beloved old Braunton marshes and sandhills.' A friend who remembers Charles Kingsley as a school-boy of sixteen says that there was

then something 'indescribably interesting' about him; that 'one could not help recognising in him a hard and ambitious student and an ardent lover of nature . . . with such a quickness of perception and such (even then) acquirements as clearly indicated the success of his future life.' The boy was 'father of the man.' Whilst gathering land shells, and digging fossils from the chalk pits about Thetford, where he occasionally visited his maternal uncle, Mr. Crookenden of Rushford, he translated a remarkable sermon of Krummacher's, 'on the beheading of John the Baptist,' which in its pictorial style and its earnestness suggests, however faintly, the character of his own discourses. This translation was made before he was sixteen; and the printed sermon went through at least seven editions, one of the last of which is at present lying before us.

From Helston, recollections of which place were afterwards worked up in one of his best novels—*Two Years Ago*—Charles Kingsley passed to King's College, and thence to Magdalene College, Cambridge, with its famous Pepysian library. He became well known as a boating man, and was one of the first to interest himself in what are now recognised as 'athletic sports'—very different in his day to what they have since become—a development against which he has protested in more than one place. He certainly did not allow his proficiency in such sports to become the main object of his university career. He soon won a scholarship, carried off more than one important prize, and came out at last in 1842 first in classics and 'senior optime' in the mathematical tripos. After a very short hesitation between the Bar and the Church he was, towards the close of the same year (1842), ordained on the curacy of Eversley; and after he had received priest's orders he was offered and accepted the rectory.

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He then married a daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, many years member of Parliament for Truro and for Great Marlow (it was of the name of Grenfell he was thinking when, in *Westward Ho!* he wrote of 'Sir Richard Grenville, Granville, Greenvil, Greenfield, with two or three other variations'), and from that time until his death the rectory of Eversley remained his real home, 'the pleasantest,' in his own words, 'that God ever gave to an undeserving man.' He soon 'made his mark' throughout the district; and one of his neighbours—Miss Mitford—writes of him in several of her letters with that full appreciation of true genius which she was always ready to bestow so ungrudgingly, only hoping that 'he would not be spoiled.' He was not spoiled; there were too many correctives of his earnestness to allow of that; and here is his own recognition of the authoress of *Our Village*:

The single eye, the daughter of the light;  
Well pleased to recognise in lowliest shade  
Some glimmer of its parent beam, and made  
By daily draughts of brightness inly  
bright;  
The taste severe, yet graceful, trained  
aright  
In classic depth and clearness, and repaid  
By thanks and honour from the wise and  
staid,  
By pleasant skill to blame, and yet delight,  
And high communion with the eloquent  
throng  
Of those who purified our speech and song—  
All these are yours. The same examples  
lure  
You in each woodland, me on breezy moor,  
With kindred aim the same sweet path  
along,  
To knit in loving knowledge rich and poor.

His 'breezy moor'—and by it we are to understand the whole country round Eversley—is as interesting and peculiar a district as is to be found in England, not less remarkable in its way than Dartmoor or the coast of Clovelly. The rectory, and the little church adjoining, in which lies buried the learned Alex-

ander Ross, of whom mention is made in *Hudibras*—

There was an ancient sage philosopher  
Who had read Alexander Ross over—

are sheltered from the north by a ridge of heathy moor, which stretches away into wide tracts, half common, half clothed by woods and thickets of Scotch fir, which cover this borderland of Hampshire and Berkshire, where the chalk meets the sands and clays of the so-called 'London basin.' On higher ground, but not far from the rectory, Bramshill, the stately house built for Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., looks out 'from its eyrie of dark pines' over all the rich lowlands. These great fir trees are coeval with the house; and when Canon Kingsley wrote of Bramshill as 'the only place in England where a painter can know what Scotch firs are,' he might have added, as he himself allowed, and that on the testimony of one of the Queen's most experienced foresters, that not even on the shores of Loch Rannoch or in the great woods of Speyside are pine trees to be found of nobler form or of grander proportions. A peculiar droop of the branches, which it is said the tree only assumes at great age, and gnarled, contorted, oak-like limbs, such as, according to Sir Walter Scott, sometimes characterise the primæval fir of the North when left to its own growth on its native site, distinguish these pines of Bramshill from any others in England, and the changes of colour among their grey boughs and red-scaled trunks are enough to drive a painter to despair. These trees are the parents of the fir-woods that extend, and are still extending, over the surrounding country. They must not be called plantations. Nearly all are self-sown—'young live nature,' in Kingsley's words,

'thus carrying on a great savage process in the heart of this old and seemingly all-artificial English land, and reproducing here as surely as in the Australian bush a native forest, careless of mankind.' This is the 'winter garden' which he has made the subject of one of his pleasantest papers:

The March breeze is chilly, but I can be always warm, if I like, in my winter garden. I turn my horse's head to the red wall of fir stems, and leap over the furze-grown bank into my cathedral . . . where are endless vistas of smooth red, green-veined shafts holding up the warm, dark roof, lessening away into endless gloom—paved with rich brown fir-needle. . . . There is not a breath of air within, but the breeze sighs over the roof above in a soft whisper. I shut my eyes and listen. Surely that is the murmur of the summer sea upon the summer sands in Devon far away. I hear the innumerable wavelets spend themselves gently upon the shore, and die away to rise again. . . . The breeze is gone awhile, and I am in perfect silence—a silence which may be heard. Not a sound, and not a moving object; absolutely none. The absence of animal life is solemn, startling. That ringdove, who was cooing half a mile away, has hushed his moan; that flock of long-tailed titmice, which were twinging and pecking about the fir-cones a few minutes since, are gone; and now there is not even a gnat to quiver in the slant sun-rays. Did a spider run over these dead leaves, I almost fancy I could hear his foot-fall. . . . I seem alone in a dead world. A dead world: and yet so full of life, if I had eyes to see! Above my head every fir-needle is breathing—breathing for ever, and currents unnumbered circulate in every bough, quickened by some undiscovered miracle; around me every fir-stem is distilling strange juices, which no laboratory of man can make; and where my dull eye sees only death, the eye of God sees boundless life and motion, health and use.\*

Such a country as this, with its chalk hills and 'chalk streams' close at hand, its open moors and close fir-woods stretching away for miles, and with pleasant villages, farms, and halls dotted all over the landscape, is one of the highest interest and variety for the naturalist. Miss

\* *My Winter Garden* (*Miscellanies*, vol. i.) was first published in *Fraser's Magazine* for January 1858.



Mitford had already shown how much real tragedy and comedy was to be found among the simple folk of these old-fashioned English homesteads; and the wilder country, the heaths and the moors about Eversley, has long nurtured a race of its own, not by any means disliked by the rector, and thus described by him:

The clod of these parts delights in the chase, like any bare-legged Paddy, and casts away flail and fork wildly to run, shout, assist, and interfere in all possible ways out of pure love. The descendant of many generations of broom-squires and deer-stealers, the instinct of sport is strong within him still, though no more of the king's deer are to be shot in the winter turnip-fields, or worse, caught by an apple-baited hook hung from an orchard bough. He now limits his aspirations to hares and pheasants, and too probably, once in his life, 'hits the keeper into the river,' and reconsiders himself for a while over a crank in Winchester gaol. Well, he has his faults, and I have mine. But he is a thorough good fellow nevertheless; quite as good as I: civil, contented, industrious, and often very handsome; and a far shrewder fellow too, owing to his dash of wild forest blood—gipsy, highwayman, and what not—than his bullet-headed and flaxen-polled cousin, the pure South Saxon of the chalk downs. Dark-haired he is, ruddy, and tall of bone; swaggering in his youth; but when he grows old, a thorough gentleman, reserved, stately, and courteous as a prince. Sixteen years have I lived with him, hail fellow well met, and never yet had a rude word or action from him."

The commons, and the green roads, some of them of great antiquity, that pass through the fir-woods, are the favourite haunts of a great gipsy tribe, and it is rarely that the smoke from one of their encampments is not to be seen curling upwards against the forest background. The rector's power of attracting to himself men of all ranks and classes was strongly shown in the devotion borne to him by this 'race of the wandering foot.' Mr. Borrow had hardly more influence with them. They sought him in all

their troubles. They came to his church to be married, and they would be buried in no other churchyard. Some of them mingled with the crowd at his funeral, and mingled too their tears with those of his parishioners. He will long be remembered among them; and if a second Borrow should arise, two or three centuries hence, to collect their traditions, he will doubtless find among them sundry records of the tall, springy-stepped 'Giorgio,' in the grey knickerbockers, whose wise counsels were so gladly welcomed by their forefathers. This dark grey dress was his ordinary wear at Eversley. 'I am glad,' he said, after he became Canon of Chester, 'that they have not made me a dean; then I suppose I must have put myself into less comfortable leggings.'

His intense love for this country, and his delight in his own people, came of course by degrees; and it is not, perhaps, very surprising to find him confessing that in the first heat of youth 'this little patch of moor, in which I have struck roots as firm as the wild fir trees do, looked at moments rather like a prison than a palace; that my foolish young heart would sigh, "Oh that I had wings," to swoop away over land and sea in a rampant and self-glorifying fashion, on which I now look back as altogether unwholesome and undesirable.' The period in which he first settled at Eversley was one of great excitement and disturbance, religious and political. 'Young England' was displaying its white waistcoats, and was attempting, in somewhat dilettante fashion, though with honest and true intention, to check the 'feud of rich and poor' that seemed to be the great question of the day. The *Lives of the Saints* were issuing from the Oxford press, and the religious discussions that had been stirring

the University were fast approaching a crisis. Such questions came home to him under the shadow of his fir trees, and in his quiet lanes. It was impossible but that he should long to take his part in the struggle, and it was under the influences of all that was passing and had passed at Littlemore and at Oxford that he wrote his *Saint's Tragedy*, the first, and by no means the least important, of his works. It was published, with a preface by Professor Maurice, in 1848; and in it he strikes that sharp note of opposition to the ascetic and monastic tendencies of the High Church party (if by that name it should be called), as well as to all 'direction' and sacerdotal rule, which never ceased to echo through all that he wrote and all that he taught. His Elizabeth of Hungary is a true saint. Had it been otherwise, there could have been no 'tragedy.' She and all her compeers will be so recognised, he says, 'in proportion as they are felt to be real men and women.' He has followed throughout the contemporary biography by Dietrich of Appold; so has Montalembert in his *Saint Elizabeth*, and a comparison of the drama and the history will show what different pictures may be drawn from the same materials. Something of Goethe studies and of the music of Faust may be traced in the *Saint's Tragedy*, to which perhaps full justice has never been done.

The dramatic power and life-like painting which were to find full scope in the novels are already conspicuous in the *Tragedy*. The hesitation and the mingled feeling of Conrad, the stern director of the saint, in whom the author found 'a noble nature, warped and blinded by its unnatural exclusions from those family ties through which we first discern or describe God and our relations to Him,' are finely indicated.

In the *Saint's Tragedy* Charles

Kingsley addressed himself to the religious question of the time. He had already shown himself active and zealous in the cause of what he believed to be the oppressed classes of society by associating himself with Mr. Maurice, Mr. Hughes, and some others, who for the better carrying out of their views, had established a magazine called *Politics for the People*, and a weekly newspaper under the name of the *Leader*. They also set up the 'College' in Red Lion Square, with the especial object of promoting the education of adults. *Alton Locke* was written at this time; and remains a striking picture of the mental condition of a 'poet and tailor'—a sensitive and meditative youth of the working class, such an one as was likely to become the leader of a Chartist movement. *Yeast*, which was first published in the pages of this Magazine, but which, owing to the sudden failure of the author's health, was never completed, belongs to this same period of 'Sturm und Drang;' and, insisting as it does on the iniquities of game-preserving squires and on the comparative helplessness and innocence of poachers, draws much of its inspiration from what he saw passing under his own eyes at Eversley. There is, as he would afterwards have been one of the first to allow, something of a one-sided feeling in both these books; and probably in all his labours at this time on behalf of the working men, and in all his passionate pleading for them, he was too eager and too impassioned to see the full bearing of the great questions he was stirring. Yet both *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* unquestionably did good, crude as the latter seems now to be, and unfinished as it remains. Some of the greatest evils pointed out in *Alton Locke* have been abolished, and the indignant tone of both

The true teaching of both was the

same as their author maintained to the end.

Over-work and over-excitement produced at last their natural result, and the rector of Eversley was compelled to give up for a time all writing and all labour in his parish. He returned to the scenes which his early life had most endeared to him; and whilst passing some time at Bideford he revisited all that wild coast as far westward as Morwenstow, filling his mind with scenery and associations which were soon to bear fruit in the most widely known of his novels. The first of these which appeared, however (for *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* were but 'lesser lights'), was not *Westward Ho!* it was *Hypatia* (published in 1853); and this also was given to the world in the pages of this Magazine. *Hypatia* was followed, at due intervals, by *Westward Ho!* (1855) and *Two Years Ago* (1857); and the three works thus produced are those by which Charles Kingsley will be best remembered. They have carried his name and his reputation into every land where English is spoken, and to every country where sound literature and high purpose are honoured and recognised. It is hardly necessary to say much about books so well known. The merits, and perhaps the defects, of all three are much the same. In all there is a powerful reality, and a pictorial power almost unequalled. His Goths in *Hypatia*—whether such warriors ever existed or not—are as alive for us as his Eversley 'clods' or his Clovelly fishermen. Devonshire men know well that in Amyas Leigh and his companions he has but called into vivid reality the floating traditions which had come down from the 'golden age' of the west country; and in his hands all the struggle of that mighty time becomes once more present to us, and is a concern of our own. In *Two Years Ago*, which for some rea-

sons may perhaps be considered the best of the three stories, we are landed in our own days; but Tom Thurnall is hardly more of a living, breathing man than Sir Richard Grenville or Cyril of Alexandria. He himself looked upon Grace Harvey, the Cornish schoolmistress whose simple, undoubted faith and self-denial converts at last the self-reliant and unbelieving Tom Thurnall, as the highest and best of all his creations; and studied as she may have been from the life, she is surrounded by an atmosphere of the same true saintliness and womanly purity as he had thrown round his Elizabeth of Hungary. He never preaches, but he never forgets the lessons most needed for the time; and the healthiest spirit of duty, of courage, and—last, not least—of submission runs through all his novels. The last chapters of *Westward Ho!*—which we should like to quote at length—fully justify all that has been said. He never wrote anything finer. The beauty and the truth of the description have never been exceeded, and he is here, it must be remembered, on his own ground, putting at last into words what had been haunting his imagination from his schoolboy days.

It is hardly too much to say that in *Westward Ho!* Charles Kingsley has done in a measure for North Devon what Sir Walter Scott has done for the Scottish Lowlands. His pictures and his characters have become inseparably connected with all that country; and the pilgrim who now wanders along the lovely coast, and looks towards Lundy, will surely remember Amyas Leigh.

*Hereward*, the last of his novels, which did not appear until some time after its author had been appointed, in 1860, to the chair of Modern History at Cambridge, is hardly one of the pleasantest. It is a rude, savage picture, and we turn with satisfaction from the con-

stant fighting and 'swashing blows' to the descriptions of the fen land, studied with the close, observant eye of a naturalist. His Cambridge appointment, welcome as it was in one sense, was not altogether congenial to him; and, indeed, he felt, as others did on seeing his name as that of the new Professor, that such historical teaching as the position demanded was not really his calling, and that, with whatever vividness he might succeed in restoring the faded colours of the past, the true historian, like the poet, must be led toward his task by an overpowering, natural impulse, and have trained himself for it from his earliest days. His was far more truly the temperament of the poet; and had he given himself entirely to the 'mystery' of verse-making, he might not impossibly have attained a rank among the 'makers' even more considerable than that which he has made his own as a writer of romance and of prose poetry. As a lyric poet he claims recognition in virtue of 'The Sands of Dee,' 'Airly Beacon,' 'The Three Fishers,' and other picturesque and touching pieces.

He held the professorship, however, until 1869, and then resigned it, with no small feeling of relief, for a stall in the cathedral of Chester, which again was exchanged but a year or two later for one in Westminster Abbey. All his advancement was due to the admiration and respect with which those in the very highest places of the land had been early led to regard him, and which he retained to the last. And wherever he was placed—at Cambridge, at Chester, or at Westminster—his personal teaching, and his zeal in all good works, made themselves felt in a way that will not soon be forgotten. It is difficult to overestimate the effect of his companionship, and of his teaching from the pulpit, on the

young men of Cambridge. Whatever may be thought of his fitness for the historical chair, there can be no doubt that his connection with the University at that period was of no small service to the 'generation' or two of undergraduates over whom his influence extended.

Throughout all this time, in the intervals between the appearance of the novels, a long succession of lesser writings, the varied subjects of which show over how wide a range his sympathies extended, was given to the world; some of them, including those delightful essays afterwards collected in his *Miscellanies*, which have already been quoted, and which are pages from his own life—the 'Winter Garden,' the 'Chalk-stream Studies,' and the 'North Devon Idylls'—in this Magazine. *Alexandria and her Schools* was the result of the reading he had gone through for *Hypatia*. *Glaucus* shows him in another light; and here he gives us his lofty ideal of the 'perfect naturalist'—'strong in body, able to haul a dredge, climb a rock, turn a boulder, walk all day, uncertain where he shall eat or rest; a rider, a good shot, a skilful fisherman; and for his moral character, he must be gentle and courteous . . . brave, enterprising, and patient, of a reverent turn of mind;' and possessed of such a combination of noble qualities as can fall to the lot of but few.

In his charming *Water Babies* he revels in his own knowledge of natural wonders, and in many of his sermons he makes some bit of natural history—some insect development, or some plant distribution which he had just been observing—'point a moral' in a way that his most unlearned hearers could not fail to follow. In these sermons, of which many volumes are published, delivered in his own village church, before the Univer-



sity, and elsewhere, he spoke out his mind plainly, and none who ever heard him can forget the effect. The slight hesitation which sometimes marked his ordinary speech quite disappeared as he addressed his audience; and he was never more impressive than when speaking to his own people in his own church, in simple words indeed, but those clear and incisive, and often working his descriptions into such pictures as carried his hearers far away from the quiet aisles of Eversley. And he did not spare them, as the following passage sufficiently indicates :

If I am asked why the poor profess God's Gospel and practise the Devil's works, and why, in this very parish now, there are women who, while they are drunkards, swearers, and adulteresses, will run anywhere to hear a sermon, and like nothing better, saving sin, than high-flown religious books—if I am asked, I say, why the old English honesty, which used to be our glory and our strength, has decayed so much of late years, and a hideous and shameful hypocrisy has taken the place of it, I can only answer by pointing to the good old Church Catechism, and what it says about our duty to God and to our neighbour, and declaring boldly, It is because you have forgotten that; because you have despised that; because you have fancied that it was beneath you to keep God's plain human commandments. You have been wanting to 'save your souls,' while you did not care whether your souls were saved alive, or whether they were dead and rotten and damned within you; you have dreamed that you could be what you called 'spiritual' while you were the slaves of sin; you have dreamed that you could become what you call 'saints' while you were not yet even decent men and women.

Intense Englishman as he was, it is perhaps no great wonder that Canon Kingsley was not strongly attracted towards ordinary foreign travel. But there was one longing desire which he had cherished from his earliest years—the desire to see with his own eyes something of that tropical beauty and luxuriance on which the old discoverers of the 'new-found world' had gazed with

so much wonder, and which they had described in such glowing words. The South American forests, with all their marvels, had for him hardly less mysterious attraction than they had for Raleigh himself, though his 'El Dorado' was a somewhat different one. He had pored over Raleigh's own descriptions, and those of many another adventurer, long before he set to work on *Westward Ho!* but wonderfully accurate as are the pictures of tropical scenery which that book contains, there is between them and his North Devon pictures, just the difference, as he was told by a naturalist who had spent the best part of his life within the tropics, that there will always be between scenes drawn from the life and those elaborated from books. Had he known the West Indies as well as he knew Lundy, he would have described the same things, but in different fashion. 'At last,' he was able to put his long-formed desire into execution; and the result was one of the most delightful books of modern travel which exists—full of pictures which it is curious and interesting to compare with those of *Westward Ho!* and full too of a subtle, personal charm, which never allows us to forget in whose company we are visiting the 'Islands of the West.' Great was his excitement when preparing for this expedition. 'I shall feel,' he said, 'when I meet the first beds of sargasso, like Jacob when he saw the waggons which Joseph had sent to carry him, and his spirit revived.' It is not easy to choose from a book every page of which is bright with colour, but here is a brilliant sketch of tropic vegetation :

In strange contrast with the ragged outline, and with the wild devastation of the rainy season, is the richness of the verdure which clothes the islands, up to their highest peaks, in what seems a coat of green fur; but, when looked at through the glasses,

proves to be, in most cases, gigantic timber. Not a rock is seen. If there be a cliff here and there, it is as green as an English lawn. Steep slopes are grey with groo-groo palms, or yellow with unknown flowering trees. High against the sky-line tiny knots and lumps are found to be gigantic trees. Each glen has buried its streamlet a hundred feet in vegetation, above which, here and there, the grey stem and dark crown of some palmiste towers up like the mast of some great admiral. The eye and the fancy strain vainly into the green abysses, and wander up and down over the wealth of depths and heights, compared with which European parks and woodlands are but paltry scrub and shaugh. No books are needed to tell that. The eye discovers it for itself, even before it has learnt to judge of the great size of the vegetation, from the endless variety of form and colour. For the islands, though intensely green, are not of one, but of every conceivable green, or rather of hues ranging from pale yellow through all greens into cobalt blue; and as the wind stirs the leaves, and sweeps the lights and shadows over hill and glen, all is ever-changing, iridescent, like a peacock's neck; till the whole island, from peak to shore, seems some glorious jewel—an emerald, with tints of sapphire and topaz, hanging between blue sea and white surf below and blue sky and white cloud above.<sup>10</sup>

This was the last of his important works. Other books followed—*Town Geology*, *Madam How and Lady Why*, lectures and addresses on all kinds of subjects, geological, social, and sanitary—all interesting

and all marked by the same bright, earnest spirit which had inspired his earliest writing, just as fearless and just as plain-spoken. Again he visited America; but this time to make acquaintance with scenery of a very different character from that which he had described in *At Last*. His only son had just married and settled in that country, following the example of certain of his Puritan ancestors, who, after the Restoration, found their way to New England, where their descendants are still flourishing. On this occasion Canon Kingsley crossed the Rocky Mountains, and from exposure to storm and rough weather laid, it is thought, the foundation for the pulmonary illness which attacked him on his return to England, and which, after some weeks of suffering, ended as we know, on the 23rd of January.

For many reasons a resting-place might have been claimed for his body under the great arches of Westminster Abbey; but it is far more fitting that it should lie, as it does, in his own quiet churchyard, where cloud-shadow and sunshine rest on his grave, and where each breeze from the hill-side brings with it the murmur of his own fir-woods.

RICHARD JOHN KING.

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<sup>10</sup> *At Last*, vol. i. ch. 2.



# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER 1874

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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1874.

DR. PRIESTLEY.

THE name and fame of Joseph Priestley are well nigh forgotten. One of the most conspicuous celebrities of the latter half of the last century, his once brilliant reputation has nearly faded away in the latter half of this. In the annals of science the discoverer of oxygen must always occupy a distinguished place, though the claim made for him by some Americans to be esteemed the father of chemistry may be disputed. Within the limits of the theological sect, which he championed against all comers with quenchless enthusiasm, the name of Priestley is no doubt still held in honour, as an ornament, if not now a defence. But for the general public, which is neither scientific nor Unitarian, Priestley's name is so far from being a household word, that probably the majority of those who heard that a statue of him had been unveiled at Birmingham the other day, had to gain from Professor Huxley's inaugural lecture their first definite information as to the man's title to this distinction. Friend of Benjamin Franklin, opponent of John Wesley, first the acquaintance and later the antagonist of Edmund Burke, in his lifetime he enjoyed a notoriety inferior to neither of the illustrious trio; but, unlike them, Priestley's name, in the third generation after his death, calls up no familiar associations. The most various and voluminous, according to the *Edinburgh Review*,

of all English writers, not one of his hundred works is now sought for outside his own denomination.

There must have been among the crowd of artisans and other inhabitants of Birmingham who thronged to witness the ceremony in his honour, a few sons and a good many grandsons of members of that furious mob which, eighty-three years before, burnt down his chapel, pillaged his house, and would have torn the worthy doctor himself to pieces if timely flight had not saved him; but we suspect that the perpetrators of this fiery exploit preserved a judicious silence as to their share in it, in their cooler old age, and left their descendants to learn, like the rest of the public, from the lips of their distinguished visitor, the reasons why their forefathers hated and hunted the guileless philosopher from the town. Not that the tradition of the Priestley riots has entirely died out of memory. By confession of the Mayor of Birmingham, Priestley owes his marble statue as much to this shameful persecution as to his literary and philosophic achievements. His panegyrist laboured, not without success, to prove that the man deserved the marble; but it is clear that his deserts alone might have failed to raise him on to the pedestal, had not a feeling of remorse haunted the civic memory of Birmingham. Their fathers burnt out the prophet of civil and

religious liberty, and the children erect a statue to him by way of atonement. Professor Huxley's masterly oration glided lightly and delicately over this bit of local history, avoiding with much tact too offensive an exposure of the bigotry and stupidity of the ancestors of his audience. This reticence, however, must have awakened in some minds the desire of knowing more about the occasions of that strange outburst of popular fury, and the character of its victim; and, as the limit of time necessarily confined Professor Huxley's address to a brief outline of the subject of his eulogy, we venture to lay before the reader additional gleanings from our study of Priestley's and contemporary writings.

Joseph Priestley was born near Leeds, in 1733, and died at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, in 1804. His three score and eleven years of mortal life, with the single exception of that ebullition of popular rage at Birmingham, are devoid of any features of marked interest outside the range of his literary and philosophic activity. Priestley lived in and for the logical development of his own mental germs. By hereditary descent pious, a Calvinist, and a Dissenter, he maintained his piety, exchanged his Calvinistic creed first for Arianism, then for Unitarianism, and deepened his dissent into ardent anti-State-Churchism, and, at last, into pronounced Republicanism. Springing from a respectable middle-class family, able to give him the best education then accessible to persons of their proscribed opinions, of weak health, intellectual tastes, and religious proclivity, he naturally embraced the career of a dissenting minister. He filled a pulpit successively in Suffolk, Cheshire, Birmingham, and London, these pastoral charges being varied by periods of tutorship, and several years during which he was librarian to a noble-

From the first he was a diligent student, his attainments covering an extensive range, rather than attempting a thorough mastery of subjects. He left his college with some knowledge of the French, Italian, and German languages, also of Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic, besides the classics and Hebrew. Every day while at the academy, and for some time after leaving it, he read ten folio pages of a Greek author, and usually a Greek play every week besides. Yet he was not especially addicted to languages. Theology, both by his profession and preference, claimed the first place in his studies, and philosophy was its favourite handmaid. General literature was by no means neglected. Indeed, few men could have exceeded Priestley in the amount of his reading, the variety of his studies, and the ease with which he attained a respectable eminence in each. Before his collegiate course was over, he had entered upon authorship, and from that time onward his practice was to make the public the confidant and inheritor of all his intellectual acquisitions.

Whatever the subject he studied, he formed his opinions—decided opinions—with great facility; and it must be allowed, too, that, in numerous instances, a happy instinct impelled him to seize at once upon right views of things, views often far in advance of his generation, and which brought upon him a flood of angry opposition, but have been now for a long time admitted to be sound by the general judgment. His opinions once formed, the next step was to print them. As Hop-o'-my-Thumb, in the child's tale, marked his way through the wood by dropping crumbs of bread as he went along, so Priestley marked his track through life by the books, tracts, pamphlets, sermons, and philosophical papers which he issued from the press in a continuous stream. He was an irrepressible controversialist, throwing down the

gannet to all the world, and frequently challenging by name those whom he deemed worthy of his steel; and if any declined the contest, he seemed hardly able to think it could be from any motive but sense of weakness. Thus, he politely dragged his literary coat-tails before Gibbon, but failed to allure the wary historian into the lists. Love of controversy in Priestley was a form of his love of truth, for, though he generally had, or thought that he had, the good fortune to be on the right side, he fought in it most candour, firmly believing that truth would be made evident by the ordeal of battle, and honestly prepared to yield if unmistakably worsted. Authorship, polemical and didactic, appears to have been a necessary function of his mental organism. During his first pastorate he wrote his 'Scripture Doctrine of Remission,' in which he finally rejected the idea of any atonement for sin by Jesus Christ. Poverty compelling him to turn school-master, he composed an English Grammar on a new plan for the use of his pupils. While occupying a professor's chair at Warrington, he produced a group of works on such diverse subjects as oratory, history, the laws and constitution of England, an essay on liberal education, charts of biography and history; and lastly, a work which proved an introduction to a new phase of his career, his history of electricity. From this time he became a student of physical science, or, as it was then termed, natural philosophy. Henceforth, by the side of the restless torrent of his polemical activity, flowed a quieter stream of scientific experiment and publication, which won for him high renown among the philosophers of Europe.

Priestley's genius comes as near as that of any instance we can remember to justify Dr. Johnson's strange dictum, that intellectual faculty is the same in whatever di-

rection it be turned; that a man can walk as far east as he can west; that Newton might have written a great epic had he tried, and Milton might have discovered gravitation. Quite up to middle age, Priestley had manifested no peculiar predilection nor aptitude for physical science. He was theologian and metaphysician. He had written upon history, criticism, oratory, and *belles-lettres*. His first communion with science was in the capacity of historian of other men's services in her temple. Once introduced into an interesting field of thought and investigation, it was his nature to want to know all about it; and recording other men's experiments led him to make some for himself. His experiments led to discoveries and to improvements in the apparatus employed. Residing hard by a brewery, he began to experiment upon the gases evolved by fermentation, and soon his important discoveries in pneumatic chemistry drew the attention of all Europe. It was fitting that his statue should be unveiled on the anniversary of the day on which he discovered oxygen.

When we consider the immense importance of this grand discovery, we wonder that it has not made a deeper impression upon the popular imagination. Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation, Harvey's of the circulation of the blood, are proverbially adduced as the introduction of new epochs in natural science; while Priestley's splendid contribution to the progress of chemistry, which furnished the key to unlock the secrets of all material substances, has been merged into the common group of chemical analyses, without achieving for itself a distinct memory outside the range of that particular science. Abstract the knowledge of oxygen, and what to-day would be the value of all our sciences of inorganic matter and organised life? But not oxygen only, nearly all the gases owe Priestley as the magician

who first unloosed them from their imprisonment in solid substances, and revealed them to the wonder and enlightenment of mankind. Yet in spite of his illustrious services to science, Priestley hardly takes rank with the great high-priests of Nature. Partly, perhaps, because the versatility of his mind, and variety of his occupations, did not permit him to do justice to his own great discoveries; partly, too, we think, from a certain superficiality of his intellect, which contented itself with the bare facts, and could not penetrate to those deep and wide conceptions of universal laws which the facts reveal to more poetic natures.

Here we seem to see the point where Priestley's case, instead of supporting Dr. Johnson's view of the indifferent ubiquity of mental power, is a strong argument the other way. Priestley's mind was quick, clear, and logical; but it was deficient in imagination. He wrote verses at one time as a means of self-improvement, but he appears to have been below the average in feeling for poetry and art. Music he tried to learn, but acknowledged his own incapacity; eloquence he had no pretension to, not only in speech, where a physical defect impeded him, but even in writing, though constantly employing his pen on the greatest subjects in a most earnest spirit. This lack of the imaginative faculty accounts for an apparent want of sensibility to the grandeur and mystery of the universe, which we seem to feel all along the line of Priestley's writings. This lack of awful reverence affects his treatment of the highest themes. To Priestley, even God seemed quite simple in his nature, and ruled by principles of common sense in his providence.

Compare the cool, logical, contented Priestley, with that contemporary of his whom he regarded with benevolent compassion

as an amiable and accomplished fanatic—John Wesley. Wesley's faith, life, and labours assume more and more heroic proportions as we recede farther from him; and distance enables us to form a better idea of the magnitude of the man. His dauntless courage, herculean toils, statesmanlike capacity, and grand human enthusiasm, are recognised as constituting one of the most powerful regenerating forces since the age of Luther, even by those who do not accept his religious opinions. But Priestley counts for little even in the religious development of the comparatively small fraternity to which he rendered such zealous services. If the deepest heart of mankind could be ruled by syllogisms, the Unitarian teacher would have borne off the palm, but there is a spirit in man the depth of which he could not probe. He was, as he reiterated on every occasion, a rational believer. The Jewish faith was, in his view, a simple republication of natural religion supported by miracles—that is, it taught monotheism and morality. Christianity added nothing essential to this, except the revelation of a future life, also accredited by supernatural evidence. It is pathetic to read now Priestley's treatises in defence of Christianity in which he advances with assured confidence a line of argument which, to say the least, is not felt in our day to be impregnable, and of itself convincing. If he had lived in a later generation, would he have become a Straussian?

Yet the man was sincerely religious, not the partisan of a sect only, but firmly persuaded that religion is the needful salvation of mankind, and that Christianity, according to his conception of it, is the one all-sufficient divine religion. We cannot but think that Professor Huxley did scant justice to Priestley's religious faith when he represented him as devoting his life to propagate 'one particular hypo-



thesis respecting the divine essence.' Priestley was a fervid Unitarian, who would have entered the fire with Servetus in defence of his creed; firstly, because he believed it was true—and Priestley was thorough and heart-whole in his loyalty to truth; but secondly, because he believed the welfare of the whole human race was involved in the general acceptance of this truth. It was with him no mere abstract dogma respecting a Being who might seem far above the limited range of finite faculties. He believed that his Unitarianism was Christianity, and that Christianity was the only sufficient moral force for the regeneration of humanity, hindered in its blessed work by human corruption, and to be restored by the fidelity of himself and others to its pristine purity and efficacy. Right or wrong, Priestley, at least, is clear from the charge of wasting his life upon 'lunar politics.'

In philosophy, Priestley was a materialist and a necessarian. Both these are burning questions of to-day, and with the fear of Professor Tyndall before our eyes, we will carefully refrain from dogmatising upon them. But it is lawful for us to glance at Priestley's stand-point with respect to these fundamental doctrines as matter of history. The mischief of Priestley's materialism lay in its nomenclature. He did not conceive of matter as his contemporaries did, and as men in general still do; but meaning something else than they understood, persisted stoutly in identifying spirit with matter. To the public mind, matter was something solid, impenetrable, occupying space. Priestley rejected this definition, and conceived of matter as simply the power of attraction and repulsion situated in space, yet not so as to be impenetrable. His doctrine amounted, then, to this—that we know neither matter nor spirit, and that it is unnecessary, unphilosophical, and opposed to the indications of physiology, to believe in the existence of

two originally distinct substances. His contemporaries could not understand him, nor does it seem that he himself had a clear mental grasp of the neutrality of the doctrine of unity in the essence or substance which underlies phenomena. His language implies that somehow matter has the best claim to be regarded as reality, and spirit must be content with a secondary contingent existence. Until philosophical conceptions thoroughly pervade the popular mind, and impregnate the popular language, materialistic doctrines will always lie open to this misconception, and even the philosophers themselves will not be quite secure against confusion of thought. Priestley's assertion that the soul dies with the body, and owes its resurrection to the will of God, perplexed even the able and friendly Dr. Price. Priestley uses the following ingenious simile to illustrate his meaning:

I suppose that the powers of thought are not merely suspended but are *extinct* or *cease to be* at death. To make my meaning if possible better understood, I will use the following comparison:—The power of *cutting* in a razor depends upon a certain cohesion and arrangement of the parts of which it consists. If we suppose this razor to be wholly dissolved in any acid liquor, its power of *cutting* will certainly be *lost* or *cease to be*, though no particle of the metal that constituted the razor be annihilated by the process; and its former *shape* and power of *cutting*, &c., may be restored to it after the metal has been precipitated. Thus when the body is dissolved by putrefaction, its power of thinking entirely ceases, but no particle of the *man* being *lost*, as many of them as are essential to him will, I doubt not, be collected and revived at the resurrection: when the power of thinking will return of course. I do not, therefore, think that anything I have advanced implies that the *soul*, that is the man, loses his *existence* at death in any other sense than that the man loses his *power of thinking*.

That last sentence looks like a partial retractation. The fact is, both Priestley and Price were lost in a fog, and neither could see the way out.

Priestley held to his necessarianism not less tenaciously than he did

to his materialism; but here, too, whatever be our opinion as to the merits of the questions in themselves, it is not possible to overlook a certain immaturity in the Priestleian stages of the controversy. Priestley based his doctrine of necessity with unlimited confidence upon the simple proposition that every effect must have a cause; at a time when the meaning of these words, 'cause' and 'effect,' and the nature of the relation between them, had not been so deeply pondered as they have been since. 'Volition undetermined,' he says, 'would be effect without cause.' 'An effect without a cause is a thing impossible even to *divine power*, because it is impossible to power abstractly considered.' Priestley speculated too much about God, and about things abstractly considered, for the good of his philosophy. His theology biassed him in metaphysics, as when he plainly declares that if we once admit that an effect may be without a cause, i.e. that will may be self-determined, we undermine the only demonstrative argument for the existence of God himself. Toned down by the modern recognition, that natural causes and effects are merely bound together by a relation of constant sequence, and that we know nothing of real or efficient causes, all Priestley's elaborate proofs for necessity subside into the indisputable proposition, 'Whatever is, is.' As in the case of his materialism, so the doctrine of necessity involved Priestley in logical consequences very repugnant to the sentiments of his age, and some of them perplexing enough to his own mind. He gladly accepted the belief that all things are best just as they are, and will eventuate in a future of happiness for everybody; though it does not appear to have struck him that, if everything is the best possible now, the best possible of the future may perhaps also be inexplicable to human wisdom, and disagreeable in part to human

liking. But to preserve moral responsibility, to vindicate the reasonableness of sorrow for sin, in harmony with his necessitarianism, was a task beyond even the acuteness of a Priestley.

Heterodox both as theologian and as philosopher, and known to be constantly engaged with curious investigations into the secrets of Nature, Priestley would have been set down as a votary of magical arts, in league with the Evil One, had his lot been cast a few centuries earlier. Even in the last century, we may be sure that vague rumours of something uncanny about the man floated about the country side. But to have accused a Fellow of the Royal Society of having sold his soul to Satan would have been an anachronism, and a Protestant Dissenter was safe under the shadow of the Toleration Act from prosecution as a heretic. Obnoxious as he was to the orthodox mind in other respects, had Priestley left politics alone, he might have ended his days at Birmingham in peace, and the long row of his works on the library shelf might have been longer by several volumes. But Priestley was a Dissenter in times when Dissenters were political pariahs—enjoying an unmolested exercise of their religious principles, by the contemptuous toleration of the ruling caste, but rigidly excluded from the rights of equal citizenship. This was more than enough to stimulate his active mind to consider the nature of government, the rights of free-born men, and the defective working of the vaunted British constitution. In this region he could hardly miss the perception of simple first principles of political science, which he no sooner saw than he published to all the world with his usual fearlessness. He was a Reformer half a century before the Reform Bill, and a Liberationist a century before the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Until driven from his native land,

he was a sincere defender of the limited monarchy; but the limits he would set to it approach more nearly those we are familiar with than such as George III. and his Tory supporters were inclined to submit to. Priestley's political views were before his age, and his antipathy to a religious establishment made him the aversion of the High Church party.

For all this, his course might have ended in peace, but for the outbreak of the French Revolution. That terrible convulsion, in which feudalism crashed into ruins, and democracy sprang into life, full-grown and armed, was an unexpected portent watched with opposite feelings of alarm and hope by conservative and reforming minds. In the very year of the Revolution, an eager attempt was made by the Liberal party to procure the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, by which Dissenters were excluded from all Government offices and municipalities. This was defeated by a large majority, and failure did not serve to sweeten the temper of the oppressed.

There was then in London an association called the Revolution Society, not, as its name might suggest, a new combination to propagate French principles in England, but an old society formed long before, to commemorate and hold up the principles of our own glorious Revolution of 1688. This and other radical associations openly avowed their delight in the downfall of tyranny across the water, and loudly demanded a reform of representation at home. Drs. Priestley and Price were known sympathisers with these movements, and the famous sermon of the latter in the Poultry Chapel called forth Edmund Burke's brilliantly eloquent onslaught upon the French Assembly. When even Burke, who had denounced the American war, abandoned his Whiggism to lead the cry of 'The Constitution in danger,' no wonder

that the Tory party raised an Ephesian shout of 'Church and King' all the country over. Priestley replied to Burke without much eloquence, but with a solid and provoking common sense by no means calculated to soothe the feelings of the Tory party.

About the same time, a High Church clergyman of Birmingham preached an excited sermon against the Dissenters in general, and Priestley in particular. Priestley, never slow to pick up the gauntlet, at once opened fire upon his antagonist and the Church party in a series of familiar letters to the inhabitants of Birmingham. At this distance of time, it is easy to see that the champion of civil and religious liberty held the right side in the combat, but one cannot review his share in the controversy without perceiving that his cool assumption of superiority must have been extremely galling to his opponents. Indeed, Priestley seems never to have taken into account that passion and prejudice might misunderstand and distort his language. Hence his adversaries called from his books, and circulated in and out of Parliament, detached sentences, which could hardly fail to exasperate the public mind against him. With the French Revolution actually in progress, the King virtually a prisoner, the Church stripped of its property, the nobility and clergy driven from the country, and seeking an asylum on our shores, how could bigoted adherents of our glorious constitution in Church and State fail to read revolution, arson, and murder, in such paragraphs as these:

It is nothing but the alliance of the kingdom of Christ with the kingdom of this world that supports the grossest corruptions of Christianity; and perhaps we must wait for the downfall of the civil powers before this most unnatural alliance can be broken. Calamitous, no doubt, will that time be. But what convulsion in the political world ought to be a subject of lamentation, if it be attended with so desir-



able an event? May the Kingdom of God and of Christ (that which I conceive to be intended in the Lord's Prayer) truly and fully come, though all the kingdoms of the world be removed to make way for it!

And again:

We are, as it were, laying gunpowder, grain by grain, under the old building of error and superstition, which a single spark may hereafter inflame, so as to produce an instantaneous explosion, in consequence of which that edifice, the erection of which has been the work of ages, may be overturned in a moment, and so effectually that the same foundation can never be built upon again.

Since by the 'old building of error and superstition,' Priestley intended nothing else than orthodox Trinitarian Christianity in general, and the Established Church of his own country in particular, what more was needed besides these two bold passages to mark him out as a would-be Catiline, a second Guy Faux, longing for the propitious time when the Tower of London should imitate the fate of the Bastille, George III. be dragged in triumph like Louis XVI., and English mobs raise the forcocious shout, 'Hang all bishops to the lamp-posts!' It is true Priestley's rhetorical phrases were printed years before the French Revolution appeared above the horizon; but the French Revolution did appear, and Priestley applauded it; worse still, became act and part in it, by being elected a member of the French Assembly. This last fact was damning; yet Priestley went on replying to Burke, Madan, and Burns, as audaciously as was his wont.

Three significant dates will tell the rest of the tale. On July 14, 1789, the Bastille was pulled down by the populace of Paris. On July 14, 1790, France was declared a limited monarchy in the immense gathering in the Champ de Mars, and Louis XVI. swore to maintain the new constitution. On July 14, 1791, Priestley's chapel and house at Birmingham were burnt down by an excited mob, and the doctor

himself only saved his life by timely flight.

This exact coincidence of dates is easily explained. On the latest of these dates, a number of radical reformers, Priestley's friends, assembled at a tavern in Birmingham to celebrate the anniversary of the glorious events of the preceding years. Priestley was invited to take the chair, but declined, from no prudential reason nor any disapproval of the purpose of the meeting, but simply because convivial gatherings were not occasions in which he felt at home. The feasters were all respectable citizens and loyal subjects of course, but one has only to run one's eye over the lists of toasts drunk at the meeting to see that their loyalty was of a mixed description. The first toast was very properly, 'The King and Constitution.' Then followed 'The National Assembly and Patriots of France.' The third was 'The Majesty of the People.' And so the list goes on, including such sentiments as, 'The Rights of Man;' 'May the People of England never cease to Remonstrate until their Parliament becomes a truly National Representation!' 'May the Sword never be unsheathed but for the Defence of Liberty and the Country, and then may every Man cast away the Scabbard until the People are Safe and Free!' 'To the Memory of Hampdon and Sydney!' No reporter has handed down to us the eloquent speeches of these devoted subjects of King George, and enthusiastic admirers of revolution across the Channel.

The populace of Birmingham doubted the fervency of their attachment to the throne and constitution, and intended to give them an uncomplimentary serenade under the tavern windows. Mine host of the 'Red Lion' or 'Blue Boar' got wind of this, and advised his customers to make short speeches, and disperse early. Consequently, when the mob gathered, the patriots had flown. Then ensued a disgraceful riot,



which gave emphatic denial to the claim of popular sympathy for the revolutionaries. Priestley's chapel was the first object of attack. As soon as it was in flames, the mob proceeded to burn another meeting-house, and after that they sacked Priestley's residence (from which the Doctor had but just fled in time), destroyed the contents of his laboratory, tore up his manuscripts, ruined his library, and set fire to the house.

We will relate the farther proceedings in the language of a contemporary :

The depredations of the mob did not terminate with the destruction of Dr. Priestley's property. There was no armed force in Birmingham, so that they continued their devastations with impunity. On Friday about noon they demolished the elegant mansion of Mr. Ryland at Eusy Hill. Many of the rioters who forced their way into the cellars got drunk, and perished by the falling in of the flaming roof of the building. Six of these infatuated men were got out alive, but terribly injured. Ten dead bodies were afterwards dug out of the ruins. On Friday afternoon, July 15, the magistrates swore in several hundred additional constables, who attacked the mob at Mr. Ryland's house; but after a severe contest, in which several men were wounded, the rioters were victorious. Bordesley Hall, the country residence of John Taylor, Esq., and Moseley Hall, the property of the same gentleman, were both destroyed by the mob. Mr. Hutton's house in the High Street, with his stock of paper, library, and furniture, were destroyed or carried away; the houses of several other individuals were pillaged or burnt, and the whole of Saturday the shops in Birmingham were mostly shut, and business was at a stand; while such was the audacity of the rioters, that small parties of three or five actually levied contributions of meat, drink, and money. On Sunday the rioters proceeded to Kingswood, seven miles distant from the town, and destroyed the meeting-house, and the dwelling of the Dissenting minister, together with the premises of Mr. Cox. The arrival of three troops of the 15th Light Dragoons on Sunday night, soon after ten, was announced by the sound of their trumpets and the acclamations of the inhabitants. Anxiety was succeeded by smiles of joy. The town was illuminated; the rioters soon dispersed, and order was happily restored without bloodshed. The loss of the different individuals

by this riot was estimated at 60,000*l.*, and an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1793 to reimburse them.

Meanwhile, Priestley rode from refuge to refuge, until at last it appeared that he could be sure of safety only in the metropolis. Even here, however, he was a branded man. It was with difficulty he could rent a house to live in, and servants refused to fulfil their engagements when they knew who was their employer. Timid people declined to occupy houses adjacent to his, for fear the London mob might imitate that of Birmingham. His scientific acquaintance of the Royal Society gave him the cold shoulder. His sons found difficulty in the way of settling themselves in business on account of owning their father's name. Many people expected that July 14, 1792, would see Priestley burnt out from Clapton as he had been burnt out from Birmingham, and those known to be his friends were advised to remove their papers and valuables to places of safety.

Priestley endured all this odium and threatening with a calm and dauntless front for three years, and then, for his children's sake more than for his own, sought peace and safety in the land which had recently won its own liberty on the other side of the broad Atlantic: being, we suppose, the last of the long list of exiles for truth and conscience-sake who have left the shores of Britain to take refuge in the Western Continent. It is a sign of the detestation which the development of the French Revolution produced, that even in America Priestley was suspected and partially disliked on account of his citizenship in the French Republic.

Priestley was shamefully ill-treated. He had been a little injudicious in his choice of language, and more than a little irritating to his opponents by his confident air and provoking assumption of superior wisdom, but few now will dispute that in many, if not all, his

political views, he had the good fortune to anticipate the general judgment of posterity. His error was excessive reliance on the effectiveness of what he held to be the naked truth. He did not perceive that sometimes truth requires to be clothed in parables, because 'the people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed.' Nevertheless, one cannot but marvel that such a man should not only become scape-goat for the hour of popular rage, but that a deep and lasting resentment against him should abide in the intelligent classes. What had this man done that he should be shunned like one plagne-stricken? His services to literature and science, taken together, were almost unequalled by any English contemporary; his public and private life were alike irreproachable; the most virulent breath of slander could never taint his honour, his honesty, his consistent and zealous philanthropy. He was no cynic, but a genial, kind-hearted, happy citizen of the world, greatly and deservedly beloved by his family and a wide circle of faithful friends. What offence had he committed that public opinion should add insult to injury by its unconcealed delight in the savage attack upon him?

Lovers of peace and order felt a little uneasy at first in this approval of mob-rule; but the end was so grateful to their feelings that they could not speak harshly of the means. The correspondence published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791 reveals the state of public feeling at the time. One writer begins a tirade against Priestley with a pious ejaculation: 'God forbid that any man should exult in the late devastations at Birmingham!' but at the close of his letter his piety has veered round to the opposite quarter, and he concludes: 'I thank God that I have lived to see this test of the integrity and good principles of my

countrymen.' Another rejoices that 'his own engine, *the mob*, which he vainly imagined he could wield with ability, and with which he has in frequent instances threatened the establishments of his country, has at last recoiled upon him with tenfold vengeance.' Here is a letter penned in the month following the outrage:

SIR,—As you are a man of genius and learning, whose writings have done honour to your country, I am sincerely concerned for your sufferings. But, at the same time, I am surprised you could not foresee the consequences of that factious and rebellious spirit which your party had endeavoured to raise and foment. Could you imagine that sober and sensible people would tamely hear the present Government in Church and State atrociously vilified by a set of mischievous Republicans? Could you calmly and considerately suppose that these discontented and turbulent spirits could celebrate the triumphs of anarchy and confusion in France without giving offence to loyal and prudent Englishmen? Could you seriously think that the zeal of your party could propagate their seditious libels and infamous publications against the Government and an amiable Sovereign, without exciting a general horror and indignation?

Clearly, public sentiment approved and adopted the action of the rioters. The Government seems to have acted with tolerable impartiality. Priestley recovered a large sum for damages, though not all he considered himself entitled to, and four of the incendiaries were condemned to death. But lapse of time rather deepened than diminished the general prejudice against Priestley. This is easily accounted for when we remember the terrible history of the next five years in Paris. Despite the long interval since then, their memory still causes a shudder. What must have been the horror and alarm which those dread events produced at the time in the then Conservative England! Priestley was a citizen of the French Republic; he had publicly testified his 'exultation and triumph at the success of the late just, necessary, and glorious revolution in France.' After

that, we can understand, while we condemn, the rancour cherished against him, and perceive that his retirement to America was almost inevitable under the circumstances.

Priestley's autobiography, continued by his son, a little book of two hundred pages, is well worth reading. One sees in it that, on the whole, Priestley lived a happy as well as a useful life, and those who are in search for the secret of happiness may get some useful hints from his narrative and reflections. Without touching upon deeper matters, there is something worth thinking about in the following, written by his son:

It will be seen from his diary that his studies were very varied, which, as he was always persuaded, enabled him to do so much. This he constantly attended to through life, his chemical and philosophical pursuits serving as a kind of relaxation from his theological studies. His miscellaneous reading, which was at all times very extensive, comprising even novels and plays, still served to increase the variety. For many years of his life, he never spent less than two or three hours a day in games of amusement, as cards and backgammon, but particularly chess—at which he and my mother played regularly three games after dinner, and as many after supper. As his children grew up, chess was laid aside for whist, or some round game at cards, which he enjoyed as much as any of the company. It is hardly necessary to state that he never played for money, even for the most trifling sum.

Dr. Priestley was not devoid of humour, as the following amusing anecdote shows. While he was minister at Leeds, a poor woman, who laboured under the delusion that she was possessed by a devil, applied to him to take away the evil spirit which tormented her. The doctor attentively listened to her statement, and endeavoured to convince her that she was mistaken. All his efforts proving unavailing, he desired her to call the next day, and in the meantime he would consider her case. On the morrow the unhappy woman was punctual in her attendance. His electrical apparatus being in readiness, with

great gravity he desired the woman to stand upon the stool with glass legs, at the same time putting into her hand a brass chain connected with the conductor, and having charged her plentifully with electricity, he told her very seriously to take particular notice of what he did. He then took up a discharger, and applied it to her arm, when the escape of the electricity gave her a pretty strong shock. 'There,' said she, 'the devil's gone; I saw him go in that blue flame, and he gave me such a jerk as he went off. I have at last got rid of him, and I am now quite comfortable.'

A neighbour of his in Philadelphia has left us a description of Dr. Priestley's qualities as a companion:

Dr. Priestley was remarkably frank and easy of access, and in company perfectly unassuming, never attempting to take the lead in conversation, but always ready to accommodate himself to the taste and wishes of others. He was neither taciturn nor talkative; and it may be truly said, that whatever prejudices had been previously entertained against him, on account of his theological opinions, by those who only knew him as a polemical writer, were removed on a personal acquaintance.

During a time of great political excitement, he dined with a Presbyterian, whose political opinions were similar to his own. Among other guests, were two Presbyterian ministers, whose politics were opposite to those of Dr. Priestley and his host. When the junior clergyman was asked for a toast, he gave, 'Unity of sentiment in religion and politics.' Soon after, Dr. Priestley being called on, he looked significantly, first at the master of the house, and then at the author of the former toast, and proposed, 'Candour, when there cannot be unity of sentiment in religion and politics.' The young man felt abashed, and soon retired.

With the sedateness suited to his age and professional character was combined habitual cheerfulness; and although strict as regarded himself, no one could be more liberal as respected other persons. It will be easily imagined that the society of a man whose knowledge was so extensive, and whose manners were so winning, was eagerly sought and highly valued.

The Doctor, when in Philadelphia, would occasionally call on Dr. Rogers, a Baptist minister, whose sentiments were



highly Calvinistic, and pass an evening at his house. One afternoon, while he was waiting there for Dr. Rogers' return, another Baptist minister, whom we may call Mr. Blank, came in. On Mrs. R.'s introducing the two gentlemen to each other, Dr. Priestley put out his hand. The other immediately drew himself back, as if afraid of contamination, and exclaimed, 'Dr. Joseph Priestley! I can't be cordial.' The lady was greatly embarrassed, but Dr. Priestley instantly relieved her by saying, with all that benevolent expression of countenance and pleasantness of manner for which he was remarkable, 'Well, well, madam, you and I can be cordial; and as Dr. Rogers will soon be with us, Mr. Blank and he can converse together, so that we shall all be very comfortable.' Thus encouraged, Mrs. Rogers began to question Dr. Priestley about the Scriptural prophecies. Mr. Blank listened with much attention, sometimes making a remark or putting a question. Dr. Rogers did not come in, but the evening nevertheless was passed in the greatest harmony. At last Dr. Priestley said it was ten o'clock, and time for two old men like them to be at their quarters. The other could not believe it was so late, and declared that he had never spent a shorter and more pleasant evening. They left the house together, and next day Mr. Blank called and said to Dr. Rogers: 'You and I well know that Dr. Priestley is quite wrong in regard to his theology, but notwithstanding this, he is a great and good man, and I behaved to him, at our first coming together, like a fool and a brute!'

Prefixed to his Life by John Corry, published in 1804, is a good likeness of the Doctor. It is an intelligent and pleasing face: the forehead rather high, the nose aquiline and prominent, the expression of the mouth firm, but by no means stern, and the eye bright and cheerful. Corry thus describes his personal appearance:

Dr. Priestley was about the middle stature, or five feet eight inches high. He was slender and well proportioned; his complexion was fair, his eyes grey and sparkling with intelligence, and his whole countenance was expressive of the benignity of his heart. He often smiled, but seldom laughed. He was extremely active and agile in his motions. He walked fast and very erect, and his deportment was dignified. His common dress was a black coat without a cape, a fine linen or cambric stock, a cocked hat, a powdered wig (which, however, he laid aside in America), shoes

and buckles. The whole of his dress was remarkably clean, and this purity of person and simple dignity of manners evinced that philosophic propriety which prevailed throughout his conduct as a private individual. He was an ungraceful orator; his voice was low and faltering, and he had a custom of shrugging up his shoulders.

The following estimate of Dr. Priestley, written in 1813 by Dr. Thomson, editor of the *Annals of Philosophy and History of the Royal Society*, is borne out by our own examinations of his literary remains. Dr. Thomson says:

As to the character of Dr. Priestley, it is so well marked by his life and writings that it is difficult to conceive how it could be mistaken by many eminent literary men in this kingdom. Industry was his great characteristic. He was an early riser, and always lighted his own fire before anyone else was stirring; it was then that he composed almost all his works. It is obvious, from merely glancing into his books, that he was precipitate, and indeed, from the way he went on, thinking as he wrote, and writing only one copy, it was impossible that he could be otherwise. But as he was perfectly sincere and anxious to obtain the truth, he freely acknowledged his mistakes as soon as he became sensible of them. This is very visible in his philosophical investigations, but in his theological writings it was not so much to be expected. He was generally engaged in controversy in theology; and his antagonists were often insolent, and almost always angry. We all know the effect of such an opposition, and need not be surprised that it operated upon Dr. Priestley as it would upon any other man. By all accounts, his powers of conversation were very great, and his manners in every respect extremely agreeable. That this must have been the case is obvious from the great number of his friends, and the zeal and ardour with which they continued to serve him, notwithstanding the obloquy under which he lay, and even the danger which might be incurred by appearing to befriend him. As to his moral character, even his worst enemies have been obliged to allow that it was unexceptionable. Many of my readers will perhaps smile when I say that he was not only a sincere but a zealous Christian, and would willingly have died a martyr to the cause; yet I think the fact is undoubted, and his conduct through life, and especially at his death, affords irrefragable proofs of it. His tenets, indeed, did not coincide with those of his country, but though he rejected many of the doctrines, he admitted the whole of its sublime morality and its



divine origin, which, in my opinion at least, is sufficient to constitute a true Christian. His manners were perfectly simple and unaffected, and he continued all his life as ignorant of the world as a child. Of vanity he seems to have possessed more than the usual share; but perhaps he was rather deficient in pride.

Professor Huxley, in the outset of his address at Birmingham, lauded Priestley as 'a modest man.' With all respect to so great an authority, we cannot but prefer Dr. Thomson's view of his character. Priestley was not ambitious, not haughty, not perhaps quite sufficiently careful of his own reputation among men in general; but a man more fully and complacently persuaded of the extent of his own abilities, the accuracy of his judgment, the correctness of his opinions, and the value of his services, one can rarely come across in the paths of literature. If self-complacency is an important element of happiness, Priestley appears to have contributed as much as most men to his own enviable state of mind.

After all, why does self-complacency seem contemptible? At least in Priestley it was better justified than in most notable men. He had no grave faults, and he performed great services to his age. He was honest to the core, and

quick-witted above most; his literary labours were above the average, and his scientific discoveries rank him among the most illustrious savans; he was philosopher, patriot, philanthropist, and religious believer; and while recognising his own worth, he did not hug it to himself in an egotistic spirit, but very sincerely regarded his whole career as a divine gift, a divine work, a part of the infinite stream of that all-embracing necessity which made him what he was, working above and behind the human delusion of a self-determining will.

His statue shines clean and white, as yet unsoiled by Birmingham smoke; and while for the moment public attention is directed to the actual life of the man, his character stands out solid and pure and shining upon the dark background of a half-forgotten past. When the statue is dimmed by soot and rain, the memory of the man may relapse into that semi-oblivion from which he has been temporarily summoned. Be this as it may, our retrospect has revealed a brave and admirable Englishman, of whom his country may well be proud, whether or no he eventually gains a place among the heroes who enjoy a world-enduring fame.

F. S. T.



## THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE SKETCHED BY NAPOLEON III.

**I**N the days when the Second Empire, though really far advanced on the road of its portentous decadence, was to all outward seeming firmly fixed, and when its Chief, though checked and thwarted by the growing Prussian giant who had originally courted his favours, bade fair, despite the 'black spots' visible on the horizon, to run on to the close of his career as 'the modern Augustus,' peacefully and splendidly seated on the throne of his uncle, there was started in Paris, with the title of the *Dix Décembre*, a newspaper, not merely undisguisedly Imperialist in tone, but, like one or two others, in reality entirely under the immediate control of the Emperor; so much so that articles were occasionally inserted proceeding directly from his pen. The following sketch of the Empress, which appeared in the *Dix Décembre* of December 15, 1868, was the first of these, and the MS. draft, *written entirely in the Emperor's autograph*, was found two years afterwards, when the catastrophe of Sedan installed the Provisional Republican Government in possession of the Tuileries.

Under these circumstances, the brief sketch, which embodies with its necessary artificiality several touches of nature, possesses considerable interest. The following translation has been made as *literally* as possible.

At the end is added a curious illustrative reminiscence of the Empress in youth by Washington Irving, with which few probably are acquainted.

### THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

To-morrow is the *fête*-day of the Empress! The occasion is appropriate to say a few words as to her. Spanish by birth, and daughter of an illustrious patrician family (*d'une*

*grande famille patricienne*), certain public organs endeavour continually to represent her as imbued with the most intolerant religious fanaticism, and with all the prejudices of aristocracy (*de tous les préjugés de la noblesse*). It is hard that, placed on one of the grandest thrones of the universe, her qualities should be thus misconstrued. A short sketch of her life will show them in their true light.

The father of the Empress Eugénie was the Count of Montijo, one of those rare Spaniards who, inspired with a passionate devotion for the Emperor (Napoleon I.), followed him through all his wars. Acting his part in our period of reverse no less than in that of success, covered with wounds, he was one of the last to fire off against the enemies of France the cannon of the Buttes de Chaumont. Withdrawing into private life at the fall of the Empire, he preserved his Napoleonic sympathies, and his Liberal ideas drew upon him persecution by the government of Ferdinand VII.

In 1838 the Countess of Montijo came to Paris with her two daughters, to place them in a great educational establishment. Pupil at the Sacré-Cœur, she who was to be one day Empress of the French, and who was spoken of then as the young Countess of Téba, acquired, one may say, the French language before the Spanish.

A few years later the Montijo family returned to Spain, where the Count died. From the hands of their mother the two girls received the finishing touches of their education, and their introduction to society.

Those who visited Madrid at that epoch will remember that hospitable *salon*, which the foremost intellects of all countries—diplo-

matists, men of letters, or artists—seemed to create into a *rendez-vous*. Everywhere was praised the supreme distinction with which, by her *esprit* and her affability, the Countess of Montijo did the honours of this society, of which her two daughters formed the ornament. The elder was quickly espoused by the Duke of Alva. The younger attracted remark by the most lively graces and the most amiable qualities of the heart. Surrounded often by persons whose sentiments were those of a period passed away, her early intelligence caused her to reject many of their ideas which she could not approve, and, whether influenced by the souvenirs of the years she had passed with her father, or by the education she had received in France, or by a natural enthusiasm (*entraînement*), she was repeatedly heard to sustain in her select circle the cause of progress and of modern ideas. Her ardent imagination sought an aliment for its noble aspirations towards the beautiful and the useful, and often she has been known to pass hours together in the study of the works of Fonrier. Her friends called her, smilingly, *la Phalanstérienne*.<sup>1</sup> It was impossible not to admire this young girl of eighteen

preoccupied to such a degree by these social problems, and seeming to prepare herself by such meditation for some high and mysterious destiny.

A curious incident of her life deserves to be told. Always inclined towards those who suffer, interested in all the oppressed, she nourished a secret sympathy for the Prince who, victim of his convictions, was prisoner at Ham, and with her young voice she urged her mother to go and carry to the captive such consolation as might be possible. The Countess of Montijo had decided, it is said, to undertake this pious pilgrimage, when her object was suddenly turned aside by unlooked-for circumstances.

This sorely-tried Prince (*ce Prince si éprouvé*) she was some years later herself to see—not in the confinement of a dungeon, but raised by national acclamation to the head of a great State; she was to exercise on him the attractions of her beauty, of her *esprit* and of the unsurpassed nobility of her sentiments; she was to become a part of his existence and to share his destiny.

The Countess of Téba has not disappeared under the lustre of the diadem of France. The character

<sup>1</sup> Fonrier and his *Phalansterian* associations being now of but faded fame, probably for the general reader it may be well to explain briefly that in his system of philosophical education one of the chief elements (accompanied by others of the wildest nature) was the organisation of humankind into *phalanstères*, or societies of common toil, having special provision for the natural aptitudes of each individual. In the words of an acute observer, the late Lord Dalling and Bulwer, in his work on France (1836), Fourier's plan was 'to turn the natural propensities of men, which at present so frequently lead them to injure each other, to the greatest common advantage. His plan consists chiefly in making employment a pleasure, and in gratifying our favourite inclinations in our most useful pursuits. Considering toil to be tedious in proportion as it is monotonous, and that one of the great characteristics of humankind is versatility, all labour is to be of short duration, and every member of a *phalanstère* is to be educated for a variety of alternate occupations. Here, too, the character of the individual is to be preserved, and the economy of the community obtained; for instance, in that most important part of existence which depends on the kitchen, instead of 2,000 women being occupied in cooking the dinners of 2,000 husbands, as would be the case if these couples were living in separate cabins, 50 are to suffice for this duty, and 1950 remain at liberty to do anything else.'

These were the ideas, we may presume therefore, which, on the authority of Napoleon's article in the *Dix Décembre*, chimed in harmony with the youthful aspirations for good of the Empress Eugénie.

of the Empress still remains that of a lady of the simplest and most natural tastes. After her visit to the cholera patients at Amiens nothing seemed to surprise her more than the murmur of applause which everywhere celebrated her courageous initiative; she was indeed at last distressed by it.

The lot of all classes of the unfortunate constantly awakens her especial solicitude. It is known with what efficacious activity she has intervened in the reorganisation of the prisons for youthful offenders; in the labour of the reclaiming and charitable societies. She founded the *Société des Prêts de l'Enfance au Travail*. How many generous reforms she still pursues with a marvellous perseverance! One finds still in her a little of the young *Phalanstérienne*. The condition of women singularly preoccupies her; her efforts are given to the elevation of her sex; it was she who, on a fitting occasion, decorated Rosa Bonheur.

In two instances, during the war of Italy, and during the voyage of the Emperor to Algiers, she has exercised the Regency. One knows with what moderation, what political tact and sentiment of justice.

Relieved of the occupations of duty the Empress devotes herself to serious studies (*se livre aux lectures les plus sérieuses*). One may say that there is no economical or financial question to which she is a stranger. It is charming to hear her discuss with the most competent men these difficult problems. Literature, History, and Art are also frequently the subjects of her conversations. At Compiègne nothing is more attractive than a tea-party of the Empress (*ce que l'on appelle un thé de l'Impératrice*).

Surrounded by a select circle she engages with equal facility in the

most elevated subjects of discussion or the most familiar questions of interest. The freshness of her powers of perception, the strength, the boldness even, of her opinions at once impress and captivate. Her mode of expressing herself, occasionally incorrect, is full of colour and life (*Son langage, quelquefois incorrect, est plein de couleur et de mouvement*). With astonishing power of exactness in conversations on common affairs, she rises in remarks on matters of state or morality to a pitch of real eloquence.

Pious without being bigoted, well informed without being pedantic, she talks on all subjects with great unconstraint (*abandon*). She, perhaps, is too fond of discussion<sup>2</sup> (*Peut-être aime-t-elle trop la discussion*). Very sprightly in her nature, she often lets herself be carried away by her feelings, which have more than once excited enmities; but her exaggerations have always for their foundation the love of good.

Besides the intelligent woman and the sovereign prudent and courageous, it remains for us to show the mother, full of solicitude and tenderness for her son.

It has been her wish for the Prince Imperial to receive a manly education. She causes statements of his employments to be rendered to her; she follows the progress of his studies; she, so to say, assists day by day in the development of that young intelligence, in that growth of mental power which in the inheritor of so high a fortune is the pledge of the most brilliant future career (*à cette croissance de l'esprit qui chez l'héritier d'une si haute fortune est le gage du plus brillant avenir*).

I believe I have told you [wrote Washington Irving to his niece, Mrs. P. M. Irving, on February 28, 1853, referring on

<sup>2</sup> None but Caesar himself writing of his spouse would have ventured to put in this naïve little touch among the laudatory comments.



the occasion of the marriage of Napoleon and Eugénie to that 'hospitable *salon*' in which he had known the Empress in youth] that I knew the grandfather of the Empress—old Mr. Kirkpatrick, who had been American Consul at Malaga. I passed an evening at his house in 1827, near Adra, on the coast of the Mediterranean. A week or two after I was at the house of his son-in-law, the Count Téba, at Granada—a gallant, intelligent gentleman, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye, and being maimed in a leg and hand. His wife, the daughter of Mr. Kirkpatrick, was absent, but he had a family of little girls, mere children, about him. The youngest of these must have been the present Empress. Several years afterwards, when I had recently taken up my abode in Madrid, I was invited to a grand hall at the house of the Countess Montijo, one of the leaders of the *ton*. On my making my bow to her, I was surprised at being received by her with the warmth and eagerness of an old friend. She claimed me as the friend of her late husband, the Count Téba (subsequently Marquis Montijo), who, she said, had often spoken of me with the greatest regard. She took me into another room and showed me a miniature of the Count, such as I had known him, with a black patch over one eye. She subsequently introduced me to the little girls

I had known at Granada—now fashionable helles at Madrid.

After this I was frequently at her house, which was one of the gayest in the capital. The Countess and her daughters all spoke English. The eldest daughter was married whilst I was in Madrid to the Duke of Alva and Berwick, the lineal successor to the pretender to the British crown. The other now sits on the throne of France.

Again, on the 28th of March, 1853, Irving wrote :

Lonis Napoleon and Eugénie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson ; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada ! The last I saw of Eugénie Montijo, she was one of the reigning helles of Madrid ; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished ———, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugénie is upon a throne, and ——— a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders. Poor ——— ! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two. 'The storm with her is o'er, and she's at rest ;' but the other is launched from a returnless shore, on a dangerous sea infamous for its shipwrecks.

J. C.



# FROM INDIA BY THE EUPHRATES ROUTE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BROWN KEEB,

FORMERLY HARBOUR CHAPLAIN, BOMBAY; MEMBER OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY; THE BOMBAY GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, &c.

IN spite of the numerous books of travel<sup>1</sup> which the present century has produced, on the countries lying between the Mediterranean Sea, the Persian Gulf, and our Indian Empire, much misapprehension exists respecting them, as was evidenced in the debate in the Lower House of Parliament on the 4th of April of last year, on Colonel Jenkinson's motion for a 'Euphrates Valley Railway;' a proposal which, notwithstanding its acknowledged importance both to England and India, was negatived by 103 votes to 29. Nor did the comments in many of the journals display any more familiar acquaintance with the subject, which, though it may slumber for the present, will assuredly revive again in connection with the railways, existing and projected, in Turkey, Russia, Persia, and India. Hence a few notes and observations recently made *en route* from India overland to Northern Syria, through lands intended to be crossed by the projected railway, may not be unacceptable or out of season.

The writer left Bombay on the morning of Christmas Day, 1871, by the British India Steam Navigation Company's s.s. *Ethiopia*, Captain Sanders, with the mails for Kurrachee and the Persian Gulf. A pleasant trip of three days brought us to the improving town and port of Kurrachee, whence a railway, which has been open for several years to Kotree, about 100 miles up the Indus, opposite Hyderabad, will shortly be completed to Mooltan, in the Punjab, where it will join the lines from Calcutta, thus rendering, what in common with others I have endured, the tedious and uncertain barge and steamboat navigation of the Indus, less necessary, and at the same time connecting the Eastern and Western ports of India by railway lines running through the populous North and North-West provinces, just as Bombay and Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, are connected by lines through central India.<sup>2</sup>

After leaving Kurrachee, the steamer called at Muscat, Bunder

<sup>1</sup> Among the works alluded to may be named those of Rich, J. S. Buckingham, Burckhardt, Layard, Rawlinson, Dr. Woolf, Botta, Charles Texier, Colonel Chesney, Palgrave, Robinson, Porter, Dr. J. Wilson, Burton, and others. With these it is exceedingly interesting to compare the statements made by earlier travellers, as Benjamin of Tudela, Maundrell, and others, respecting the same countries, as contained in the first volume of Bohn's *Antiquarian Library*, 'Early Travels in Palestine.'

NOTE.—It may be observed here that most of the maps of Turkey are extremely inaccurate. On some the Birs Nimrud is wrongly placed on the east of the Euphrates, the Bahr el Nedjif, a lake more than fifty miles long, and the river Hindiye, an out-break of the Euphrates to the north of Nedjif, and the greater and lesser Zab are not marked, while towns and cities are placed miles out of their true position. The best English map by far of Asiatic Turkey with which I am acquainted is Hughes's *Turkey in Asia*, published by Philips in his series of travelling maps, price 3s. 6d. in cloth case. The managers of the Palestine Exploration Fund, when the public subscription shall have enabled them to complete their survey, will doubtless give us what has long been much needed—a full and accurate map of that most interesting part of Syria, known as the Holy Land, lying between the rivers Rhinocolura and Orontes, and extending inland about 100 miles.

<sup>2</sup> Considerably more than 5,000 miles of connected railways will then be open and

Abbas, Linga, and one or two smaller trading ports, and in little more than a week brought us to Bushire, the chief port of Persia. Here, though the famine was then raging, and the dead and dying bestrewed the narrow streets,<sup>3</sup> were some twelve or thirteen ships in the roadstead, of which one belonged to the English navy, two to the Bombay marine, the rest being merchant vessels. One of Grey, Dawes, & Co.'s (of Austin Friars, London) new line of through steamers, *via* the Suez Canal, viz. the *Shiraz*, was leaving her moorings as we anchored.

Bushire is said to have had formerly a population of 80,000 souls; but wars and famines have reduced it probably below a tenth of this number; though, if the projected enterprises of the Shah for the development and improvement of Persia, by irrigation works, railways, public roads, and factories have but a measure of success, this port will probably rise again to more than its former prosperity and importance. It may be remarked that the Armenians, by far the most numerous and respectable body of Christians in Persia, have a small church here, in which permission was readily accorded to hold an English service. And not a few of the English dead repose in the Christian enclosure around its walls. After a stay of nearly a fortnight, a night's steaming (by Grey, Dawes, & Co.'s s.s. *Baghdad*, Captain Templeman) brought us from Bushire to Fon, a telegraph station on the right bank of the Shat-el-Arab, as the combined rivers Euphrates and

Tigris are here called. Kowheit, a village and bay a few miles to the south, is spoken of as the terminus of the railway which has long been projected to connect the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean. It is estimated that a line about 850 miles long, and costing from 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* per mile, or an outlay of 8½ millions sterling, would suffice to shorten the voyage to India by a week in time and by 1,000 miles in length—a sum which cannot be thought large when we can expend 90 millions in a Crimean war, and 10 millions on an expedition to Abyssinia.<sup>4</sup>

A day and night steaming in the river, and we anchored early next morning at the mouth of the creek, which, at high water only, is navigable for native craft to Bnsrah or Bussorah, a famous city about two miles to the west. A Turkish man-of-war and a few river steamers and sailing-vessels lay in the river, which is here little short of three-quarters of a mile in width. There is also a small company of soldiers, or armed police, at the mouth of the creek and near the large custom-house. But the forces would seem to be too small or inefficient for security, as the mail-steamer *Cashmere*, of the British India Company, was attacked and robbed here, while at anchor in the night, by armed pirates, shortly after I left.

In Bussorah there are said to be from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants, though in the ancient city, which exists in ruins about two miles further west, there are said to have been in the days of the Khalifs 100,000 inhabitants, with a con-

are not continuous on the north and north-west. The average net payment on the capital for the whole is only about 3½ per cent. The Government make up to the shareholders the rest of the guaranteed 5 per cent.

<sup>3</sup> The strenuous and praiseworthy efforts of Col. Pelly, and those who assisted in administering the English Relief Fund, were utterly inadequate to cope with the distress, which must have been a bitter trial to the few Europeans.

siderable trade from the rivers to the Gulf and Arabia. There is an English Vice-Consul in the town, and a few English, Armenian, and Jewish trading-houses; and English piece-goods and other European articles may be seen in the well-stocked and busy, but dirty, bazars. But its exports and imports, so far as at present ascertained, scarcely rise above half a million sterling, the exports consisting principally of dates, which grow in great abundance for many miles beside the river, and hides brought from Baghdad and other parts of the interior.

Owing to irregularities in the Tigris or *Dijleh*, as this river is called by the Turks, from three to five days are occupied by the river steamers (of which there are two English and four or five Turkish) in going from Busrah to Baghdad, a distance of about 250 miles; and more than as many weeks have been occupied by steamers in ascending the Euphrates to Kalah-Balis, a little more than a day's ride from Aleppo, and a distance of some 600 miles from Busrah.

The voyage from Busrah to Baghdad lies through one of the richest alluvial valleys in the world, if we regard the soil only, which greatly resembles that of Egypt, but not one-tenth of it is cultivated; though, wherever this is the case, and due attention is given to irrigation, rich crops are produced, and abundance of dates, pomegranates, peaches, &c. Wild boars, lions, francolins, and smaller game abound in some parts. A few villages exist here and there, and mounds, the ruins of ancient towns, become increasingly numerous on approaching Baghdad. Twenty miles below this city, on the east of the Tigris, is a magnificent arch 100 feet high, in the centre of the façade of a palace of burnt brick 283 feet long, the former residence

of Shapoor at Ctesiphon, the winter capital of the ancient Sassanian monarchs.<sup>5</sup> Mounds of earth and burnt brick 20 to 30 feet high still indicate the extent of the city and the enclosure of the royal gardens. Two or three old tombs, which serve as hints, a few Arab tents, and a few badly-cultivated patches of ground, are all the civilisation at present to be seen there; though, according to Gihon, when Julian retreated from this (to him) impregnable city, in A.D. 363, it is said to have contained 300,000 souls. Julian wisely cautioned his troops against partaking too freely of the abundance of fruits and all kinds of provision to be found in the neighborhood. On the opposite or west bank similar mounds mark the site of Seleucia, the renowned capital of the Seleucids, built by Seleucus Nicator after the death of Alexander the Great. A solitary building, erected by the Turks (for the purpose of collecting and cleaning the saltpetre which effloresces from the ground in many places till it looks like a fall of snow), is the only indication of modern civilisation on the site of what is said to have been the flourishing home of more than half a million of inhabitants. It is worthy of remark that both these cities were largely, if not wholly, built of materials from ancient Babylon, and that both these capitals flourished many centuries after the latter city was overthrown and ruined. The canal by which Julian's fleet came from Babylon to Seleucia and Ctesiphon, i.e. from the Euphrates to the Tigris, is now filled up, and looks much like an ancient turnpike road with banks on either side. Indeed, marks of such canals abound here, and may be traced for miles; whilst the rich but uncultivated plain is strewn with mounds of rubbish and pottery,



and is destitute alike of houses, roads, fences, or canals; except in a few spots near villages on the river Tigris, and on approaching Baghdad, where the cultivation becomes continuous.

Baghdad, with its ancient walls, domes, minars, quays, palaces, its gardens of pomegranates, oranges, lemons, groves of date-palms, and two bridges of boats, still presents a fine and attractive appearance, though the city is much less in extent, as the ruins on the west indicate, than it was in the days of the Khalifs. The total population of the city was estimated some time ago at 150,000, including the suburbs of Kathemaine and Athum.<sup>6</sup> Of these about 25,000 were Jews, about 5,000 Greek, Armenian, and Roman Catholic Christians, and a few English, French, and Austrian subjects, who are engaged in mercantile affairs, or in the service of the Turkish Government. All sects of religion have here, in theory at least, full toleration. The bazars, several of which have been lately rebuilt by enterprising Jews, are of hewn stone and arched, and are amongst the finest and best stocked in the East, all kinds of European and Asiatic merchandise being obtainable in them. And there is a very considerable caravan trade with northern Persia, Mosul, and all parts of the interior; while pilgrimages of *Shia Moslems*<sup>7</sup> from India, Persia, and Khoordistan, to the *Shia* shrines of Kerbela and Nedjif, or Ali, bring large numbers of visitors to the city. It is estimated that from 60,000 to 80,000 pilgrims annually visit the shrines of Kerbela and Nedjif alone. To one of the least popular of these, Kathemaine, a suburb of Baghdad, about four miles to the north-west, the enterprising governor, Midhat

Pasha, laid down a tramway a few years ago, which was worked for some time by steam, until, from some cause or other, the engines broke down, and it was then worked by horses, and so continues. But the carriages were crowded with passengers any hour of the day. The same enterprising pasha also projected a joint-stock railway to Kerbela, about sixty miles to the west, but political jealousy at the Sublime Porte, it is said, stopped the project.

Through the courtesy and influence of Colonel Herbert, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at Baghdad, who obtained for me a first-class *teskireh*, or passport, I was enabled to make a most interesting tour of about 200 miles in Mesopotamia to Kerbela, Nedjif, Kufa, Kifl, and the Birs Nimroud, on the west of the Euphrates; thence to Hillah and the ruins of Babylon on the east. At all these places I was received with marks of the highest respect and attention, and was furnished by the local authorities with an escort as a guard of honour and protection against the Arahs, and to show me the chief objects of interest. The population of Kerbela, which is situated on the Hooseinia Canal—the jugular-vein of the city—fifteen or twenty miles west of the Euphrates, is estimated at 30,000 inhabitants, and is still increasing in size, new streets being laid out and in process of construction outside the walls. While at Nedjif, or Meshed Ali, a city about forty miles farther south, near the lake, or *Bahr-el-Nedjif*, from 25,000 to 30,000 souls are found, and at times throngs of pilgrims; and around both cities are extensive and rapidly increasing *Shia* burial-grounds.<sup>8</sup> But, though neither the

<sup>6</sup> From the *Zorah*, a Government newspaper of Baghdad, of March 1869.

<sup>7</sup> The adherents of Ali and Hoosein—the Turks are *Sunnis*, and follow the leading

shrines of Hoosein nor Ali, or the cemeteries around them, may be of much interest to the man of commerce, the fact that in the busy bazars of these cities English piece goods and cutlery, English and Swedish lucifer-matches, French and German goods, Swiss watches, and even American olocks, are found, is one to which he will not be indifferent. The people place an additional value on whatever is bought in these sacred cities.

From Nedjif we rode eastward about an hour to Kufa, the first capital of the Khalifs, of which little now remains but hoaps of bricks, a large serai, and a village of a few hundred inhabitants near the river Hindiye, an outbreak of the Euphrates to the west, sufficiently deep for barges laden with timber, bricks, and passengers to navigate. We sailed up this about eight or ten miles to Kif, or Ezekiel's Tomb, sending our horses over the ferry and swampy lands with the men, while we took the baggage by native boat. Kif is a village of about sixty families, mostly Jews, and is a place of great pilgrimage from Baghdad, the Jews believing that Ezekiel the Prophet was buried in the mosque near the river, where *his* tomb is still shown who 'prophesied among the captives by the river Chebar.' We stayed here till morning, when we left for Hillah, halting for two or three hours at the stupendous mountain-like ruin of Birs Nimroud, which had been in sight several days, and is about three hours' ride, or half-way from Kif to Hillah. This mound is well described by Rich, is about 200 feet high, with a mass of brickwork some thirty or forty feet higher, and a larger and somewhat lower mass of vitrified brick; the rest is earth

or rubbish; the length is about 100 yards, and the breadth rather less. A longer and lower mound lies to the *eastward*<sup>9</sup> of the huge mass of ruin which early travellers regarded as the Tower of Babel. Some of the sunburnt bricks contain the name of Nebuchadnezzar in arrow-headed characters, but these, it is thought, were additions by that monarch to some earlier building. Other heaps or *tels* are scattered around, and large swamps to the north-west extend for several miles. The soil is partly cultivated, but from salty efflorescence is less productive than near the Euphrates, where it is very fertile. I saw one or two plots of cotton only, near Kif; but though the soil looks suitable, the late Mr. Christian A. Rassam, then English Vice-Consul at Mosul, told me that cotton grown here is, from some unknown reason—probably bad seed—not so good as that around Mosul and Diarbekir, which is very near to the northern limit of cotton culture, which in America is 38° N. Should, however, the culture improve, there is certainly a vast breadth of fine alluvial soil in old Chaldea for future cotton-planters, though this soil, probably from the abundance of silica it contains, is said to be most favourable to the growth of wheat, and might be made a most valuable source of supply.

From the Birs Nimroud to Hillah is a ride of about four hours. All distances here are measured by *time* rather than *space*, as is also the case in India and Persia. Much consequently depends upon good or bad roads, which may serve to account for variations in the *parasang* or *sahat*, the Persian or Turkish hour, which rarely exceeds three-and-half miles. At Hillah, a town of perhaps

<sup>9</sup> There is a typographical error in Mr. Layard's book, *Babylon and Nineveh*, abridged edit. 1867, which places the lower mound on the *west* of the Birs Nimroud instead of

20,000 inhabitants, we were courteously received by the Governor, and stayed the night. This town is much of it built from the ruins of ancient Babylon, and it is situated on both sides of the Phrāt or Euphrates, a bridge of boats connecting the two sides. Walls of sun-dried brick enclose the city, which is entered by gates east and west. These are shut at dark, and opened at daybreak. There are good Turkish baths, commodious serais, and an electric telegraph office in the town; but the buildings are mostly inferior to those of Kerhela or Nedjif. We started at six next morning, making our way, with some others, out by a breach in the wall near the river, as the janitor was not yet awake. The route to the N.E. for Baghdad passes about half a mile or more to the S.E. of the principal ruins of ancient Babylon; and we consequently made a slight *détour* in order to visit and ascend the chief mounds or *tels*, Amran, Kasr, and Tel Bahel. These are all enormous mounds varying from two to three hundred yards in length and from 130 to 150 feet in height; the last named being the highest, and the bricks and reeds in the walls are in a perfect state of preservation. The piece of ruin on the Kasr is apparently less than half, or even a fourth, of the size it was when sketched by Layard twenty years ago; and the solitary Casuarina tree is nearly if not wholly dead, though a few offshoots of it survive in the Residency Garden and in the English graveyard at Baghdad, planted by Colonel Herbert. A carved lion about ten feet long is turned over in a hole about twenty feet deep; and on Amran is a deep well and the tomb whence the mound takes its name. There are a few datee cultivated below the ruins near the river, which seems

were pasturing in the gardens, and a couple of Arabs were collecting bricks from the ruins, whence the foxes or jackals sneaked off noiselessly in different directions at our approach; while, as far as the eye can reach, east, west, south and north, may be seen scores of mounds denoting ruined towns or villages, or the traces of dried-up canals. The once million-peopled city is literally 'without an inhabitant, and her cities are a desolation and a wilderness;' though from the abundance of water at hand, there is no reason why the fertile soil should not be as productive as that of Egypt; and I question whether the canals would require to be so deep as in the latter country to irrigate some hundreds or even thousands of square miles, and make the country like a fertile garden, as it must have been in ancient days.

A short stay in Baghdad sufficed to prepare for the journey to Mosul. The route of the Turkish post which lies east of the Tigris was that taken, and the Shammar Arabs being in disorder, a mounted guard of four armed horsemen accompanied me. The distance is about 100 miles direct, but nearly 300, or 100 *sahat* or hours, of three miles each, had to be paid for, and gone over, to accomplish the journey. The route is the same as that traversed by Xenophon and the 10,000 Greeks, and is swampy and heavy in winter and spring (so that our horses fell many times in crossing the plains), and in parts where the Jebel Hamrines are crossed it is mountainous; and one is disposed to consider it infinitely to that leader's credit that he brought any of his army to the Euxine alive. A few towns, cities, and large villages are passed; one of which, Arbela, on the borders of Khoordistan, where Alexander defeated Darius, is still an important

ficial mound and fortified. In places on the route irrigation is carried on as in Persia by canals underground; but agriculture is still in a low state, the land being rested two or three years between the wheat crops to recover itself, instead of being manured with the filth which is allowed to accumulate and exhale pestilence around every town and village. Palm-trees cease to appear a little north of Baghdad, and an occasional olive-tree is seen. The lesser and greater Zab, both rather formidable rivers in winter, are crossed, the former by fording and the latter by ferry, before reaching Mosul. The ruins of old Nineveh are also passed. They extend from Nimroud,<sup>10</sup> about fifteen miles south of Mosul, to Khorsabad, a large mound nearly as far north, the principal mound being Koyunjik, east of Mosul, beside the Khanser, a stream that flows into the Tigris a little above the bridge of boats. Several villages are scattered among the ruins, and at Jonah's tomb is a considerable settlement. The place cannot, like Babylon, be called desolate and 'without inhabitants,' but it is an 'abode of the bittern,' and the scene of numerous 'pools of water and folds of flocks.'

The mound of Koyunjik and some few others have been lately reopened by Mr. George Smith, as explorer for the *Daily Telegraph*, and some other arrow-headed records, in addition to those found by Botta, Layard, and Rawlinson, have lately been obtained. This mound is usually regarded as the Palace of Sennacherib. Two winged bulls and an eagle-headed image, about twelve feet high, were standing in an opening of another mound a mile farther north.

Mosul, on the west bank of the Tigris, is sometimes called the western suburb of Nineveh, but no antiquities indicate this. The city contains, according to Mr. C. A. Rassam, about 80,000 souls, of whom about a fourth are Christians of the Chaldee, Syrian, and Roman rites, and about 200 Protestants. The Chaldee Patriarch, Yusef Udu, Bishop Elias, and several other bishops reside here; and both here and in Baghdad efforts are made to revive education; as the result in many instances of the example of the American missionaries, who have here a small church and school, and who have given a great impulse to education in many parts of Turkey, and promoted religious toleration and liberty. There is a trade in oil, gall-nuts, grain, hides, and cotton; the latter being woven, both here and in Diarbekir, into a coarse fabric, very unlike the *muslin*, or *Mosul linen*, to which the city gives name. But the coarse material, owing to its strength and durability, is, I was told, much preferred by the Khoords and other natives to the finer European textures.

A railway was talked of at the time of my visit, *viâ* Diarbekir and Erzeroum to Trebizond, or some other port on the Black Sea; and Mr. Rassam expressed himself in favour of it, if the line from Syria and the Gulf were not carried out, which he thought would be an advantage alike to Turkey and England.

The route for Syria lies east of the Tigris for nearly 100 miles, to Bezabde [or Jezireh], an island in the Tigris, where it crosses, and ascends the tableland to the west. This *détour* is rendered necessary to avoid contests with the Shammar Arabs, who at times carry matters

<sup>10</sup> Not to be mistaken with Birs Nimroud s.w. of Hillah, near old Babylon. The Arabs and other natives call several ancient and conspicuous mounds 'Nimroud'—the



with a high hand west of Mosul. Before reaching Jezireh the route is exceedingly mountainous, and a fine-wooded pass is entered two hours before reaching Zakoo. A day's march west of Jezireh, Nisibis is reached, now a dirty village, on a rich plain. Formerly this was, according to Gibbon, a city that could resist a six months' siege, and 'the greatest stronghold of the Roman power in the East.' A solitary ruin of three or four ancient columns, and a few mounds on which wheat was growing green, were all that could be seen of 'the important city' which Jovian was justly reproached for having yielded to Sapor. The plain thence to Mardin, a city of about 22,000 inhabitants, on a mountain pass 1,200 feet high, at the north-western extremity of the Baghdad pashalik, is better cultivated and grows excellent wheat. Indeed the Rev. Mr. Andress, one of the American missionaries, of Mardin, remarked to me that these plains are so favourable for the growth of wheat, that, if properly cultivated, they might supply the wants of half Europe. Captain Jones has well described this pashalik as 'a large and profusely watered tract of country, ranging over nearly five degrees of latitude and longitude, and enclosing an area of available soil, which I compute at 50,000 square miles.'<sup>11</sup> Yet, according to a recent report of Dr. Caldbeck, Civil Surgeon at Baghdad, it contains an estimated population of only one million, though formerly one of the most populous regions of the globe. On several of the treeless plains hundreds of mound-like ruins exist, the vestiges of ancient towns or

villages. From one of these mounds I counted sixty on looking around, and Mr. Layard speaks of having counted a hundred.<sup>12</sup>

The journey from Mardin, N.W. to the fine old walled city of Diarbekir, is over a hilly tract producing valonia oak and excellent vines. In places silk and cotton are cultivated, the latter for local use. Near Diarbekir are some iron mines but little worked; though in that city (which contains about 50,000 inhabitants, being the capital of a small pashalik) there are excellent bazars and a business air that one does not expect so far from the sea. There is an export trade of wool, grain, fruit, and olive oil, but the trade would doubtless greatly increase by increased facilities of transit. There are some fine mosques and churches, and about 12,000 Christians, 1,000 of whom are Protestants, for whom, partly by English subscriptions, a new and elegant church has been erected, under the Rev. Mr. Boyajean and an assistant.

A few days' ride over hills and plains, partly covered with snow in the middle of March, brought us to Orfa, with its vineyards, hills, and ruins. This city was long mistakenly regarded by some as the ancient *Ur of the Chaldees*, though it is the Edessa of Church history.<sup>13</sup> It contains about 25,000 inhabitants, and is a thriving city. From 8,000 to 10,000 are Christians of the Greek and Syrian rites, and they expressed great interest for their brethren of Malabar in India, from whom they claim a common origin from St. Thomas, who visited King Abgarus on his way to India.

<sup>11</sup> *Bombay Government Reports.*

<sup>12</sup> The destruction of the population has not been altogether the work of modern times or of the present Turkish Government; Tamerlane destroyed more than a million lives in his marches, and the Great Plague of 1773 carried off, it is reported, more than two millions.

<sup>13</sup> The ancient *Ur* is now generally identified with the Mound or Tell of Mugheir.

Industry is certainly improving in and around Orfa, and the vineyards have much extended for three or four years past. There are two churches and congregations with schools of Reformed Christians, one under the Rev. Mr. Abohyatian, and also very fair schools in connection with the old churches; the result, I was told, of schools first opened by Protestant missionaries from America, who have awakened a general revival of education among Christians in Turkey.

Berejik with perhaps 8,000, Severeck with 6,000, and Nezib with 2,000 inhabitants, are towns passed on the way to Aleppo; vines, olives, and wheat being the chief objects of culture; but in places sheep are extensively kept, and wool is exported.

Aleppo, the commercial capital of Northern Syria, contains about 120,000 inhabitants, of whom 30,000 are Christians, and from 6,000 to 8,000 Jews. The latter have an extensive synagogue and schools. Several of the Christian churches, including an American mission, also have excellent schools. They appear to have full toleration for their religious views, in theory, at least, though both Jews and Christians are in places subject to petty annoyances and persecutions; and I was repeatedly told that in country places the Turkish soldiers often take from Jews and Christians food for themselves and horses without giving compensation. I was favoured with introductions from India and Baghdad to several of the Patriarchs, bishops, and priests on the route, as well as in Damascus, Jerusalem, and some other places; and I may here add that I nowhere found the smallest indication of what, in his able and elaborate work on the Greek Church, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Neale has, I think

mistakenly, and with too little charity to his own Church, called 'the jealousy excited against the English Church by the miserable proceedings of her so-called representative at Jerusalem.'<sup>14</sup> On the contrary, I was everywhere received by the bishops and priests with the greatest possible courtesy and kindness; and many of the authorities of the Greek, Armenian, and Syrian Churches showed by their enquiries much interest in the English Church, both at home and abroad. This was especially the case with the Chaldee Patriarch Ynsuf Udu, whom I several times met, and Bishop Elias of Mosul; the Syrian Bishop of Urfa, and more than one of the Bishops of Aleppo, Cyril of Jerusalem, as also the Patriarch Hierotheus, of Antioch, whom, at the invitation of his Chaplain, I visited in Damascus in company with the Rev. Mr. Frankel, English Church missionary to the Jews in that city. And there is reason to think that much of the kinder and more liberal spirit with which Englishmen are now regarded both among Moslems and Christians in Turkey is greatly owing to the praiseworthy efforts of the American missionaries in promoting education in that empire, and especially in Northern Syria, where they have colleges at Beyrout, Marash, and Aintah, and at Mardin, in the Khoordish mountains, besides excellent schools scattered all over the country, where, forty or fifty years ago, in Dr. Woolf's days, there were none worth the name. The large school and extensive printing and publishing establishment of Mr. Bistany of Beyrout, and the college and printing works of the American mission, are especially worthy of note for the high-class education given, and the perfection and

beauty attained in the printing of Arabic books. The newspapers and magazines issued by Mr. Bistany circulate largely in Syria, and even in Egypt and Constantinople. Several standard English and American works have been translated and published by Mr. Bistany in Arabic. Only second to the above are the large schools and printing establishment of the Armenian Christians in Jerusalem, where a high-class education is given, and numerous books in Armenian and various other languages are issued. The same ancient body of Christians have also printing presses in active operation, both at Venice and Constantinople. The efforts, too, of the English Church in Jerusalem and places around have not been without good effect in softening prejudice, as the Rev. W. Bailey informed me that some of the Jews send their sons gladly to the Christian schools to obtain education, making, in many cases, no restriction as to subjects taught; while the commercial pre-eminence of England, and the political aid she has afforded to Turkey (and perhaps also our consular arrangements), the spread of education and the circulation of newspapers (of which about fifty are now published in Turkey), have no doubt tended to soften prejudice and dispel bigotry. But, from whatever reasons, an Englishman may now travel, not only with safety but respect, in parts

where, a few years ago, he was liable to be robbed and insulted, if not killed—no bad augury for the future railroad.<sup>15</sup>

Before quitting the subject of Aleppo, I may observe that there was formerly an English factory in this city, but it has long ceased to exist. An English Consul, Mr. Skene, an engineer, Mr. Haddan, and his family, and one or two business houses represent all the English interest there at present. The English graveyard, which contains a number of interesting tombs of the time of Maundrell (who was chaplain to the factory about the middle of the seventeenth century), and some others of more modern date, is sadly downtrodden and neglected, lying open to all passers-by; and the tombstones form at times the seats for a coffee-khan, while, in striking contrast, the French burial-ground close by is neatly enclosed with a substantial wall. Will no one at home care for the *English* Christian graves in this strange land?

A little more than a day's ride from Aleppo brings the traveller to Antioch—a place of call on the postal route, though not on the direct road to Iskanderoun and the sea, which is another day's journey west over the Beylan Pass. The route from Aleppo to Antioch lies over hills covered in spring with all sorts of blooming hnlbous roots, crocns, jonquils, daffodils, hyacinths,

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<sup>15</sup> Since this article was in type it appears, from the letter of a Constantinople correspondent of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, under date June 11, 1874, that the rights and privileges of the Hatti Houmaïoum, or 'Ottoman Edict of Nantee,' as it has been called (which first gave full liberty to the operations of Protestant missions, the translating and circulating of the Scriptures in the native languages, and the free adoption of any religion by all the subjects of the Sultan), have been for some time, and in many parts of Turkey, practically ignored; colporteurs have been seized, imprisoned, and deprived of their personal effects; Bibles have been stopped for months at the Custom House; converts to Christianity have been subjected to official persecution; and the Grand-Vizier has threatened to forbid altogether the importation and sale of the Scriptures and the liberty of Moslems to change their religion—acts which have already led to much correspondence between ambassadors and consuls, and their Governments and subjects. The *Record* of July 6, which prints the letter above referred to, adds very

with abundance of myrtle, thyme, and other sweet-scented shrubs; a few ruined churches and monasteries of the time of the Eastern Empire are passed, and on some of the mountains, as Jebel Simōn, the ruined monasteries are extensive and massive. A Swiss merchant, Mr. Albert Poche of Aleppo and Manchester, has taken some splendid photographs (of which I procured one or two) of these rich and interesting ruins; evidently of the time of the Second Empire. On the lower Orontes, near the *Jisr Hadid*, or Iron Bridge (which, by the way, is not iron at all, and only received its name from an iron-covered door that formerly guarded the entrance thereto), fertile arable land and meadows again occur, which continue a distance of forty miles from the lake of Antioch to the sea.

Antioch contained, it is thought, from 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants in March 1872; but during my brief stay there (in the hospitable house of the Rev. P. O. Powers, an honoured missionary of thirty years' standing in Syria, now deceased), viz. on the morning of April 3, a severe shock of earthquake occurred, which destroyed two-thirds of the city and 1,000, or perhaps more, inhabitants. Many of the survivors consequently left and settled in the country around. The villages of Betias and Selencia, the ancient port, were also much injured.<sup>16</sup> This port, which Colonel Chesney estimated could be restored at a cost of 60,000*l.*, or at most 100,000*l.*, so as to bring the navigation up to Antioch, and serve as the port for a great Syrian railway, still contains the remains of an enormous pier, and the walls of the harbour. But

earthquakes have several times severely injured the place, especially in the second and fourth centuries of our era.

Dr. Holt Yates, who has a house commanding a fine view of Mount Cassus and the mouth of the Orontes, thinks this by far the most practicable entrance for a railway into Northern Syria; while others advocate Iskanderoun and the Beylan Pass, which may be passed by tunnelling. Mrs. Burton, who, with her husband Captain Burton, formerly English Consul at Damascus, spent some months in Syrian travel, suggested, in a letter to the *Times*, that a terminus further south, as at Tyre, 'would open up to fuller cultivation the rich uplands of Hums and Hamah, and restore Baalbek and Palmyra to their old importance.' But, wherever the spot may be that shall be fixed upon as the western terminus, a line of railway through Asiatic Turkey to the Persian Gulf is certainly neither impracticable nor unimportant. An independent Bombay journal, the *Times of India* (Aug. 17, 1868), thus summed up the matter: 'We cannot divest ourselves of the belief that within twenty years' time the "Overland route" will be a synonym for that of the Euphrates valley, and Bombay within fourteen or fifteen days' journey from London.' The *Bombay Gazette* has also expressed itself in favour of this route. Nearly forty years ago Lord William Bentinck, in advocating 'steam navigation with India,' which means railways now, declared that 'steam navigation with India was an advantage so great in its direct and indirect consequences, that it would be cheaply bought at any price;' and he added that, in his opinion,

<sup>16</sup> A full account of this earthquake, which I sent to the *Times*, appeared in that journal on Monday, April 29, 1872; and I need not repeat it here. I may add, that the only two ancient arched gates, the *Bab Baulus*, or Gate of St. Paul, and the *Bab-el-*



permanent communication could only be effected by the Government, or by the merchants of England interested in the trade to India and China.<sup>17</sup> This was shortly after accomplished, and with what success, especially since the Suez Canal has been opened, all are familiar. And now, with the marvellous increase of British trade in the East, the number of Englishmen who spend their lives there, with railways across America, Europe, and India, it seems strange that, across one of the oldest and most important routes in the world, and between the most populous countries, no railway has yet been attempted. The distance from Bagdad *via* Mosul, Diarbekir, and Aleppo to Iskanderoon is estimated at 306 *sahat*, or hours, of a little over three miles each, that is, rather more than 920 miles, which, at fifty miles a day continuous riding, a feat hardly practicable, will occupy a courier eighteen or twenty days in crossing; whereas, the distance between Calcutta and Bombay, more than 1,400 miles, is gone over by a traveller, if he pleases, in three and a half days easily by mail train; and the far greater distance between San Francisco and New York is gone over with equal, if not greater, speed.<sup>18</sup>

I subsequently rode to Iskanderoon, and to Tarsus in Cilicia, making a voyage afterwards down the coast to Jaffa, calling at Latakia, Tripoli, Beyrout, and Acre on my way to Egypt, whence I afterwards returned and made a tour to Hebron, Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, Galilee, Damascus, the Lebanon, Beyrout, Baalbek, and Palmyra, which is not

less than 200 or 250 miles into the interior, over what is by some called the great Syrian Desert. Then I rode over much of Asia Minor, including the whole of the Troad, where I was kindly entertained by Dr. Schliemann, and conducted over his interesting diggings on the site of Troy. All this was accomplished somewhat later than the usual season, with perfect ease and safety, and without a *Dragoman* or interpreter: my acquaintance with colloquial Arabic being sufficient to enable me to dispense with that important personage, who, though often obliging and useful, seems, in many instances, as if it were his chief business to take foreign gentlemen over Syria and Egypt for exhibition. And though I crossed the desert to Palmyra, nowhere did I see what an hon. gentleman<sup>19</sup> described in the Parliamentary debate already referred to as 'a desert with no irrigation, and inhabited by persons of predatory habits, and where the heat was more insupportable than anywhere else on the face of the earth; a place that had never been inhabited by any civilised population, *and never would be to the end of time.*' This may possibly apply to some portions of the country S.E. of Palestine, and bordering on Arabia, but it certainly does not apply at all accurately to any considerable part of the region over which it has been most usually proposed to carry the line of railway.

In Latakia, Tripoli, and Beyrout are large and thriving populations, the latter estimated at 100,000, while Damascus is said to contain

<sup>17</sup> From a pamphlet on *Steam Navigation with India*, by Captain Melville Grindley, pp. viii.-98; 8vo. 3rd edit. Smith, Elder, & Co. London: 1835-7.

<sup>18</sup> While I write I learn from the Bombay papers that M. Victor Lesseps, son of the Suez Canal projector, is in India urging on preliminary matters for the construction of a railway from Europe to India by way of Russia and Central Asia, but with what success does not yet appear, though one can hardly regard the project as less hopeful than was the now famous Canal only a few years ago.

500,000 inhabitants; and villages beyond, like Jerood and Kurietein, at which I halted, on the route to Palmyra, contain several thousand inhabitants and much good land, but little or badly cultivated. And the whole land of Moab has been described by travellers, such as Robinson and Tristram, as once so populous as to have resembled a huge town. Even in the desert, marks of irrigation, with mounds of ruins and traces of Roman or other roads, exist, though for hundreds of miles between Northern Syria and Persia not a road or a carriage of any modern kind is now to be seen. It is more than probable that the old Assyrian monarch, Sennacherib, who must have marched some 500 miles, and who boasted that, 'with the multitude of his chariots

he had come up into the sides of Lebanon and the forest of Carmel, and had cut down the tall cedars and choice fir trees thereof' (Isaiah xxxvii. 24), may have had more to do with desolating the land, where it is desolate, than either Tamerlane or the Turks; for, as the Hon. Mr. Marsh, the U.S. Consul at the Court of Italy, has very ably shown,<sup>20</sup> the neglect of irrigation and the destruction of trees produce important results in diminishing the rainfall of a country. It is therefore highly probable that the development of agriculture by cisterns, canals, and irrigation would restore a greater rainfall, and make the land what it once was, a land teeming with population, 'a land of corn and wine, a land of bread and vineyards' (Isaiah xxxvi. 17).

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<sup>20</sup> *Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as modified by Human Action*, by the Hon. G. P. Marsh, U.S. Consul at the Court of Italy. New York: Scribner. 1864.



IT is designed to trace here the history of the National Workshops established by the initiative of the revolutionary government of 1848, a few days after the fall of the first constitutional monarchy in France. In doing this, our object is not to give an account of the revolution which led to the attempted application of a mild form of socialism. Our space necessarily forbids any essay of this kind, however cursory it might be. We are content with treating the capital event of the third French revolution; and we may say that, in point of view of the philosophy of history, this event is the picture whercof the revolution of 1848 is little more than the frame; and as it may be regarded, we believe, as one of the paramount situations of French history, a clear and succinct account of it may be equally acceptable to the ordinary reader, whose judgment in matters that are almost contemporaneous is often misled by what we venture to style the chronicle of hearsay, and to the writer, who loses his clue in a maze of contradictory evidence.

Indeed, there are few epochs on which so much has been written and said, and the task of discriminating the truth amidst this mass of histories, pamphlets, apologies, and satires is thereby rendered the more delicate. Few such events, also, have been more used as a means of traducing and calumniating certain men of eminence, who, even to this day, writhe under the scourge of misrepresentation. Take fifty men fairly read and instructed, and ask them who originated and organised that lamentable plan of a national workshop which eventually led to dire misfortunes and—who knows?—perhaps to the partial ruin of the

the national workshops were due to M. Louis Blanc. Farther on we shall show so conclusively the perfect absurdity of this notion, that the reader will wonder how so calumnious a report could have been set afloat and implanted itself in the minds of men. Those who mingle with public affairs in a country where the passion of social strife has attained its climax, must vainly expect justice at the hands of their contemporaries. Most of those who attribute to M. Louis Blanc an act of initiative which, as it will be seen, was rather a crime than a mistake, do so because they have heard the statement made and frequently repeated. M. Louis Blanc and his friends have suffered the fate of apostles of new ideas, and borne the brunt of faults committed by others clearly with the sole object of disparaging them. But fortunately popular prejudices do not survive for ever; they die with those who hold them, while the book transmits to posterity the stern facts and stern truth. In this respect the honest politicians of 1848 may find matter for consolation, for the histories of their government are already numerous and, in most cases, impartial.

To write the present account we have sought information in more than one valuable work. First of all comes Daniel Stern's (*Madame la Comtesse d'Agoût*) admirable *History of the Revolution of 1848*, which, despite certain partial tendencies of its author, holds a high place as an historical work, even beside the writings of Quinet, Michelet, Mignet, and others. We have also the work of M. Louis Blanc, of which the merits are only clouded by the fact that he is directly and personally interested in the facts he relates. The same

besides, may be addressed to that of Lamartine, which, albeit he is not systematically unjust to his adversaries, relates his own part, rather than that of others, in the Revolution. One finds also an impartial account of the creation of the workshops in M. Levasseur's *History of the French Working Classes*. On the other side there is M. Granier de Cassagnac's official account of the fall of Louis Philippe and the advent of the Empire, but as it contains little more than the coarse and unscrupulous apology of despotism, seemingly written to order, it deserves little but contempt. It is with the elements we have derived from these different records; not to speak of others of lesser importance, that we will try and throw light on a phase of history which, for many reasons, should not be permitted to abide in darkness. Before, however, entering into the details of the creation and organisation of the national workshops, it is necessary to glance at the situation of France and its provisional government such as it had been prepared by the excesses and mistakes of the so-called constitutional régime.

## II

THE republican form of government in France has never been other than one of transition—a short while of provisional arrangement, between the fall of one monarch and the accession of another. Before it had time to gather its strength and prepare itself against the raids of its opponents, the enemy was triumphant. In such cases it is usual to attribute to the Republic the faults of the régime which has just crumbled down. Thus it came to pass in 1848. Long before the Revolution France had been led into industrial and commercial difficulties, which, as a matter of course, attained a climax of intensity. The insur-

and, the position of the Provisional Government becoming extremely difficult to hold with honour, nothing could be more critical than the state of things which prevailed. All branches of industry had come to a standstill; commerce was ruined, and manufacturers were fain to close their establishments; gangs of working men went about, in every town of France, harbouring the sombre motto, 'Live working or die fighting.' When M. Louis Blanc opened at the Palais du Luxembourg what he called the assize of hunger, the letters that poured in from manufacturers and industrialists in all parts of the country were of a most disheartening nature. Some offered for the experiments of the Government their establishments, being themselves unable to maintain them; others offered their machinery, their tools, provided the Government would opportunely interfere. All were unanimous in invoking the intervention of the State, on the plea that commerce was on the brink of the grave, and that nothing but a bold measure adapted to the circumstances could save it from utter ruin. Long before 1848 this lamentable state of distress had attained maturity; all felt that in the constitutional government modelled on that of other countries whose political history made them fit to be governed by a constitutional régime. In the society wherewith Louis Philippe had surrounded his regal edifice, in this regal edifice itself, which had of virtue and real liberty but the external trappings, there was something rotten, and further, that decay was rapidly spreading over the whole country. Working men laboured for low prices, and daily found starvation staring them in the face. Under the demoralising influence of the Government, French commerce and industry had during fifteen years transgressed all reason-



disposal of colonial markets ; had manufacturers and industrials displayed, to as great an extent as the English, the foresight and perseverance wherewith they should have backed their spirit of adventure, the crisis would surely have been averted. But the Government of Louis Philippe encouraged this mad race of speculation, and the king himself, as far as the stock exchange was concerned, took rank among the competitors. The air was full of sham companies and enterprises ; the tribunals of commerce had hardly time enough to examine an endless list of bankruptcies. Hazard was the presiding divinity of the day, and the industrious classes, who suffered the most, brooded over their wrongs, while their employers staked their fortune on a cast of the dice. This state of things could only end in a catastrophe, and upon the Government that would take the reins must necessarily devolve the care of devising a suitable remedy. And as, after all, the constitutional monarchy itself was doing no more than following the example set by the State, France was drifting towards the abyss wherein the fortunes of private individuals were engulfed before hers. When a country is on the verge of bankruptcy, such nations as France usually demand an empirical cure, and scorn any slower but surer means of recovery.

Was Louis Philippe responsible for this ? The answer is not doubtful. It remains to enquire what extent of responsibility belongs to him.

If we draw a parallel between Louis Philippe and the monarchs who preceded him, the comparison is immeasurably to his advantage. It is undeniable that he cannot be exactly described as an honest man ; but he possessed feelings of humanity, and a philosophical bent that should be taken into serious account. He abhorred bloodshed,

having recourse to massacre. It is also undeniable that his private life was free from stain ; he loved his children dearly, and gave them not the education of princes but of men. He instilled into their hearts precepts of dignity, and taught them to despise claptrap adventure. For those very reasons Louis Philippe proved a demoralising monarch. He was too good a father to be a good king. To what dubious transactions in life do not many men have recourse for the exclusive benefit of those whom they cherish ? They trumpet the praises of morality, honesty, and so forth, in the ears of their children, and for the good of these children they gather riches by illegitimate devices. Louis Philippe was one of those jealous fathers ; he scraped and hoarded and speculated like the most thorough *Boursier*, not for himself, but for his family. He secretly incited men of straw to 'rig' the stock-exchange, and thereby made himself liable to penalties of the law ; he stealthily strove to mulct the Crown properties in order to add the spoil to his own private fortune ; he wrote begging-letters to the Chamber of Deputies, than which nothing could have been couched in terms of greater shamelessness and rapacity. And all this was for his children. This model father, who was otherwise possessed of eminent qualities as a man of the world, could afford to become a beggar and a sharper for the good of his family. As to the interests of France, he placed them far below his own ; and while the country was running to ruin, Louis Philippe was counting his gold, unaware that the bases of his throne were giving way. If anyone was surprised by the revolution of 1848, it was the King whom it overthrew. He was certainly animated with good intentions ; he was tormented with no thirst of governing for the sake of governing :

trievably traversed by his paternal foible, he might most likely have adjourned the catastrophe of 1848, and paved the way for the normal and progressive passage of the country from a liberal monarchy to a rational republic.

Louis Philippe was therefore a perverter. The best that can be said of him is that he was not the worst of perverters, and that it was not by system, but by chance, that he demoralised French society. The throne, in his view, was a good speculation and nothing more. It happened that his conduct, which in the ranks of common money-makers might have passed comparatively harmless and unnoticed, led to a social dead-lock, which was the effect, not the object, of such conduct. Men, however, cannot be expected to condone errors of such magnitude; they are rather inclined to regard as a crime, on the part of an exalted personage, that which they might think a misdemeanour in a private individual: and this severity is not undue when, as in the present case, the stake is the fate of a whole nation. Not only, then, was the outbreak of '48 fostered by Louis Philippe's political meanness and incredible avarice, but Louis Philippe himself may be considered as the unconscious precursor and preparer of the Empire. The demise of the bourgeois king was not accompanied by the disappearance of Robert Macaire; this worthy was established in the governing class of French society, and he was feeling his way towards a state of things that might be compatible with the full development of his peculiar industry. The Republicans could not devise the panacea that was demanded of them by the suffering country. A scion of the Bonapartes made his appearance; Robert Macaire threw him-

To recapitulate in a few words,—France was in a lamentable state when came the end of the constitutional monarchy, and the revolutionary period that succeeded to it showed in its most appalling aspect the proportions of the crisis. By its mismanagement, its sophisms, its shortsightedness, the monarchical government had begotten this state of things. The coffers of the State were empty, the claims the State had to answer for were enormous. Competition and speculation had waxed so fast and furious that the working classes were reduced to the lowest ebb of misery, while the condition of their employers was hardly less pitiable—all faults of Louis Philippe's rule. The revolution was the onrush of the brooding storm, and the crushing weight of monarchical misdemeanours fell on the Provisional Government.

The most pressing evil was the deplorable situation of workmen, for whom work must be provided; and it was obvious that an heroic remedy was needed to forestall a second revolt. Much against its own will, the members of the Government, most of whom, from M. de Lamartine downwards, were anti-socialists, saw no better course to take than to proceed to a temporary application of socialism. They so acted with the greatest reluctance, and, soon after, fear led them to conspire against and destroy their own work, thereby provoking immense misfortunes. While M. Louis Blanc was being sent, accompanied by an intelligent working man, who was also a member of Government, M. Albert, to the Palais du Luxembourg, there to hear the suggestions and grievances of commerce and industry, another prominent member, taking upon himself to execute the tacit wishes of his friends, was de-

influence with the working classes he feared and hated.

### III

To make head against the crisis, the Provisional Government should have included, as far as possible, none but men who could agree in following a distinct policy. However, no such phenomenon as the raising to power of a dozen men of similar opinion is to be expected in popular movements. A certain politician may enjoy favour for one reason; another may be popular from a cause altogether different; and the consequence, in the fever of revolution, is the assemblage of men among whom there is no sympathy. The Provisional Government of 1848 was no exception to the rule; it was composed of heterogeneous elements as mutually conflicting as they could be. M. Ledru-Rollin represented Jacobinism, M. Louis Blanc was the upholder of national socialism, M. Arago impersonated moderate republicanism, and others like M. Crémieux, M. Armand Marrast, M. Garnier Pagès, and M. Marie wavered between monarchism and democracy. As to M. de Lamartine, he was the exponent of no definite ideas except his own. It is not surprising that division should have prevailed among these politicians from the very first day. Of all his colleagues, M. Louis Blanc was undoubtedly the fittest to face the situation, for although he was at variance with the members of the Government on most topics, he acted in that wise spirit of conciliation and moderation which has been conspicuous in the events of his public career. He frankly conceded many things to his companions, and did his utmost not to interfere with their common action. On the other hand, his colleagues sacrificed something to his socialism.

but with so much reservation that their concessions were of very little weight. M. Louis Blanc was extremely popular with the working classes; and when a decree was issued by which he was sent with M. Albert, the workman, to elaborate social schemes at the Luxembourg, it seemed as if it had been devised mainly to satisfy public opinion.

But the success of M. Louis Blanc with the working men, and the progress of socialism were soon a matter of serious alarm for the anti-socialist portion of the Government. And to the minds of those members of the Government who would have preferred a return to the monarchy rather than the organisation of a socialistic republic, it occurred that some check must be put on M. Louis Blanc's onward course. This they sought in the organisation of the national workshops. The idea was not of their invention; it was contained in the Cahier des Charges of 1789, in which it was asked 'that the poor should belong to society as well as the rich; that all private charities should be stringently prohibited; that work should be found for all the valid poor; that public, provincial, and national workshops should be established where all persons of all ages and of both sexes could find occupation in consonance with their dispositions and situation.'<sup>1</sup> M. Marie, a harrister, who held the functions of Minister of Public Works, and whose enmity to M. Louis Blanc was patent, and who at the time he professed sympathy for his enterprise was working secretly to destroy it, took up the hint of the Cahiers, and he drew up the following decree:

It has been decided by the Minister of Public Works that all works in course of execution shall be resumed.

On and after Wednesday, March 1, im-

portant works are to be organised on diverse points.

All working men who wish to be employed therein should give notice of their intention to one of the mayors of Paris, who shall receive their requests, and send them to the workshops without delay.

The above, it should be explained, was the corollary of a preceding decree issued by the Government on the 27th of February, and hearing the names of all its members. It ran thus :

The Provisional Government decrees the immediate establishment of national workshops. The Minister of Public Works is charged with the execution of the present decree.

There can be no doubt that the idea of creating workshops emanated from the Government as a body, since the decree we have just quoted was enacted with unanimous assent. But the fundamental mistake in the affair was not the devisal of the project, however inopportune that may be thought, but the manner in which that project was worked out. As to M. Louis Blanc, his part in the decree was no greater than M. de Lamartine's, or anybody else's; and he has often written that his idea of national workshops was radically different from the application then and there given to it.

From that time the whole business went into the hands of M. Marie. The eagerness with which this anti-socialist proceeded to carry out a scheme that distinctly belonged to socialistic theories was in itself highly suspicious; and at this early stage of our relation it must be already evident that M. Louis Blanc, who, moreover, was engrossed by the meetings at the Luxembourg, could have no hand in a work organised by his enemy. This will be more conclusively shown farther on. M. Marie, no doubt, had the wish to harm M. Louis Blanc; but he was

when a young engineer of the *École Centrale*, M. Émile Thomas, presented himself before him with a complete scheme for the organisation of the workshops. The Minister of Public Works received him with open arms, and jumped at his suggestions. What took place in private between M. Marie and M. Émile Thomas, what conversations they had, what conspiracy they concocted together, it is impossible to say; but, inasmuch as M. Émile Thomas became, as it were, M. Marie's creature, there is every reason to believe that they agreed on one main point, namely, that the object of the organisation was not to be the allayment of popular wants, but a combating of M. Louis Blanc's influence at the Luxembourg. Their joint efforts gave birth to the following decree, dated March 8, 1848 :

1. A central office for the organisation of the national workshops of the department of La Seine shall be established in Paris. This office to be under the direction of M. Émile Thomas, appointed to this effect Commissary of the Republic.

2. The works that are to be executed in the interior of the city are exclusively reserved to those working men who live within the bounds of the twelve mayoralties. Those who reside out of town can only be received in workshops established outside the walls of Paris.

3. The working men living in Paris or in the suburbs must inform the mayors of their locality, of their quality and place of residence.

On presentation of the certificates delivered by the mayors, the director of the central office shall proceed to the enrolment and classification of the workmen, in order to send them wherever it shall have been possible to establish workshops.

4. When the workshops shall be established, the agents of all grades appointed by the Minister, or by the director of the central office, must obey the instructions of the engineer.

5. The director of the central office shall publish, within a delay of two days, a table of rules for the execution of the present decree. These rules must be approved of by the Minister of Public Works.

*The Minister of Public Works, Member*



It is of paramount importance to note that this was the veritable authorisation of the workshops. It should also be noticed that the decree just quoted is signed by M. Marie alone. As to its intention we will take the evidence of those who are themselves hostile to M. Louis Blanc. Let us quote first of all the director of the national workshops, M. Émile Thomas; he writes in his *Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux*:

M. Marie told me that the firm intention of the Government was to allow this experiment (alluding to the national workshops) to be accomplished; that in itself it could only beget beneficial results, because it would prove to working men the falseness of inapplicable theories, and would show them the disastrous consequences it must entail for themselves; and that, thus enlightened as to the future, their idolatry for M. Louis Blanc would crumble down, and that henceforth he must lose all his prestige, all his strength, and must for ever cease to be dangerous.

If this be correct—and, coming from M. Marie's friend, no doubt can be cast on its accuracy—it comes out that the national workshops were created by the Minister of Public Works against M. Louis Blanc, and for no other purpose than to deprive him and his theories of popularity. Lamartine, who can hardly be suspected of partiality for M. Louis Blanc, considering that he was hostile to him, says:

M. Marie organised the national workshops with ability, but without result with regard to productive labour. . . . During four months he made of the *ateliers nationaux*, instead of a strength at the mercy of socialists, a pretorian army—but an idle, powerless one. Managed and sustained by leaders who had the secret assent of the anti-socialist part of the Government, the national workshops counterbalanced the sectarian working men of the Luxembourg and the seditious labourers of clubs, until the advent of the National Assembly. They scandalised Paris by their mass and by the uselessness of their work, but they protected and saved Paris more

than once. Far from being in the pay of Louis Blanc, as it has been asserted, they were inspired by his opponents.<sup>2</sup>

Daniel Stern writes in the same strain. In a word, every historian of the Revolution, every witness of the events which took place, unanimously proclaim the national workshops to have been a mere expedient for neutralising the effect of M. Louis Blanc's socialistic utterances. According to M. de Lamartine, M. Marie and M. Émile Thomas would have called out their gang of idlers, who served as 'a pretorian guard,' into the street on any emergency. Public opinion is now very far from the application of a socialistic scheme; and national workshops are even bereft of a motive of expediency. We are merely pointing to a plot constructed by two men who are blind to the consequences their actions may entail; and this very plot is attributed to the man against whom it is directed. 'On February 28,' writes M. Louis Blanc, the much-injured victim of this extraordinary misconception,

While in the turmoil of popular clamour which rose from the Place des Grèves, at the aspect of the thousands of banners whereon were inscribed these words: 'Creation of a Ministry of Work,' I was asked to provide a committee of enquiry (the Luxembourg), without any administrative resources and without budget; it was merely and solely to take away from me the means of applying those ideas which eventually were to be declared inapplicable! And when, foreseeing the trap, I resigned, I was beseeched to withdraw my resignation—which must have been a signal of revolt in Paris—only to make use of my concessions against myself, and to steal away from me the confidence of the people, by placing on my shoulders a burthen under which it was hoped that I should be crushed!<sup>3</sup>

This indignation is not unnatural. Put yourself in M. Louis Blanc's place, and imagine his feelings at being made the scape-goat of his colleagues, after the treatment he

received at their hands. It may be objected that a man who holds any pretensions to statesmanship has no right to allow himself to be so grossly deceived; but the affirmation of M. Louis Blanc to the effect that he yielded to his colleagues in order to forego an imminent insurrection is not necessary to convince us that his conduct was actuated by patriotism.

We will now explain the organisation of M. Marie's workshops. M. Émile Thomas, the engineer who had proffered his assistance, and whom the Minister of Public Works had empowered to carry out his scheme, lost no time in assembling the pupils of the École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures who were to direct the different sections of the workshops under his supervision. More than 100,000 workers were clamouring for occupation; and not a moment was to be lost, with a formidable insurrection staring France in the face. From the very first moment it must have struck M. Thomas and all those concerned in his scheme, that unless it were possible to find real substantial work for these thousands of starving men, the direst consequences must ensue, and that the sole means of averting a calamity was to disperse them in different parts of the country where plenty of employment could have been devised for them. M. Thomas, however, had not come forward to contribute towards a solution of the crisis; his purpose, or rather M. Marie's purpose, was principally to ruin M. Louis Blanc, at whatever cost, and to contrive so artfully as to lead the public to think that M. Louis Blanc was responsible for whatever misfortunes their designs might bring forth. Instead of dispersing the menacing elements of insurrection, M. Émile Thomas therefore concentrated them in Paris, where very little was to be done in

were inscribed on the roll of the workshops before the 15th of March, and the progression was so rapid that over 100,000 workmen and artisans of all kinds and callings were enrolled before the end of April! M. Thomas' system of organisation was simple, and simply detestable; eleven men composed an *escouade*, five *escouades* formed a brigade, four brigades a *lieutenancy*, four *lieutenancies* a company. Each body had a leader elected by universal suffrage, except the *lieutenancies*; thus the eleven men of the *escouade* elected an *escouadier*, whose rank corresponded to that of corporal in the army; the brigade elected a *brigadier*, equivalent to a sergeant; as for the lieutenant, he was nominated by M. Émile Thomas, and was usually chosen among the pupils of the École Centrale. The pay was 3 francs a day for the *brigadier*, 2 francs 50 centimes for the *chef d'escouade*, and 2 francs for the common labourer. It was, in fact, but the application of the military system to an undisciplined body of immense proportions, into which, owing to the political agitation of the time, it was impossible to introduce anything like order. The system was glaringly absurd, inasmuch as it led, as a matter of course, to large agglomerations of working men, who communicated their discontent to each other. The latter defect was transcended by another one of paramount gravity; the amount of work to be done on public thoroughfares and elsewhere in Paris being quite inadequate for the active employment of 100,000 men, some fifty or sixty thousand remained idle, and without getting their pay. In a very short time the pressure on the Government and Town funds without any return in the shape of work was such as to render impossible the continuation of this ruinous

however great, may still seem the acts of misguided and shortsighted men. But it is not possible to mistake the intentions of the originators of the workshops, when we come to view the manner in which the men were set to work. M. Émile Thomas established his headquarters in the Parc Monceaux. He filled his office with a number of *employés*, who had of bureaucrats but the name, and who did absolutely nothing for their high pay. The director of the national workshops packed off the thousands who every day swelled the ranks to places where no real occupation was awaiting them, without any discrimination of their aptitude or culling. Artists, writers, shoemakers, skilled artisans, tailors, in short men of every craft, had to take to work for which they were totally unfitted. Now, if workshops were to be established at all, it should have been on the principle that each workman should find occupation in his own line. But the scheme of M. Thomas admitted of no such thing, and those who came to the workshops were fain to comply with his dictates, and attempt labour that was only fit for the hands of masons and their assistants.

It was not many days before the evil seed bore its fruit. The only requisite gage of admission to the workshops was a certificate granted by the mayors of the different *arrondissements* into which Paris is divided; the mayors were so anxious to get rid of the unemployed who scattered discontent in their respective localities, that whoever applied for municipal tickets could procure them. The rumour spread through the provinces of this facility in obtaining admission to workshops where very little work was to be done, in return for excellent pay; and in a few days Paris

was full of new comers. When M. Marie and M. Thomas became aware of this, they deemed it advisable to reduce the pay of those whose services it was impossible to make use of to 1 franc a day. Tenpence to live on daily is not much, though sufficient to save from downright starvation; it failed to allay discontent, while at the same time the prospect of obtaining pay from the Government prompted but too many bodies of workmen to break with their employers and strike. For instance, the hatters of Paris struck work. Long before this they had formed an association, and they possessed a capital of 6,000*l.* They took good care not to touch a farthing of this money, and went to the national workshops for support.<sup>4</sup> Moreover the control of the central office management was so weak and slovenly, that a considerable number of men were inscribed in several brigades, and succeeded in receiving their daily pay in each. Things assumed a still darker aspect when even the small amount of public work to be executed in Paris and its immediate neighbourhood came to an end. From that day M. Marie and M. Thomas had 150,000 idlers to pay, and they had pretty nearly attained the realisation of their design, which was to isolate M. Louis Blanc, and bring his influence to the ground. The national workshops became a centre of idleness and demoralisation. In his hatred of socialistic doctrine, M. Thomas became a socialist himself; he created a kind of club in the Parc Monceaux, trusting in the violence that could not fail to be displayed there, to bring about complete chaos. He was quite successful; and when the Constituent Assembly was convoked, there were but two courses to follow: either cut the gordian knot by closing the workshops, or disperse the working

men among the provincial departments. The dangers attendant on the first course were so obvious, that its execution should never have been thought of.

Nothing could have been more lame and ill-advised than the manner in which the Assembly, or rather those under whose influence the Assembly acted, saw fit to put an end to the crisis. The workshops were attacked with the utmost passion by many influential orators, and their immediate suppression was urged in no measured terms. In the state of mind in which the workmen were, this was pouring oil on the flames. It is said that M. Trélat, the Minister of Public Works appointed by the Assembly, repeatedly called on M. Émile Thomas, who was still director of the workshops, to furnish some means of doing indirectly what the Assembly impatiently demanded; but that he could make nothing of the director. At length M. Trélat suffered himself to be made a mere tool; M. Émile Thomas was kidnapped and taken to Bordeaux, while M. de Falloux drew up a report in which the suppression of the workshops was pointed to as an urgent measure. The Government was cautious, and feared the consequences; however, the Assembly would hear of no delay, and on June 22 a decree appeared in the *Moniteur*, in which all the workmen under twenty-five years of age, belonging to the national workshops, were excluded therefrom, and advised to enlist in the army.

This decree was the signal for one of the most terrific insurrections of modern times. Rebellion was already seething. It burst with fury on the 23rd of June. The streets of Paris were once more in a blaze. The insurgents were many and determined: barricades sprung out of the ground

to defend them. The outburst was so sudden and so formidable, that during the first twenty-four hours the insurrection was within a hair's-breadth of success. The national guard had been armed, and all the insurgents possessed weapons. It was not a surprise, however; and as the popular party had no artillery, they were doomed to defeat. But their resistance was of so determined a character, that the battle raged three days before the insurrection was partially mastered. And then Paris offered a sight which must have smitten the conscience of M. Marie, himself the first cause of all this butchery. The streets were reeking with blood, and choked with dead bodies; no quarter had been given on either side. It had been offered by General Cavaignac; but the combatants well knew what such promises are worth in French civil wars. The public buildings, the churches, and the houses were disfigured by grape shot and cannon balls; and when General Cavaignac, to whom a dictatorship of a few days had been confided, sent word to the Assembly that order had triumphed, it was discovered that two deputies, seven generals, an archbishop, and two thousand soldiers had been killed, while the losses of the other side were rated at thousands. This bloodshed was not thought sufficient, and hundreds of others were shot or transported. Meanwhile a decree had been issued putting a final end to the stormy existence of the national workshops.

Such is the history of this abortive and fatal attempt, not, as it is generally believed, to apply one of the pet theories of certain socialists, but to countermine and counteract the plans of socialism. The National Workshops alone were the cause of the insurrection of June, and the consequences were lamentable and



publican form of government, receded in terror into the arms of Napoleon III. Had the establishment of the workshops been due to mere incapacity coupled with sincere action, it would still stand in history as a terrible mistake; but it was accomplished in the bitterness of party passion linked with personal animosity, and chiefly by a man whose political experience and intellectual capacity were more than sufficient to make him aware of the dreadful consequences of trifling with things that concern the existence of a nation. Such an act cannot be otherwise spoken of than as a crime.

Our purpose in this paper has been to bring home the heavy responsibility of the creation of these National Workshops to the men who ought to hear it, as well as to expound and describe the proportions of this miserable affair. We have, we believe, made clear that M. Louis Blanc is entirely innocent of any share in it, and that it was devised and executed by his enemies,

much to his prejudice and indignation. Further, we have shown by historical proofs of unexceptionable nature, that the real originator of the national workshops was M. Marie, a barrister of some eminence who was a member of the Provisional Government of 1848, and therefore a colleague of M. Louis Blanc's; that he so acted greatly in accordance with the secret desires of some of his other colleagues, but mainly by his own initiative, and that he was constantly impelled by personal feelings which he eventually scarcely took the pains to conceal. As to M. Émile Thomas, he was a mere tool in his hand, although a willing and ready one. M. Marie is, then, answerable for the insurrection of June, and whatever consequences resulted therefrom. He stands charged before history with a grave crime—such as few men would care to have in their account at death. On this occasion only did M. Marie come into political pre-eminence; but there is no likelihood that his name will soon be forgotten.

CAMILLE BARRÈRE.



## THE DANGEROUS GLORY OF INDIA.<sup>1</sup>

**A**MBITION is a puzzling theme to the moralist, whether it be regarded from the high political, or from the domestic point of view. To some it appears that to be content to abide in that station of life in which we are born is sufficient virtue: yet if all were so minded how could a nation move onward? On the opposite principle, if each is eager to rise, shall we not fall into the endless vices contingent upon haste to become rich? It is no complete solution to allego with Pythagoras and Euripides that there is a golden 'mean;' yet, as a first and provisional step, we seem forced to accept it: and the same may be said of private political ambition. If none of us loved to rule, if to nearly every one of us exalted station were simply irksome and embarrassing, high self-denial would be needed for any to undertake the toil of government. The inconveniences of such a state may reconcile us to many of the evils which personal ambitions cause to society.

But when we look on that public ambition which impels princes and states to territorial conquest, the dreadful results of national wars lead the moralist to sterner tones of disapproval. Perhaps he exclaims, 'Govern your own people better, before you aspire to extend the limits of your rule.' If England were brought to the bar of judgment by foreigners who considered only that our wisdom (such as it is) is unequal to the task of governing Ireland well, yet that we have added to our responsibility the oversight of two hundred millions of Indians, separated from us by a vast breadth of continent, and a still

greater oceanic distance; we might be pronounced guilty of very culpable wild ambition and monstrous imprudence. Of course we reply, with perfect truth, that neither king, statesmen, nor people ever deliberately planned from the beginning or desired such an empire. It began as a set of mercantile establishments, which took up private arms for mere self-defence: and after every success, planned only for security and for trade. The Honourable East India Company was glad to legitimate its position by accepting from the Grand Mogul the subordinate post of a Rent Collector; indeed, from the beginning to the end of its political career, it was animated by a consistent and unswerving disapproval of aggression and fresh conquest. Whence then came the long series of wars and annexations? A two-fold reply must be given. In the *earlier* stage of events, while the native powers hoped to expel us, the real cause of war lay in them. Who can blame them, for seeing with an evil eye the establishment of a foreign dominion on their soil, and fearing its further growth? But in the *later* stage, when the Company had so manifested warlike superiority, and had attained so massive a strength, that no native ruler dreamed of being able to expel it, nor would voluntarily have made war on it; thenceforward the direct aggression came from the very highest English Executive—ministers or appointees of the Crown,—still against the will and judgment of the East India Company, and without any cognizance of the nation.

Events were also precipitated by foreign causes. The indefensible

<sup>1</sup> 1. Address to the National Indian Association, by Mr. Nowrojee Furdoonjee, on the Personal Bearing of Europeans in India towards the Natives.

and miserable war, undertaken in jealousy of Russia, by the will and influence of perhaps two men only—two powerful officials—was carried out in a manner highbanded in the extreme. In Europe, we regard it as highly culpable if a belligerent state march through a neutral state for its own military convenience; but in Asia we have no such scruples. For his own policy against Russia Lord Palmerston was pleased to impose a king upon Affghanistan; and for this purpose to send an army through two foreign states, Sind and the Punjauh, and to garrison certain strong places in them: then after assaulting and capturing Ghizni, we entered into military occupation of Caubool. The Duke of Wellington had disapproved of the war from the beginning, and even after our brilliant success, 'wished he could see the troops safe back in India.' Alas, not one in a hundred of those troops returned; and the second army did but march in, and out again. This disastrous war showed to the Ameers of Sind and to the Sikhs of the Punjauh our ambition, our unscrupulousness, and likewise, that we were not invincible. Sir Charles Napier made (apparently) a war of his own devising against the Ameers; and the Sikhs, on the death of their sagacious ruler Runjeet Singh, thought that their only safety lay in invading India themselves, instead of awaiting our attack. This is the single instance in the last fifty years, in which we have been strictly on the defensive in a great Indian war; and for the invasion we were ourselves largely responsible.

There is a reason for here dwelling on a phenomenon of that war. It was made very prominent in an article of the *Edinburgh Review*, immediately after the events; but in the third part of a century the new generation is apt to be totally

marked by four great battles, of which the first two were quite indecisive; the third was a clear English victory; the fourth was overwhelming, and entirely crushed the invading army, giving to us in turn the mastery of their country. The first of these battles, known by the name of Moodkee, was fought unexpectedly on both sides, in consequence of the English army marching unawares almost into the enemy's lines. In the evening, our troops, wearied with their march, had thrown off their incumbrances, and were preparing for supper, when suddenly they found that the enemy was close at hand, of which neither our general nor the troops had had the least idea. They were forced to resume their arms in the utmost haste, and, in spite of their exhaustion, to fight a terrible battle as they best might. They did repulse the enemy, and secure a safe night for themselves: to achieve so much was far more than might have been expected. The wonder was that our whole force was not destroyed, dispersed, or captured. But this suggested the question—How was it that we were so ignorant where the Sikh army lay? And the explanation of this was very uncomfortable—'Because none of the villagers were anxious to bring us information.' On this it was remarked that, in past Indian history, when the country was invaded, whatever the reigning dynasty, the Indian peasants had always sympathised patriotically with the army of defence, and regarded the army of invasion as an enemy. Here, for the first time, as it seemed, they were either hostile to the Government, and wished success to the invaders, or at least were apathetic. Important instruction for us is suggested by this occurrence. It warns us wherein lies our true danger, to which we blind ourselves by zeal for military

Indian loyalty—if the great mass of the Indian population become even as well affected to us as the Hindoos in general were to a Mussulman dynasty—foreign invasion will be incredible and impossible. Wielding then the resources of 150 millions of Indians, besides the very important aids which, in a truly national cause, the kings of the remaining 50 millions would afford us, we could have no rational apprehensions, even if Russia and her masses of population were contemporaneous with India; but with the deserts of Tartary, and Persia, and Afghanistan to protect us, no sane man can fear Russia, except on the secret belief of Indian bitter disaffection, and eager hatred from the Afghans. But if we are to count on this as a permanent fact, how can security in any case be possible, with or without Russia? And how can our presence in India be morally justified? The use of such an argument dishonours us to all Europe. It holds us up as a mere army of occupation in India—aware that we are spurned as intruders, hopeless of reconciling the native millions to our rule, yet resolute to go through any amount of bloodshed to hold our ground; and equally resolute to resist that influence of Russia over Tartary, Persia, and Afghanistan which, apparently to the rest of Christendom, is important for the advance of humanity. Until we renounce fears of Russia we shall, as heretofore, rule India the worse on account of these fears.

Foreigners who are jealous of England—who dislike our aristocratic and royal policy, who think us arrogant and grasping, selfish, and self-complacent—avow, when the topic of India comes up, that in the cause of political enlightenment and human progress they of necessity wish for the solid establishment of our sway in that country, seeing

of the native dynasties. With few exceptions—perhaps none of importance—the powers and peoples of Christendom sympathise with our Indian ascendancy, as conducive to Eastern civilisation. Ought we not in turn to recognise the great and beneficent task which devolves on Russia, in regard to a large part of Asia with which she is contemporaneous? Who can read the history of modern Persia without despair creeping over him for that country, unless she is to be vehemently influenced from abroad? Who can consider the vain decrees of Turkish Sultans in favour of equal law for Christians, without seeing their inability to act against the Mussulman population, who are their only army, the sole support of their throne? In Persia, England has done little to make herself beloved, and can never be feared so much as Russia is feared. Russia therefore alone is able to reorganise Persia by advice and by pressure. If even it were by conquest, the new responsibility would be great, the strain on her military resources very grave; and it is probable that all Europeans who are unbiassed by national rivalry would esteem her rule over Persia equally beneficial as to India the English rule. Much more may the same be said concerning Khiva, and all those Tartars whose independence is savage license; who by destructive raids into Persia make vast deserts where there has been and might be thick population; and, as in the earliest times of barbarism, keep up a cruel slavery by kidnapping all their neighbours. There is no existing power on earth which can bridle these barbarians but Russia. On her the task is laid. It is at once difficult, and by no means remunerating. To be ever making jealous outcry, and insisting that our Government ought to exact 'promises' that Russia will make no territorial conquests in Asia, is as



protest when we absorbed this or that Indian potentate? Are only Englishmen incapable of seeing politics from the human and humane point of view, and rising above mean jealousies?

When *danger* to our Indian Empire is mentioned, the word suggests two widely different thoughts to different minds. One class thinks at once of danger from Russia, the other of danger from the Indian population. Yet no one pretends that from Russia any *immediate* danger impends. It is justly said that she is an ambitious, encroaching, stealthy, far-looking, fore-planning power; that as her frontier has advanced from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, and from the Wolga to Khiva, so it may reach into Balkh and Kandahar, and perhaps by means of dependent princes, to the very frontiers of India, in another half century. Now when a foreign policy rests on a universal principle, it may be equally moral and far-seeing; and that it provides for the distant future, is then a praise; but when the policy urged is one of special expediency to ourselves, it is of little weight unless it supply an immediately pressing need. More expediency varies, and may pass into the reverse, in less than half a century, through a change of circumstances; and to take on ourselves immediate effort and encounter immediate evil in such a case, is very unwise. If a collision with Russia is to come at length, we ought to husband our strength for it, not exhaust in peace the resources of war: we ought to pay off the Indian debt, not go on increasing it; we ought to win the good will of Indians, not irritate them by new taxes, which give to our lowest officials infinite resources of oppression. To have an overflowing exchequer and well affected fellow-subjects, not only would be our greatest security in case of

attempt by Russia to conquer united Germany. On the contrary, to empty our exchequer and acquire ill-will from Affghans and Persians by invasions of their country, from Indians by taxation, from Russia by constant jealousies and remonstrance, is the way to double all our dangers. To keep up a chronic war against unconquerable hill-tribes, and make them our bitter enemies, is to prepare for Russia armies of cavalry, whom she may impel upon us without making war herself. Our Indian problem is in itself sufficiently difficult. We make it far harder if we are to have an Anti-Russian policy.

We must not count that fifty years hence Asia will present the same comparative strength of different powers as now. Vast preparation has been made for internal changes, which must take place at length. No other policy, but moral principles of humanity and sound international law, can provide for the next and the after generation. Indeed, as to Russia herself, Siberia has no loyalty for Moscow, and presents serious difficulties to an invading army; so that a disruption is always possible, and the fear of this may be increasingly distracting to that Power. But far more important is the consideration that, fifty years hence, our Indian bugbear may be, not Russia, but China and Japan, who are capable of developing a strength on the ocean fully proportioned to their strength on land. Events of the utmost magnitude may be reasonably anticipated in half a century, though we know not in what form; such as will derange all the intrigues of present statesmen concerning Asia, just as the rise of the British power makes vain the intrigues (such as they were) of a hundred years ago. Who shall say hnt a Peter the Great may mount the throne of China? We have taught the Chinese pain-

between our first and second war, we forced them to improve their shipbuilding more than England improved her own in 300 years. They can now easily get Russians, French, or Americans, to teach them all that they need ; to set up manufacturing of the newest weapons, to train their troops, to introduce steam engines, and build railroads. The still more intelligent and rapidly moving Japanese are likely to precede China in the Asiatic race ; and perhaps may be, rather than any Europeans, teachers of the Chinese. And who knows what is about to happen in Siam, Cochin China, and other secondary Eastern countries ? When the late Sir John Bowring made a treaty with Siam, the acting king consented to engross the treaty in English, and make this English copy the authoritative one, so familiar was he with our language. Who would have suspected such a thing ? More than thirty years ago it oozed out that the Imam of Muscat had Sir Walter Scott's novels on his shelves, and read them (in English) for his pleasure. Whenever that certainty of the future happens—the adoption of European arts of war by China—her inward growth will be far more rapid than that of the last century and a half in Russia. In every respect her advantages over Russia are prodigious. Her population is four times as great, her climate and soil immensely superior ; her rivers are all available, while those of Russia either move sluggishly towards inland seas, or have their mouths still frozen in the north while their upper streams melt and overflow. Russia complains of vast desert spaces—('It is the distances that kill us,' said the Emperor Nicholas)—but the Chinese population is compact beyond all others. Russia is bound in by ice ; she has little maritime population, and this has but few chances to learn the nauti-

tionately mighty rivers. In the evident impossibility of foreseeing, even vaguely and with any rude approach to conviction, what is to be the future of the powers around India in another half century, it must be inferred that for the security of our dominion there, one and only one policy is sound—viz. to do our utmost to rule India well. The East India Company always groaned sincerely over the wars in which the Crown involved them ; wars by which the exchequer was emptied, debt incurred, improvements hindered. Equally true is it, at this moment, that a warlike policy is exhausting, forestalls resources, accumulates arrears of difficulty for the future, is adverse to internal development, and makes it harder and harder to be internally strong. Chronic war with chronic deficit is a ruinous policy. The beginning of real improvement would be in concentrating attention on India itself, and wasting none of India's strength on foreign objects.

If the East India Company, a century ago, could have foreseen or guessed the continuous spread of their dominion, their problem might have been dealt with far more wisely : but they coveted 'appointments' for their friends' sons, as fast as it appeared how lucrative these were. This made them blind to the obviously right course. From the earliest times it has been a policy with conquerors to raise up the races whom their predecessors have trampled down ; as Cyrus restored the Jews to their own land. The conqueror thus cheaply wins a host of devoted partisans. All historians praise the Roman policy of imparting the Roman franchise to such members of a conquered nation as had espoused their side and shown fidelity. A powerful party stands up thus to aid the new rule, far more rapidly than can be attained by the gradual experience of its

ship by a single act to all the Parsees, and to all native Christians,—these being races marked and separate; and further might have extended the same gradually to all of every race who would attain the use of the English language sufficiently to read our literature and understand our geography. Many variations of this under minor conditions are imaginable; and many different ways might succeed, if only the right *end in view* had been steadily held up, namely, to introduce, fully and frankly, into true equality with ourselves, as quickly as possible and as many as possible, of the native Indians *whose loyalty could be counted on*. Our greatest difficulties depend on the want of a large and widely diffused native population faithful to our sway, and impressible to our sentiment. To administer justice, to enforce the law, to collect the taxes strictly, yet justly, and without oppression, are still most arduous to us: nay, to know daily facts, however notorious, is very difficult to our Government, when its subordinate officials have any uniform motive for concealment. All these circumstances conspire to neutralise our best intentions, pervert our rule, and multiply dangers.

The East India Company never took to heart the intense difficulty encountered by a foreign judge, who has to decide on fact as well as on law, and the consequent severe hardship on the people. An eminent exile in England (Francis Pulszky), well experienced in mixed populations, some years ago remarked, that a nation can bear a foreign king, foreign armies of occupation, foreign commanders of its native troops, foreign collectors of revenue, foreign Councillors of State, and get accustomed to them, so as at length to murmur but little, if there be a general good will; but that to foreign-born judges no nation can ever reconcile itself. 'and this,' he

of the English rule in India.' It is not rash here to censure the East India Company, when we have side by side the case of Ceylon, a Crown-governed colony. An eccentric and enterprising governor of Ceylon, Sir Alexander Johnstone, discerned the evil, and resolved to introduce trial by jury, which he carried out by gradual steps such as caution suggested. It has become a fixed institution of Ceylon, apparently without any mischief or inconvenience. When, not many years back, an English barrister was sent out to be Supreme Judge in Ceylon, the natural enquiry was made, how he could preside in Court without understanding the native language; which could not be acquired in a year with any sufficient accuracy. A high official, experienced in Ceylon, replied, that the juries are so intelligent, as seldom to leave much need of a judge, who generally best did his duty by confining himself to routine. That the reply had no irony in it, the present writer cannot guarantee; but it certainly showed that the jury system was satisfactory to high officials. In India no such enterprising innovation was made, and the tribunals of judgment, so far as report goes, have not improved since the time of Lord William Bentinck.

A startling volume, concerning our Indian administration, was published by the Honorable Mr. Shore, which was suddenly withdrawn from sale upon his death more than thirty years ago. One of the anomalies which he described was undoubtedly removed by Lord W. Bentinck; namely, the use of the Persian language in the courts of law; a language (said Mr. Shore) which in general neither the judge nor his clerk nor the litigating parties, nor the accused, if it was a criminal case, nor the witnesses understood; and the interpreter understood it imperfectly. It came

der remained ignorant of all that went on in court against him until at last he understood very clearly that he was to be hanged. But now that the vernacular tongue is substituted in the Court for Persian, how very difficult it remains for an English judge to know whether witnesses are speaking truth or falsehood! If self-confident, he trusts his own impressions; if timid, he leans on the judgment of his native clerk; if formal and pedantic, he believes all clear and coherent statements. His weaknesses are watched, and it is soon understood whether he is to be better managed by fees to the clerk, or by the forging of critical evidence, in cases for which it is worth while. Very scandalous accounts have been printed in great detail, concerning which few readers in England have a right to a positive opinion: one thing is clear, that those Englishmen who have looked keenly into the matter and dare to speak freely, believe justice to have a far worse chance in such tribunals than before native judges.

Lord Grey's ministry in 1833 had so vehement a belief in the necessity of introducing an English migration into India, and native Indians into the offices of administration, that in advising Parliament to renew the Company's charter for twenty years, they marked two articles in the new charter as vital; declaring that, rather than surrender these, if the Company objected to them, they would urge Parliament to refuse any charter at all, and take India under the king's direct rule. The two articles announced by Mr. Macaulay, in the name of the ministry, as vital, were, 1. that any of the king's subjects, wherever born, should be free to settle anywhere in India; 2. that all the natives of India, in the dominions of the Company, should be eligible to every office of adminis-

on a par with the King's British-born subjects. The former was of little avail because the system of taxation and the want of roads crippled British enterprise; the latter was coolly made a dead letter by the Company, so far as the 'covenanted' or upper service was concerned. A strong difference of opinion existed between the Company and their representatives on the one side, and the Whigs on the other, as to the advantage of having in India a considerable body of independent Englishmen. The Company had treated their Indian possessions as a private estate, on which no Englishman might set foot but by their permission. Free criticism of their administration, such as all Englishmen make and will make, was in their view most dangerous to authority and provocative of rebellion. Accordingly they arbitrarily exiled James Silk Buckingham from India (about 1824), assigning no reason, and bringing him before no tribunal; though all knew that his real offence lay in a printed censure, such as here we read day by day, of some Government Acts. The Company was aware that a claim of exemption from criticism would not serve their interests in England; but they opposed the free admission of Englishmen by another argument, which the Whigs could not at all allow. It was alleged that independent Englishmen would audaciously ill-use the natives, and by their misconduct make the English rule and name hateful. If the Company believed this (and events show that they had too clear a foresight), their duty was to construct better tribunals, and make the English interlopers fully understand that there was no impunity for lawlessness. But they were despondent, and perhaps sulky, when the Crown interfered with them; they lost the sense of responsibility



How ill our countrymen behave in India probably very few in England know, or will easily believe. The present writer first had his eyes opened to the actual state of things by the conversation of a very intelligent and widely informed indigo-planter. This gentleman had a high contempt of the Company's Courts, alleging that through the inexperience of the English judges and other circumstances, they were often or even generally incompetent for so difficult a task as judging of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong. When he first became an indigo-planter, his experienced partner laid down for him an absolute precept, 'Never enter the Company's Courts!' What then was the alternative? He explained. 'If a native failed to pay us our dues, we never sued him, but simply took our rights from him publicly.' How so? 'Well, we publicly seized some of his goods, sold them by auction, deducted our claim from the proceeds, and handed over to him the balance. Depend upon it, if you are just to the natives, they will never resist you in such a process. They know you are right, and it is much the easiest way of dealing with them.' Such an avowal at once threw a new light on the bitter complaints from natives against the violent proceedings of the English planters. This gentleman may have been really and strictly just; may never have taken more than his due, and never have given cause for a native to sue him for a trade debt. But is it credible, that a whole class of men should have the habit of thus 'taking justice' for themselves, and not become unjust and utterly tyrannical? The whole complication is now seen. Englishmen, accustomed to a jury and a learned experienced judge in their own land, ill endued to have their causes determined by the summary decision of (perhaps) an inex-

perienced fellow-countryman, neither trained to law, nor accustomed to English procedure, nor able by intimate knowledge of the natives and their dialect to detect the truth. In a case betwixt a native and an Englishman, each side will claim a mixed tribunal; but that implies a jury. The jury system is still (I believe) confined to a few large towns; certainly in the rural places the English are too few to afford jurymen. The doctrine of the East India Company was, that if Englishmen choose to migrate into India for their private gains they must accept its despotism, and be amenable to its courts; and that, alike whether the judge be native or British. This is apparently as wholesome as it is severe and simple; for nothing can be worse than the impunity of British injustice. Why then did the Company so long connive at this impunity? for we cannot but believe that they knew of lawless procedures, against which they made no vehement or manifest effort. The obvious and, it is to be feared, the true explanation is found in the habitual practices of their own officers, who from time immemorial have been accustomed to make arbitrary exactions of service or food from the natives, inflict on them reckless damage, and freely use the stick on their persons. Without first repressing such outrages, they had no moral courage to strike down with a high hand the license of unofficial Britons.

The small tyrannies of officials have been transmitted by unbroken custom to the present day, and are pointedly complained of by Nowrozjee Furdoonjee, the intelligent spokesman of the Parsees. The forced labour and seizure of cattle and other property he denounces as slavery and oppression, which is often aggravated by contumely and violence. Even to have been admitted into the Indian Civil Service.

save a native from petty indignities in the railway trains, in the public exhibitions, or elsewhere, for the convenience of some English official, or from the mere spirit of exclusiveness. Mr. Furdoonjee tells some lamentable cases in detail; but to fill these pages from his book would alone do justice to his argument. The Honorable Mr. Shore described vividly the miseries resulting from arbitrary exactions, and some of the results detailed by him are painfully instructive. When a great man (says he<sup>2</sup>) makes a progress, he is a curse to the country in proportion to his greatness. He travels by night and encamps wherever it is most convenient, very often upon a cultivator's field. The crops are trodden down and ruined. The larger the retinue the wider the damage. No native ever receives compensation. The great man's purveyor goes forth and seizes sheep, fowls, and other things for the use of the retinue. In fact, he seizes twice or three times as much as is needed, in order to extort fees for releasing what he lays hands on: for an arbitrary price is paid, always less than the market price, and he is careful to seize the ewes, and whatever will bring him the highest ransom. Thus the convenience of the Government is bought at great cost of private suffering, and with the demoralization of its own native agents. This is quite inevitable, under this arbitrary system of purveying. Such details are not mentioned by Mr. Furdoonjee, and this might inspire hope that they no longer exist; but the main source of evil is attested by him to exist, and none but villagers are certain to know further details. The Government *might* send urgent and threatening circulars to restrain its own officials, and *might* insert advertisements in native newspapers, and order the erecting of

them as placards in vernacular dialects, to assure the Indians that forced services, arbitrary arrests, and arbitrary prices are illegal, and *must be resisted*. Until it has done this, it has not sincerely attempted to keep its own servants within duty. Mr. Hodgson Pratt, late an esteemed civil servant in India, declares from his own experience that 'these abuses are due to the misconduct of *native subordinates*, and that most stringent orders on the subject have repeatedly been issued by the Government and by district officers.' Orders on the subject! But orders to what effect? To suppress forced labour and arbitrary purveying? We are not allowed by the facts to interpret it thus. He must mean: Despotism has been left in the hands of ignorant ill-paid natives, under 'most stringent orders' that they shall not apply it to their own gain. Defenders of the Government plead 'the inherent difficulties' between alien rulers and ignorant subjects; but so much the greater energy is demanded from it in crushing the tyrannies of its own agents. One complete affair shall here be quoted from Mr. Furdoonjee's address, pp. 13-14. He is narrating what happened, three years ago, at Honore, in the district of Canara, in the Bombay Presidency, before the English magistrate, Mr. R. E. Candy. Since he gives names and dates, and quotes the magistrate's decree, and can be officially exposed as false if there be any misrepresentation; since also Mr. Furdoonjee comes to England, deputed by, and at the expense of the Bombay Association, it is every way reasonable to accept his statement as wholly accurate.

'A European officer, Lieutenant Persse, having returned late at night from a hunting excursion, and wish-

<sup>2</sup> Only the substance of Mr. Shore's statement can be given, and that by memory; since his work cannot be obtained. A friend of the present writer twice had his own

ing to preserve the tongue of his bison, helped himself to a portion of salt from a heap piled in the Government Dépôt on the pier. The watchmen, whose duty it was to protect the salt, remonstrated with Mr. Persse, who caught hold of one of the watchmen by the neck and threatened to assault him. On the following day he again took some salt from the dépôt, and the native watchmen having endeavoured to prevent him, he gave a violent blow and threw one of them to the ground, and ill-treated a sepoy, who attempted to protect the watchmen. A scuffle ensued, in which Mr. Persse's clothes were torn. This officer thereupon prosecuted the watchmen for assault. The magistrate, Mr. Candy, convicted and sentenced the innocent watchmen to 15 and 7 days' imprisonment. The reason assigned for the lighter punishment (7 days) was, that the prisoner had already received *punishment* at the hands of the prosecutor, Lientenant Persse. The prosecutor deposed that one of the watchmen had insulted him by applying to him an opprobrious epithet [*robber?*] which, he said, would have justified him if he had shot the man. In delivering his judgment the European magistrate made the following remarks: 'I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the statement of the English gentleman, whose simple word I should consider more reliable than the assertion on oath of a dozen men like these peons. And why? With an English gentleman, to lie is against his religion, and is socially disgraceful; whereas for a common native of India, to lie is the same with him as to eat his meal.' Condemning the conduct of the native watchmen who resisted and did their duty, the magistrate observed: 'If they saw Mr. Persse interfering with the salt heaps, they should have respectfully made *salaams* (obeisance), and

officer an opprobrious name, and to lay hands upon him, *makes one wonder where all respect and discipline have gone to.*'

It is not further explained wherein Mr. Persse's tale was in collision with that of the watchmen. The magistrate clearly implies that Mr. Persse had 'interfered with' the salt, and that it was the watchmen's duty to protect it. He condemns the watchmen solely on the ground that the invader of the salt was a European officer! But when this officer had distinctly learned that they resisted him *in the performance of their public duty*, his renewal of the attempt the next morning was a high offence, and justified their calling him thief or robber. Unless this account is fundamentally false, Mr. Candy deserved instant dismissal from the magistracy.

After reading other facts detailed by Mr. Furdoonjee, one cannot wonder that European juries in all these Presidencies are alleged to acquit unjustly Europeans who have wounded and even killed natives. Upon any such outrage, the relatives or neighborhood have been put to the expense of prosecuting the European before the High Court of the Presidency Town, where the witnesses had to waste weeks, sometimes months. By a recent Act (applicable to a certain class of cases only), they may prosecute before the European district magistrate and judge. When the Western Allies of Turkey had extorted from the late Sultan the decree that Christians should be listened to by the Cadi in cases affecting Mussulmans, the Sheikh-el-Islâm (Doctor of 'Arches' for Constantinople), remarked on it, 'God forbid that I ever regard the oath of a Christian as equal to that of a true believer!' Mr. Candy goes far beyond him in *a priori* judgment, and so, it is to be feared, do the European juries of India. The extent of the evil is

decisive as we may here regard it; for Mr. Ritchie, late Advocate-General of Bengal, more than fifteen years ago submitted a report to Government, commenting on the six cases tried at Calcutta in two consecutive seasons, in which Europeans were accused of outrages on natives. In five cases out of the six, he says, there was 'a grievous failure of justice, in consequence of the partiality and perversity of the jury;' and declares, 'the result is calculated to render life among the lower classes of India insecure, and to engender feelings of suspicion between the races.' He writes *suspicion*, but he means *hatred* to the English race. The Advocate-General of Madras made a similar report, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Governor, recorded a comment upon it, in which he avows, that 'it is a painful, but undoubted fact, that however obvious the guilt of an Englishman may be, justice is not to be expected in cases of this description from an ordinary Calcutta or Madras jury composed of Europeans and East Indians.' He further stated that 'this high-handed insolence of a dominant race is the greatest danger to which a power like ours in India is liable;' and adds: '*I have caused it to be made known throughout every branch of the public service in this Presidency, and throughout the railway and other bodies connected with the public service, that I shall take immediate and decisive action in any case of personal abuse or ill-treatment of natives by Europeans; that I shall hold such conduct to be an offence, and shall punish it as such.*'

Excellent! done; yet if the jury acquit a guilty European, what power has even the justest governor to punish him? This record, of course, is not very recent; for one cannot forget why Sir Charles ceased to be Governor of Madras.

Sir John Grant, while Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, did something to check the violences of indigo-planters, against which there was a loud outcry. In the war of the Mutiny, the special correspondent of the *Times* made us familiar with the cruel outrages of the European stick against native servants, and the awful scarcity of white faces among the dark complexioned. The flocking-in of Europeans as engineers and 'navvies,' or masons, it was always foreseen by the East India Company would multiply the evil. Conscious, no doubt, of the misconduct of their own officers, the Company were aware that our lower people would be still worse. When, through ignorance of the language, they cannot be understood, they become angry and violent; and if their mistakes are laughed at, they cannot contain themselves. What is far worse, they see how insolently 'their betters' behave. Nothing can restrain the evil, but the placing a severe bridle in the mouths of all the higher Europeans, especially military officers, and not excepting the higher civil servants. 'Fifteen years,' says Mr. Furdoonjee, 'have elapsed, since this matter was brought to the notice of the Indian Government, but no effective remedy has yet been provided for the evil.' It certainly cannot have been for nothing that Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, in his official capacity, addressed the following pointed words to the Supreme Legislature of India:

I think that one distinct act of wilful injustice, one clear instance of unfaithfulness to the principles on which our Government of India depends; one positive proof that we either *cannot or will not* do justice, or *what we regard as such*, to all classes, races, creeds, or no creeds to be found in British India, would in the long run shake our power more deeply than even military or financial disaster. . . . I believe that the real foundation of our power will be found to be in an inflexible adherence to the *broad principles of justice* common to all



had before his eyes more than one 'clear instance,' in which 'what we regard as justice' had been violated with impunity through the pride and insolence of race; but he was not officially free to add, why the evil is not suppressed. It is because we will not give effect to the 'broad principle' which Lord Grey's ministry fondly hoped they had established in the Charter of 1833, that in appointments to high office, no distinction should be known (*except as to the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief*) between the king's subjects of different race and birth-place.

The endless petty evils suffered by the Indian people in spite of our excellent 'intentions' are not newly discovered and revealed. General Briggs and Mr. Rickards wrote lucidly and vehemently upon them, to the knowledge of the present writer, full forty-six years ago. Afterwards, the India Reform Society, for a long series of years, published valuable documents and testimony, labouring in vain to interest Parliament and engage public attention. Already in 1822 or thereabouts, Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote to the Secret Committee<sup>3</sup> a full account of the system of collecting the revenue by torture, of which he expressed the greatest horror. When a collector earns praise by the high figure of his revenue and disgrace by its deficit, each native subordinate who represents imperial sway tries to please his superior by the magnitude of his collection, and is silent concerning the violence which has enhanced it. Hence more than twenty years later, Sir Charles Wood, President of the Board of Control, and Sir James Hogg, Chairman of the Hon. East India Company, declared in Parliament that they had no cognisance of the revenue being collected by

torture and *they did not believe it!* It then needed a Royal Commission, and three years' traversing of India establish, avow, and lament the dreadful fact. And when one asks now, Is it still a fact? wise men reply, 'No one knows certainly: one thing only is certain, that the native collectors have an interest in threatening violence, and impunity in employing it, especially *in the cause of revenue.*' It was testified to the present writer by a friend, twenty years a cultivator in the province of Madras, that every year when the taxation was to be settled, the peasant was summoned to the court to have his quota fixed, and was there kept away from his home and work, and put to expense, until—*what?* why, until he had paid the bribe demanded for bringing his name forward, and sending him home. One sees at once the infinite variety of possibilities of oppression, when mean and ill-paid men thus wield despotic power. The Supreme Government, which establishes the system, impotently excuses itself by the plea, 'Alas! these native subordinates are so unprincipled!' It is more than twenty years since Mr. Halliday, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, described our own police as a curse to the country. If a murder is committed, this is a harvest to them, for they are able to arrest on suspicion an indefinite number of persons, subject them to starvation or other hardship, until they have extorted a bribe for releasing them. How can one European, in a district which with us would be a large county—a European who does not mix freely in native society, but receives his information chiefly through his own agents—control the malversations of those agents? In 1852, a petition to the House of Commons from Lower Bengal,

<sup>3</sup> I had this information from my late lamented colleague in University College, London, Professor Goldstick, who had the letters of Sir Charles to the Secret Com-

among other grievous complaints, stated, that by reason of the hardships inflicted on witnesses, the population are averse to testify; and, to mend the matter, summary arrest is practised on those who ought to be prosecutors or witnesses, who are kept in actual custody. But the police of Bengal is now reformed: it is put into uniform to make it respectable. What now does the *Calcutta Review* (whose writers are chiefly members of the Civil Service) say of the New Police.

Our difficulties are increased by the fact that the Police are controlled by a few foreigners [English] of different colour, religion and language to their subordinates and the general community; who are quite curiously ignorant of the natives, have no intimate intercourse with them, know nothing of their inner life, habits, or feelings, and cannot (as a general rule) *understand, or be understood by, any ordinary villager they may come across.*

It is undeniable that the Police and the administration between them have made a criminal prosecution a burden of such a crushing weight, not only upon those who are connected with the trial, but also upon all the inhabitants of the place where the investigation is made, that it has become the one object of the whole population of Bengal to hush up crime, to keep quiet the Police when possible, and, when it is not possible, to hush up each his own individual knowledge of it, lest he undergo the severe misfortune of being required to appear as a witness. The Police proceeds to extort knowledge from the villagers by hard usage; *in fact, by torture.* The amount of consideration which has been thrust on them lately, even the pretentiousness of their garb and their semi-military training, have conferred upon them an arrogance which, it is much to be feared, has made them bolder in the abuse of power.

This Reviewer, in his concluding paragraph, virtually answers the question above started, as to systematic torture:

If such a Committee were to be appointed to-morrow for Bengal, as was formerly for the torture cases in Madras, is there any one now engaged in the government of the country who would not dread

many years of the Queen's rule, re-affirms with severer point the complaints made by the Bengal petitioners to Parliament in 1852.

Lord Grey and his coadjutors, in renewing the charter of 1833, understood most clearly, that nothing lent an abundance of black faces in the highest judicature, and intelligent Indians of good station in the high police, could administer India uprightly; hence the energy with which Mr. Macanlay insisted in Parliament on the vital principle—equality of black and white in the administration. The year 1833 was the year of virtuous jubilee. Justice, Equality, Full Rights of Men, Public Spirit, seemed to have triumphed.

But the 'vital' principle was quenched by the obstinate will of the Company; and when 1853 came, it was blotted out of the new Charter! A trumpet was blown to extol the specious and delusive system of competitive examination, and instead of holding the examination in India, Indian youths were expected to come to England in order to compete. As soon as one Indian had thus entered the 'covenanted' service (Mr. Tagore), a change was made, lessening the number of marks granted for a knowledge of Sanscrit and Arabic. His friend and colleague Mr. Ghose, observing that, had this change been made before Mr. Tagore's examination, Mr. Tagore would not have passed, was nucharitable enough to believe and maintain in a pamphlet that this was the object of the change. He soon found that it acted fatally against himself. The number of Indians who have thus entered the service is under the circumstances not large; and, what is more, admittance does not secure them from being punished by removal to less desirable posts (as Mr. Furdoonjee complains in the case of Mr. Thakore) if they imagine themselves the equals of Europeans.

Roman Empire: the violent conduct of Roman officials and non-officials has indeed an ill-omened similarity; but here a curious likeness to the Roman *Republic* presents itself. In the early days, the plebeians found that it was useless to declare by law the *eligibility* of plebeians to high offices; nothing could succeed but enacting that at least such-and-such a fraction of magistrates *must* be plebeian. Events now drive us hard to the conviction that nothing else can succeed with India. If the Home Government enforce that at least three-fourths of those appointed to office, high or low, from this day onward, shall be Indians born, the existing Indian officials will find no lack of competent men. Under no milder compulsion can it be reasonably hoped that we shall hinder hatred and despair of our rule from becoming fixed in the Indian mind. Excuses can never be wanting, why natives should not be promoted. To be outnumbered and outvoted by black faces, seems to the Anglo-Indians identical with a violent expulsive revolution. But this last must come, if race-hatred grow malignant.

The question of juries cannot be settled off hand; but with the example of Ceylon before us, and the opinion of able natives to assist, in no long time even this difficulty would be solved.

But behold! all at once a new explosion alarms us, which Mr. Fitzjames Stephen can hardly have foreseen in his emphatic words concerning 'Creeds or no creeds;' furious riots of a low Mussulman population, indignant that their Prophet should be mentioned with disrespect in Parsee or Christian writings. It is understood that Sir Bartle Frere has formed a very high opinion of the Indian Mussulmans. Certainly very favourable specimens of them have appeared in England,—accomplished gentle-

Unhappily, among Mussulmans, it is not the educated and refined men who can guide public action. Islam has nothing distinctive, if it be bereft of its special enthusiasm; hence, as in Catholicism, the fanatical element easily assumes the lead, and the educated are helpless to restrain it. Our readers are probably aware, from the general press, that on Friday, the 13th of February last, a terrible riot originated among a number of low Mussulmans in Bombay—chiefly Arabs and those called Seedhees, who are described as slaves or freedmen of Arabs; both come to India as sailors or maritime workmen. They had been excited by the report that a Parsee had printed a native tract, in which Mohammed was stated to have had a son by a concubine. This was in a sentence translated from Washington Irving, who probably derived it from Gibbon. The fact is notorious to Mussulmans, and its mention was never before thought disreputable to the Prophet. Joined by the lowest Mussulman population of Bombay, these fanatics, unobstructed by the local police, of which Mr. Souter is head, plundered the houses and destroyed the furniture of many Parsees, ruined innocent men, violently attacked several persons, and did their worst to damage and defile the Parsee temple, where they extinguished the 'everlasting fire.' Mr. Souter and his police were active too late. He had been aware of the Mussulman excitement, and, in order to stay it, *condemned the Parsee's book, and ordered him to withdraw it!* Naturally, this did but add fuel to the flame, convincing the Mussulmans that they had been wronged, and that punishment on the Parsees was deserved. All Friday night alarm continued. On Saturday the Governor refused to call out the military, though it was manifest that the native police could not be de-

for self-defence; and on Sunday, the 15th, when the Mohammedans passed through Parsee streets to reach a graveyard, a collision took place, the Parsees believing that the coffin was a sham, and contained bludgeons. The Mussulmans certainly were armed, as expecting a fray; but this time they were overpowered by numbers, and suffered severely. On this account the Parsees in turn are blamed. Undoubtedly, some innocent Mohammedans were cruelly murdered, as must be expected when men are infuriated by the wounds and deaths of their friends. At length, on Monday, the 16th, Mr. Souter called on the military for assistance, and the riots soon terminated, in spite of the rage of the Mussulmans for the death of one called Hajee Ahmed. But not so were things to pass off. An English official had condemned a Parsee tract for hurting Mussulman feelings. Why the more should a Christian tract be allowed to do so? Accordingly, a few weeks later, at Kurrachee, the Mohammedans complained to the city magistrate, Mr. Gibbons, of a Christian tract, called 'Reasons for Belief,' which has been circulated by missionaries for a dozen years at least, and threatened him with a disturbance if he did not order it to be stopped! Alarmed at this, and remembering the Bombay riot, and the *precedent* of the Parsee tract, Mr. Gibbons yielded to their demand, and gave orders as they demanded!

Our incapable officials have thus allowed a flame to be kindled, of which they ought to have trampled out the first sparks. A perfectly similar riot took place at Bombay in 1851, of Mussulmans against Parsees, so that there was no excuse this time for ignorance of the danger. By logically extending their claim of suppression to *Christian* tracts, the Mussulmans have done

others no choice but a distinct avowal that the press, platform, and pulpit must be free. But in order to give to that very valuable portion of the Bombay community, the Parsees, a full sense of security, very energetic measures are now needful. Obviously, all pecuniary damage ought to be repaid from the public funds of Bombay, if Bombay has a strictly local treasury. But this was one of the deadly malarrangements of the East India Company, that they confused and abolished all definite applications of local money, so that the tolls paid for keeping up roads, tanks, or canals, were liable to be spent in war. The local works went out of repair, and the country became liable to starvation.

Here also we see the main cause of local famines. The Commission issued by Lord W. Bentinck, of which Mr. (Sir Charles) Trevelyan was the acting-chief, first revealed to us the horrible blunder of the *transit duties*, as it pleased the Company to name that which had been the *road tolls*. By converting these into duties *ad valorem*, and then appointing custom-houses to collect them, the Company caused the minor roads to be disused, and forced tradesmen to go long miles out of their way to the custom-house. The untravelled roads were quickly overgrown with jungle, and utterly lost even to memory. Forest and swamp were interposed between the crops and the population that needed them. Trade was crippled, and the whole country impoverished. If an evil genius had desired to create famine, says the official report, he could hardly have done it more ingeniously.

A still worse cause of famine is the non-repair of ancient canals and tanks. This has been long notorious. General Sir Arthur Cotton took advantage of his high station, before the railway system was decided on, to urge on the Government the



dant crops, said he, for your trains to carry, before you make railroads. Heaven and Earth are alike propitious in India; the soil is magnificently fertile, the sun is glorious, the clouds never fail of rain in the yearly average, but the rain falls in special months. If the water be stored, it is abundantly sufficient; if it run into the ocean in the flood-season, the crops may fail for want of it at a critical time. Private settlers who have been able to afford the expense of a one-or-two miles canal and a very cheap tank, testify that they had an overflowing supply of water for themselves, and plenty to give away to their famishing neighbours. Even where there is a public tank, the poor natives suffer from mean native officials, who do not distribute the water by any fixed rule, except the rule of bribery. Sir Arthur Cotton lives to see and deplore the grave error which the Government has committed in its whole railway system. All prudent persons who knew even in outline the condition of India, easily saw what India needed in roads. Mighty princes travelled in a palanquin, borne on men's backs, and accounted four miles an hour a great pace. Bullock-carts with heavy goods barely averaged three miles an hour. The country roads, from which the Calcutta market is supplied, are principally jungle-paths kept open only by the trampling of bullocks, on whose backs the market produce is carried. To such a country, a train running twelve or fifteen miles in the hour would have been an enormous step forward; and a road and engines adapted to this low speed could have been made very cheaply, and would infallibly have repaid its expenses. More roads by far could then have been made simultaneously; and (in American fashion) every road which had large success would be rebuilt for quicker and more

metalled as to resist as far as possible the growth of weed, were also strongly advised; but the public prints tell us nothing of them. Evidently the Queen's Government has been seduced by military considerations to neglect the canals and tanks, which in old days secured India from drought and famines, but went out of repair through our inattention or during the earlier time of trouble. Very expensive railways have been made, chiefly by English capital, and with an English guarantee of interest. In consequence, probably not one railway in India pays its expenses. The loans contracted for them are called loans for Productive Works; but the works are not productive in the sense of being remunerative. Canals and tanks are understood to pay never less than twenty per cent. These, and the establishment of inviolable local treasuries for keeping all local works in repair, seem to be the first material aids needed against future famines.

But let us not deceive ourselves! India needs to be thoroughly reorganised, if the English rule is not to end in hatred, blood, and ignominious expulsion. The Marquis of Salisbury has now a noble opportunity. The Indians honoured his former short administration, and deeply regretted his removal on account of a difference with his colleagues on a matter quite remote to India. His successor Sir Stafford Northcote had the credit of completing his policy, and confirming the throne of a Rajah which had been threatened by a deplorable error of a ministry called Liberal. Sir Bartle Frere has taken the lead in proposing a carefully detailed system of representation which shall enable the highest authorities to know local facts from the official information of the people themselves, and to delegate to them just so much of local activity as

out in our English colonies, Sir Bartle expresses strong repugnance. It does not appear that any of his principles can fail to approve themselves to one who, like the Marquis of Salisbury, joins high intelligence and noble sentiment to Tory opinions. But it may be, that something simpler will approve itself to him. Moreover, significant words, uttered by the Marquis, denote that he sees the insufficiency to us of those natives, who, however clever and well-educated, are in rank commoners, and seem to the natives denationalised. The French have found that Algerine Arabs can only be ruled through their own chiefs. Sir John Malcolm, Lord Ellenborough, and other eminent men have discerned that British supremacy must be exercised through the princes who are venerated in India. As it has been energetically said: 'We want the native princes, much more than they want us. We want them for the discipline and education of two hundred millions of Asiatics. We can instruct and manage the two hundred princes, their families, and followers; we cannot sway the

millions without the aid and good will of their natural leaders.' It would seem, that this is the lesson which the existing Civil Servants in India are the least willing to learn: a very energetic and independent Indian Minister is needed to enforce it on them.

Let us hope for great energy from the Marquis of Salisbury. It is not for private Englishmen to have a decisive judgment as to what details of organisation should be introduced in India; but we may respectfully and urgently represent that *time is valuable*. Every year that we delay, evils become more inveterate and hatred accumulates. To train India into governing herself, until English advice is superfluous, would be to both countries a lasting benefit, to us a lasting glory. But if we are merely to unite all races into a single India by railroad and telegraph, to teach our mechanical arts and our arts of war, and by insolence of race incur that hatred which Austrians incurred in Italy, our glory will be turned into shame, and a frightful calamity will fall on England.

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

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<sup>1</sup> Quoted from the pages of Major Evans Bell, pp. 57-59, *Our Great Vassal Empire*.

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POSTSCRIPT.—This article was out of hand in the first days of June, and was expected to appear in the July number. In the interval, the Marquis of Salisbury has spoken concerning the Bombay riots, with a decisive rebuke on the conduct pursued and principles avowed by Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor of Bombay. Before it was officially confessed that the popular accounts were true, mention was here suppressed of Sir Philip advising the Parsees to *defend themselves*. Such weakness in an English Governor seemed scarcely credible. But now, what indemnity do the Parsees receive? Apparently none. This cannot give them a high idea of English justice.

According to our law, the damage done by a street riot must be made good by the local community. The older principle of frankpledge, making many responsible for the acts of one, is recalled in actual war; and it is not unreasonable whenever violences are inflicted by sharply marked factions. On this ground, if a riot be raised with a religious war-cry, it appears just and expedient to demand reparation from the whole religious community. The respectable Mussulmans would exert themselves far more energetically to control their own fanatics, if they knew that the legal consequences of outrage would fall upon themselves.

THE story of Sterne's daughter Lydia, which has only lately been followed out to its close, will, perhaps, be found to have some interest.

Yorick seems to have had a partiality for the name of Lydia, for he gave it to two of his daughters in succession. The first was born in October 1745, and lived but a day. The second was born in December 1747, and received the same name. As she grew up her father became fond of her, and seemed to indulge all her fancies; and even at his periods of wild dissipation and of utter domestic neglect, the name of 'his Lydia' always awakened unwonted tenderness and affection. She was the only thing that appeared to exercise any power of cohesion in that discordant household, and it was for her sake alone that the disorderly Yorick was even occasionally drawn back to the side of a help-mate that he found so uncongenial.

When Lydia was only twelve years old her father was living 'a poor parson' some few miles from York. He was writing his *Shandy*, and was known only as a lively and witty clergyman. Having a small canonry in the cathedral, he was entitled to quarters during his term of residence; but as his Lydia was growing up, he took a house in the town in order that she 'might begin dancing, &c.; for,' he wrote, 'if I cannot leave her a fortune I will at least give her an education.' This house was in Stonegate, and it is interesting to know that forty years later the tradition of his residence there was preserved, and the room in which he wrote his *Tristram* was pointed out to intending lodgers. When Charles Mathews, then a young and struggling actor,

with antique furniture, on cheap terms from Mrs. Simpson, the landlady. They had the reputation of being haunted. There had been many tenants, but all had taken their departure after a few days' stay. Towards midnight three distinct and mysterious blows sounded from the wainscot, which no minuteness of investigation could trace to any human source. The humble actor, however, could not afford to indulge the sensitiveness of his nerves, put up with the inconvenience, and gradually grew accustomed to it, returning during the following season. A long time afterwards he accidentally learned the cause. An eccentric old actor named 'Billy Leng' lived next door, who was accustomed, on going to bed, to give three vigorous strokes with his crutch-handle stick against the wainscot for the purpose of scaring away robbers or other visitants.

After the success of *Tristram* Mr. Sterne found himself in the new parsonage which the two little volumes had brought him. He worked in a sort of domestic and pastoral fashion. 'My Lydia' had a pony which she delighted in; she also helped to copy his MS., while her mother would knit and listen as Yorick read out his work. This has been urged in proof of his depravity; and a father employing his young daughter to write out the indelicacies of *Tristram Shandy* would be open to just reprobation. But it will be seen that his phrase is that she merely 'helped' him in his copying, and the portion of *Shandy* he was then busy with contains little that is objectionable.

The success of his book and the welcome given to its author made him restless and dissatisfied with the droning life of a country parson.

borough. In 1762 he sent for his wife and child to France, determining to pass the winter in that country. Lydia was enchanted with Paris, and 'did nothing but look out of the window and complain of the torture of being frizzled. I wish,' adds the father in his sentimental manner, 'she may ever remain a child of nature.'

At Tonlonse, where they settled, there was no end of jnnketings, and the agreeable Tristram became the 'life and soul,' as it is called, of the English colony. Nothing was heard of but private theatricals and parties of pleasure. 'Miss Shandy,' as he wrote, 'is hard at it, with music, dancing, and French-speaking, which last she does à merveille, and speaks it with an excellent accent, considering she practises within sight of the Pyrenean mountains.' The volatile parent, however, soon found himself called home to attend the season in London and get ready his books. The two ladies preferred to remain in France. The truth was, it had become impossible for Mrs. Sterne to support any longer the character of enduring and indulgent wife. There is in existence an extraordinary pen-and-ink sketch by Mr. Sterne representing the lady—or at least, with her name in his hand-writing underneath. It is a caricature rather than a likeness, the chin being of enormous size, and the whole presenting the face of an old and wrinkled person. Below he had written, 'Mrs. Sterne, wife of Sterne,' and in the corner, '*Pigrich fecit.*' The hand-writing is unquestionably his. It would almost seem that Mr. Sterne had been copying a French print of Francis I. or of Henry IV., had finished off the lower part with a woman's dress, and had then written Mrs. Sterne's name underneath.

The ladies then, being left behind,

health of Mrs. Sterne. 'As she chooses,' he wrote to a friend, 'to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England.' The Reverend Laurence could have no objection indeed. He was thus free of a very awkward restraint.

They were 'fixed' for a short time at Montanban, whither he directed many thoughtful and affectionate letters, sending her also the *Spectator* and other books, and warning her against friendship with the French women:

Not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating*—nay, I am so jealous of you that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition. You have enough to do—for I have also sent you a guitar—and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it. Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.

He writes to a friend:

I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking for my daughter. Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker), he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my death—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*. My answer was, 'Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds on the day of marriage. My calculation is as follows: she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, sir, you, at least, think her not ugly: she has many accomplishments—speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her upon my terms; for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds.' I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean—that is, as a flat refusal.—*Letters*, v. 2, 76.

While he made a tour in Italy, enjoying himself as he well knew how, the mother and daughter moved on to Tonrs. But they seem



'never had man such a wild goose chase after a wife' as he had. He sought her in half a dozen towns, and at last discovered her 'in *Franche Compté*.' They were enchanted to see him, and Lydia he found vastly improved. Her poor mother was in wretched health, and after her husband's departure made her way to Avignon, where Mr. Sterne soon heard that she 'was going down very fast.' However, the fine air of the place helped to restore her. His Lydia enjoyed herself in this delicious retreat (which was close to Petrarch's tomb), a little chateau, half furnished with tapestry, seven rooms, permission to fish, so many partridges a week, and the price—'guess; seven guineas a week. There's for you!' The young girl, under the influence of French graces, and perhaps inheriting a share of her father's liveliness, was making way in French society. The Marquis de Sade was her neighbour, whose brother, M. l'Abbé, corrected her exercises. One of these was the rendering of Mr. Sterne's sermons into French. She attended the *fêtes champêtres*, and cultivated her new guitar which her affectionate father sent her. She had her lively French dog too, which was to be brought to England, though Mr. Sterne protested, if he was as devilish as when he saw him, he would have to tutor him, as he would not have his favourite cat abused. Above all, she must throw her rouge pots into the river, and he seriously remonstrated with her on the practice of face painting.

At last by the October of the year 1767 they had arrived, and the family party met together at the Yorkshire vicarage. 'My Lydia,' wrote the delighted father, 'seems transported at the sight of me; Nature, my dear P., breathes in all her composition; and except a little vivacity, which is a fault in the

short, it would seem that she had profited by her French training, and was become, in her father's quaint phrase, 'an elegant, accomplished little slint.' A month's companionship made him appreciate her still more. There were some worthy people—the James'—whose deep interest in Sterne is a happy piece of evidence to character, going to prove that his heart must have been, as the phrase goes, in the right place. These good friends sincerely sympathised with the well-meant but too faint attempts he made at reformation. To them he wrote of Lydia:

She is a dear, good creature; affectionate and most elegant in body and mind. She is all Heaven could give me in a daughter, but like His blessings not given but lent, for her mother loves France; and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France, where she has had many advantageous offers. Do not smile at my weakness when I say I don't wonder at it, for she is as accomplished a slint as France can produce.—*Letters*, v. 3, 106.

Little more than a month went by, and the fond father was writing fresh raptures about his child. He was offered high preferment in Ireland, the country of his birth. But he declined it, as Mrs. Sterne's health could not endure the climate. 'Without my Lydia, if a mitre were offered me, it would sit uneasy upon my head. My heart bleeds,' he goes on, 'when I think of parting with my child—'twill be like the separation of soul, and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment. . . . You will laugh at my weakness, but I cannot help it, for she is a dear, disinterested girl.' His heart bled again when he parted with his darling child; for she had left him to go to York. As he was bidding her adieu, he was enchanted with an affectionate answer she made him. She refused some pocket-money which he put

may have straitened you—I would rather put a hundred guineas in your pocket than take ten out of it.' 'Her answer was pretty,' adds the doting father, and affected me too much.' He never saw her again.

A week or two later he was in town, both on pleasure and business, but in wretched health, attending the usual round of routs, Soho masquerades, and dinners—all the while suffering from a 'vile influenza,' which had fastened on him and was to be his death. It is sad to think that the last words of his last composition were to be the unfinished sentence of his *Sentimental Journey*. In the midst of the success of that book he was full of forebodings; and though looking forward to joining his child at York in a few weeks, he seems to feel that the hand of death was already on him. He was writing to his Lydia as to the choice of a lady to be a guardian in case he should survive her mother. 'But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive; do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account. I have sent you a necklace and huckles, and the same to thy mother. . . I am never alone. The kindness of my friends is ever the same: *I wish, though, I had thee to nurse me, but I am denied that.*' By the middle of the next month he was at the last gasp, and yet there was none of his family with him. This desertion at such a crisis must incline the world to be on his side in the oft-debated question of his behaviour towards Mrs. Sterne, and it is probable that with a more congenial companion he might have been a better man. In his dying moments he was still thinking of his Lydia, and with faltering pen addressed an imploring supplication to his faithful friend, Mrs. James. 'If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which

into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will, if she is left parentless, take her to your bosom? You are the only woman on earth I can depend on for such a benevolent action. Mr. James will be a father to her—he will protect her from every insult.' Two days after he died, without a friend or relation to stand beside him; and the hired nurse, it is said, stole his gold sleeve-buttons.

The mother and daughter were left in sore straits. Mr. Sterne's debts were defrayed by a public subscription and the sale of his effects, and his widow had a little patrimony of some forty pounds a year to live upon. Lydia, to judge from her picture which was painted by West, seems to have been a *spirituelle*-looking girl, with something of the air of the Sheridan ladies; the mouth a little recalling that of her father. Her thoughts and inclinations turned to France, where she was likely to be appreciated, and where their little income would go farther than in England. It would appear, however, that in her there was the same 'want of ballast' which was such a defect in the father's character.

After the late Mr. Sterne's affairs were settled the two ladies came to London to arrange a scheme for publishing an edition of the 'Sermons' by subscription. They found lodgings at Mr. Williams's, a paper merchant in Gerrard Street, Soho, close to their friends the James's. They applied at once to Mr. Wilkes—as being a friend of the departed humourist—to secure them influential subscribers:

Mrs. and Miss Sterne's compliments wait on Mr. Wilkes. They intend doing themselves the pleasure of calling upon him, if not disagreeable; and would be obliged to him if he would appoint an hour when he will not be better engaged. They would not intrude; yet should be happy to see a person whom they honour, and whom Mr.

some of his friends to subscribe to three volumes of Mr. Sterne's Sermons, which they are now publishing. Not to have a melancholy story to tell Mr. Wilkes when they meet, Miss Sterne begs leave to tell it now in a few words.

My father died, and left his unhappy widow and daughter in the most distressed circumstances. His debts amounted to eleven hundred pounds; his effects, when sold, did not raise above four hundred: my mother nobly engaged to pay the rest out of a little estate of forty pounds per annum, which was all she had in the world; she could not bear the thoughts of leaving his debts unpaid, and I honour her for it. This was, or rather would have been, a scanty provision, at least for those who have seen better days. Heaven raised us up friends, who both saw and pitied our distress; and gave a most convincing proof of it, by making a collection in our behalf in the race week at York, which amounted to 800*l*. We are now publishing these Sermons, in hopes of raising something for our future comfort. We have sold the copyright for a trifle; our greatest hopes are, that we may have a good many subscribers. Several of our friends have used their interest in our behalf. This simple story of our situation will, I doubt not, engage Mr. Wilkes to do what he can in getting us some subscriptions, and we should be glad to know by a line, what day and hour will be most *à propos* for us to wait on him.—Wilkes, *Cor. v. p. 7.*

Nothing can be more subdued and humble than the strain of this appeal, in which the first and third person is curiously jumbled. Mr. Wilkes received them cordially, and with that 'effusion' and lavish fund of promises which was his characteristic. He would do everything. Nay, he would pay a grateful tribute to the departed Shandean, by writing his Life in concert with Mr. John Hall Stevenson. That a daughter should have been anxious that her father's career should have been set forth by the pens of two such professed debauchees and writers of scandalous works, shows a want of discretion amounting to folly. This promise, however, was to be as vain as the performance would have been eccentric. Wilkes went into de-

should ornament the work with drawings. It was also intended to add his Letters; and though she felt that these were not of a description that ought to be given to the public, as they would do no credit to his memory, Miss Lydia flippantly announced that if the publisher seemed cool as to the whole project, he was to be tempted by the offer of the Correspondence.

The ladies set off for France and fixed themselves at Angoulême. Lydia wrote to her new patron from that city in a strain that contrasts curiously with her previous obsequiousness. Her whole character as 'an accomplished little slut' seems to be revealed in this communication, and there is a pertness and affectation of smartness which does not predispose us in her favour. She wrote from M. Bologn's, in the Rue Cordeliers, on July 22, 1769:

Dear Sir,—'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to fulfil the promise I made you the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you. I mean that of writing to you, and to give you an account of us and of our situation. A correspondent like Mr. Wilkes gives your humble servant more vanity than I thought I was capable of. I am an inch taller to-day than I was yesterday. I wish the French may not find a difference in my behaviour—*ce sera bien pire*. When I receive a letter from you, they certainly will say, *Peste! que cette fille est aujourd'hui dans ces grands airs! Décampons au plus vite*. This is supposing you will favour me with an answer, else I have done wrong to style you 'correspondent': but I know you are polite, and never want what the French call *égards pour les femmes: encore moins, je m'imagine, vis-à-vis les filles*.

You expected an English letter, and not a *pot pourri*. I will not write one word more of French. I know not why I do, for I am no very great admirer of the language: 'tis better calculated for nonsense than my own; and consequently suits me better to write, though not Mr. Wilkes to read. Thank my stars, you promised me not to show my letters to anyone, not even to your confessor—remember that.

Now, as to our journey,—nothing either agreeable in it or diverting, I promise you.

the posting part of it) cannot be a *Sentimental* one; for it is one continued squabble with innkeepers and postilions: yet not like Smelfungus, who never kept his temper; for we kept ours, and laughed whilst we scolded.—How much the French have the advantage over us! They give themselves ease by swearing; which, you know, is talking bawdy. We English women do not know how to set about it; yet, as archbishops in France swear as well as their neighbours (for I have heard them, to my edification), I cannot see why we women may not follow their example. The French women, however, do it *sans façon*. Again!—scratch out the words *sans façon* yourself, and put an English one in the place, which I will hereafter adopt.

Angoulême is a pretty town: the country most delightful, and from the principal walk there is a very fine prospect; a serpentine river, which joins the Garonne at Bourdeaux, has a very good effect; trees in the middle of it, which form little islands, where the inhabitants go and take the *fresco*:—in short, 'tis a most pleasant prospect; and I know no greater pleasure than sitting by the side of the river, reading Milton or Shakspeare to my mother. Sometimes I take my guitar and sing to her. Thus do the hours slide away imperceptibly; with reading, writing, drawing, and music.

'Thou wissly careless, innocently gay,  
We play the trifle life away.'

Yet, dear Sir, often do we wish ourselves in England. Necessity sent us hither; may Fortunes bring us back!

We receive much civility from the people here. We had letters of recommendation, which I would advise every English person to procure wherever he goes in France. We have visitors, even more than we wish—as we ever found the French in general very insipid. I would rather choose to converse with people much superior to me in understanding (that I grant I can easily do, so you need not smile). With the one I can have no improvement, but with people of sense I am sure of learning something every hour; as being intimate with a person of an excellent heart and sensible feelings mends sometimes one's own.

'Tis now time to remind Mr. Wilkes of his kind promise—to exhort him to fulfil it. If you knew, dear Sir, how much we are straitened as to our income, you would not neglect it. We should be truly happy to be so much obliged to you that we may join, to our admiration of Mr. Wilkes in his public character, tears of gratitude—

and many other favours; but to you do we owe the kind intention which we beg you to put in practice. As I know Mr. Hall is somewhat lazy, as you were the promoter, write to him yourself: he will be more attentive to what you say. . . .

I fear I have wore out your patience. Forgive me, 'twas a pleasing occupation to write to you. I know not whether it is impertinent to ask you if your affairs go on equal to the wishes of your friends? That they may, believe me, is the sincere wish of,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful obliged friend,

L. STERN.

P.S.—We flatter ourselves you are well. My mother joins in most cordial wishes for your welfare and happiness. May everything you wish be granted you! as I am sure you will grant us ours; nay, you even prevented it.

Once more, adieu!

Our best compliments wait on Miss Wilkes.—Wilkes, *Cor. v. p. 7.*

Mr. Wilkes had, however, sufficient on his hands. He was harassed with difficulties and shut up in the King's Bench Prison. But then he had, at least, leisure and opportunity to have replied. Some three months went by. No reply came, and Lydia again appealed to him:

How long have I waited (she wrote in October) for a letter from Mr. Wilkes in answer to that I wrote him. I fear he is not well; I fear his own affairs have not allowed him time to answer me; in short, I am full of fears. 'Hope deferred makes the heart sick.' Three lines, with a promise of writing *Tristram's Life*, for the benefit of his widow and daughter, would make us happy. A promise, did I say? that I already have: but a second assurance. Indeed, my dear Sir, since I last wrote we stand more in need of such an act of kindness. Panchaud's failure has hurt us considerably: we have, I fear, lost more than, in our circumstances, we could afford to lose. Do not, I beseech you, disappoint us: let me have a single line from you, 'I will perform my promise,' and joy will take place of our sorrow. I trust you will write to Hall; in pity, do.

Adieu, dear Sir! May you enjoy all the happiness you deserve! may every wish of yours be granted, as I am sure you will grant my request! My mother joins in best compliments. Our most cordial wishes attend you and the amiable Miss Wilkes.—Believe me most truly your faithful



No answer was returned to this appeal. At the same time she addressed a reminder to the proposed coadjutor, Mr. Hall Stevenson, who also took no notice. Six months went by, and, despairing of hearing from Wilkes, she wrote again to Stevenson:

If you ever felt (she says) what hope deferred occasions, you would not have put us under that painful situation; from whom the neglect arises I know not, but surely a line from you, dear Sir, would not have cost you much trouble. Tax me not with boldness for using the word *neglect*: as you both promised, out of the benevolence of your hearts, to write my father's Life for the benefit of his widow and daughter, and as I myself look on a promise as sacred, and I doubt not but you think as I do; in that case the word is not improper. In short, dear Sir, I ask but this of you; to tell me by a very short letter, whether we may depend on yours and Mr. Wilkes's promise, or if we must renounce the pleasing expectation. But, dear Sir, consider that the fulfilling of it may put 400*l.* into our pockets; and that the declining it would be unkind, after having made us hope and depend upon that kindness. Let this plead my excuse.

If you do not choose to take the trouble to wait on Mr. Wilkes, send him my letter, and let me know the *oui ou le non*. Still let me urge, press, and entreat Mr. Hall to be as good as his word: if he will interest himself in our behalf, 'twill but be acting consistent with his character; 'twill prove that Eugenius was the friend of Yorick—nothing can prove it stronger than befriending his widow and daughter.—Adieu, dear Sir!—Believe me your most obliged, humble servant,

L. STERNE.

My mother joins in best compliments.—Wilkes, *Cor.* v. p. 7.

As was to be expected, neither of the gentlemen performed what they had undertaken to do. Indeed it may be doubted if they had the gifts for such a task. So a rather pretty edition of the works appeared, and without a Life.

Three years later we find mother and daughter settled at Alby, an old town in Languedoc, probably seeking a still cheaper manner of living. M. Stapfer, who has written with much critical sagacity on

discovered that here they moved in the best society of the place, and were well appreciated.

At this point, the accounts of Lydia's history usually end, there being no more known of her, save a dim tradition that she married a Frenchman, and was one of the victims of the Revolution. It is now ascertained that at Alby she became acquainted with a young man of the name of Alexander Anne Medalle, a son of a 'Receveur des Décimes' in the Customs. From the 'Acts' of the town it appears, that on April 28, 1772, she abjured the Protestant religion in the private chapel of the Provost's house, and on the same day was married to the young man, who was a year younger than herself—her mother being too ill to be present.

In the Registers is a most remarkable entry which invites speculation. 'The marriage was imperativo (*forcé*) and urgent:' on which, in the *Inventaire des Archives d'Alby*, is found this gloss: 'For at that period the law authorised *la recherche de la paternité*.' The first impression from this would be unfavourable to Miss Lydia's character, and Lord Howden (in a letter to the *Athenæum*) quotes the altered rule from the Code Napoléon in support of this view; but it seems too harsh and ungracious a conclusion to be accepted on such evidence. The following solution is not improbable. Mrs. Sterne was ill, probably in danger of death, for she died a few months later. In case of her death, the difficulty of proving consent of parents and guardians would be increased, and the countries being at war, the *recherche de la paternité* would be impossible. The French law is, or used to be, very strict in requiring such formalities. There is certainly obscurity in the matter, and we must not condemn poor Lydia too hastily.

Mrs. Sterne died in January 1773,

town, No. 9, Rue St. Antoine. It must be said that during her somewhat troubled course, she carried out, in an ungracious way perhaps, correct and respectable principles of conduct. That publication of the Letters which her daughter had once hinted at, was not attempted during her lifetime. In June 1775, Mrs. de Medalle was in London for the purpose of publishing these papers, in which her father confesses that he 'was more sick of his wife than ever,' in which he makes love to Lady P. and others, with other indecorous confessions. The only excuse is that she may have been too careless to have read the Letters, and

it should be said that the passage that refers to her mother is in Latin. All the Reviews protested against this scandal, which was called indecent. Lydia dedicated the book in her favourite style to Mr. Garriek.

She had one son, who died in September 1783, when at school. The year of her death is unknown, but she died before her son. She did not therefore perish in the Revolution, as is supposed. Nothing whatever is known of the fate of M. de Medalle.

Such is the story of Sterne's daughter, which is worth preserving if only in memory of Yorick.

PERCY FITZGERALD.



## A WORD FOR THE CONVENT BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

ONE fine Sunday, about a dozen years ago, the congregations of a Catholic and Protestant church belonging to a Dublin parish chanced to be passing down the same street at the same moment—their several religious services being just over. A thoughtful observer had been for some minutes watching them in silence from the windows of an upper chamber: it was a little maid, rising five. Her ninepins lay sprawling in all sorts of attitudes; her Noah's ark had broken loose; her dolls looked prim disapprobation; still the little maid had eyes and thoughts only for the passing church-folk. At length she broke her most unusual silence with this startling question—'Papa, which are Protestants or Catholics the nastiest?'

The child had come of one of the much condemned 'mixed marriages'—consequently, her tender mind had not been overburdened with religious instruction of one sort or the other. With grave simplicity she asked her question, and with a fine candour the father replied that it was one he could not answer—one he had tried all his life in vain to answer for himself.

Happily, one is not held responsible for every opinion one has heard, or for every speech one quotes by way of illustration; but thinking over the sort of education young ladies have hitherto been getting in boarding-schools, Catholic and Protestant, the little maid's way of putting the question comes into the writer's mind as by far the most natural. It is not, which is the best? It is, which is the worst? Which is the nastiest?

But speaking here of best and worst, it must be premised that these terms are meant to apply

and lessons. Of education in the wider sense, each religion naturally believes its own system to be the best. Perhaps Protestantism has less of system in the matter than we have; and, perhaps Protestants will say, So much the better.

Things at present look as if so many years must come and go before higher education is likely to become the rule instead of the exception in Ireland—and it is so disheartening to look ahead at the fearful amount of squabbling which has to be gone through before anything at all about education can be decided—if it ever be decided—that it seems a pity any really earnest teaching, be it ever so humble, should be condemned, or its effects upon the people misunderstood—even partially misunderstood. Whilst reading the rather sweeping condemnation of 'Convent Boarding-Schools for Young Ladies,' to be seen in *Fraser* for June last, it is as well to stop occasionally and consider what would be the difference to all these 'young ladies' in Ireland if the convent boarding-schools did not exist. Any real knowledge of the National schools, or rather of their results, will show that in them the girls would have learnt not a bit more grammar, spelling, arithmetic, or plain sewing than they learn in the convents. The results of the National schools are as poor as poor can be. By the average girls who actually attend them all over Ireland, curiously little is learnt any way, and nothing is learnt thoroughly. Of course, the National schools are a great deal better than nothing; but it would be a fatal mistake to suppose that the Irish farmer's or publican's daughter misses a really

in a convent. Is it in the nature of things that one mistress could teach eighty or ninety girls thoroughly everything contained even in the not very wide curriculum of the National schools? The very best girls—and these are nothing at all like one per cent. of the whole mass who attend, this very small selection even being made up in great part by the pupils of the Model schools—the very best girls turned out by them can write a good hand, can read so that anyone might listen without annoyance, can add up and manage accounts correctly, and can do needlework fairly well. The present writer never came across, or never heard of anyone who came across, an average National school girl who could spell otherwise than most imperfectly, or who had even the very lightest grasp of grammar or history available for practical purposes. Of geography these heed girls do sometimes gain a tolerable notion. The average National school girl writes barbarously, has not the very remotest idea of how to spell—on paper, at least; though very probably in class she might sing out her column of spelling quite correctly at the proper moment—has no notion whatever of history, geography, grammar, or anything else supposed to be taught in the school, cannot sew a plain seam decently, and cannot read without stopping and stammering over every second line.

In the convent boarding-schools for young ladies a girl always learns to read finely, and, unless she is exceptionally hard to teach, or goes to school too late, learns to write a neat, legible 'convent hand.' Considering each class has its own mistress, and each mistress has not more than an hour or two of teaching to do, there is a fair chance of her doing it with some spirit and interest. It happens, too, occasion-

is set to teach, but may even know a good deal about it; and when such is the case she generally interests both herself and her pupils. To be interested in a subject, even though one may not be able to learn much about it, is *something*. No one ever heard of the average National school girl being interested in anything she was given to learn—except embroidery, by which, some years ago, when such embroidery was the fashion, a good embroidress could earn appreciable little sums of money. That there are so many mistresses in a convent school makes all the difference in the world. One really understands and teaches drawing-room music very fairly; another has a natural, and it may be a cultivated, taste for drawing, or flower-painting; a third is strong in arithmetic; a fourth writes a beautiful hand, and is made writing-mistress; a fifth has spent all her youth and been educated in some foreign country—France or Germany or Italy or Spain—and speaks and reads the language well. And so on. In every convent there is pretty sure to be an exquisite embroidress, an excellent plain needleworker, a nun who illuminates tastefully, a nun who plays the organ, a nun who plays the harp, a nun who understands the time-honoured 'use of the globes.' Each of these ladies is interested in her *spécialité*, and any of her pupils who have special aptitude may pick up a good deal from her, and often do.

If some of the convents run up a girl's accounts to 60*l.* or 70*l.* a year there are plenty of others in which she can be a pupil for less than half. All convents have not the same regulations, and although it is the practice in some of them, it is not usual to charge as an extra anything taught by the nuns. In the convent where the present writer was at school the pension



were girls learning the piano (all the girls, indeed, learnt piano-playing and French), the harp, singing, drawing, flower painting, French, Italian, and German, all of which the nuns taught—in a sort of a way. Dancing, even, was not an extra, although a dancing mistress from the world without came to teach us twice a week for three months of every year. But if parents wished their girls to have lessons from a good music-master, or drawing-master, or teacher of languages, then such music or drawing, &c. &c., was charged extra. Some of the girls taught entirely by the nuns played the piano and sang really very nicely—quite well enough to give great pleasure at home and in their social circles about home. The scratchy copying of drawings, which were seldom first-rate, and the painting of impossible rosehuds and incredible butterflies was perhaps waste of time. Those who were ambitious of such accomplishments might devote three hours a week to them, minus the time each required to get up her three pages of French translation—French translated into English—which, word for word, had to be perfectly literal. Any French book a girl happened to have, or chose to get—provided, of course, that it was not an unfit book for her to read—she might thus translate.

If the reader has patience for another convent-school day, this was ours:

We rose at half-past six. As her week came round, on each of the big girls in turn devolved the duty of calling all the others. She aroused each sleeper with a dash of cold holy-water and the words 'Benedicamus Domino;' and the aspersion was continued until the unhappy young person announced her wakefulness by an *Amen*. Each maiden dressed herself up to and in

at an oratory at the end of the principal dormitory, and the caller of the week read short morning prayers. After that, each went back and made her own bed. This was always a most trying operation to new-comers; there is great art in making a bed well and tidily, and it is not learnt in a moment; besides, the regulation mode of drawing back and folding our curtains required a little practice and some deftness of hand. If a bed did not pass muster when the nun whose duty it was to see to the due ordering of the dormitories went her rounds later on, its occupant was called up after breakfast and had to make and arrange it all over again. After bed-making, the dressing-room, where each one had her own compartment containing her dressing-case, towels, large basin and jug, and a good supply of tepid water—but no bath, except a foot-bath. Dressed, we descended to the schools (two in number) where we donned our black net veils and gloves, which were *de rigueur* every time we entered the chapel; veiled and gloved, we filed in two and two to our places opposite the side altar, heard mass, and were down in the refectory (unveiled and ungloved) by eight sharp. As soon as we had finished breakfast—which was often in ten or twelve minutes—we went back to the schools, and there studied whatever lessons we felt uncertain about until ten. At ten, 'schools opened,' and opened always with a chapter of an abridged catechism (Dr. Plunkett's) of Christian doctrine, or rather *The Christian Doctrine*—that was the title of it—in which all the classes were examined; then followed for the remainder of the half-hour a sort of canonical lecture by one of the nuns, on some point of Catholic doctrine, an explanation of one of the sacra-

From half-past ten to half-past eleven we had on alternate days writing and arithmetic.

At half-past eleven the mistresses of the various classes appeared, and lessons began. I was past fourteen when I went to school, and being tall I was put at once into the first class. However, saving arithmetic, in which I was hopelessly deficient, I knew about as much or as little as the rest of my class-fellows. Three times a week the first lesson was history: Pinnock's Goldsmith's *Greece*, Mondays; Pinnock's Goldsmith's *Rome*, Wednesdays; somebody's *England*, Fridays; nobody's *Ireland* over.

The chapter we were examined in had been duly studied the evening before. Our mistress, who was a charming, clever lady—most witty and amusing even over a school class—began the business by reading aloud the little bit of poetry at the head of the chapter; then she asked us who was the author (the name was under it), and all about him or her; their other works, &c. Some one, at least, in the class was expected to know something of the poet, and if no one did, Sister P. was rather provoked, which I used to think a little hard, inasmuch as we had no books of reference, no library of any sort, save such miscellaneous volumes as by degrees we each gathered round us. When no one knew anything of the poet or poetess, Sister P. had to tell us herself, and sometimes told us so much, and told it so charmingly, that we all—herself included—forgot the time that was being stolen from the history. On taking up the history, she examined us in the chapter her own way, not by the questions at the end, and tried to throw a little life into Pinnock's dilution. No doubt some of my companions learned something they could remember from these history

to school, and whilst I remained there never took much interest in any of them; and though I learned some pages of one of the histories by heart for an examination, and got a prize for it, I have not the slightest recollection now what the pages were about, nor even which history it was.

The days we had not history we began with the multiplication table, which Sister P. questioned us in here and there and everywhere, and we were expected to answer like lightning not only how much 9 times 9 were, but—all in a breath—the sum 81 pence made, 81 halfpence, and 81 farthings. This lesson to the looker-on had all the effect of the game known as 'General Post,' in which the players are perpetually jumping up and rushing into one another's places. Whoever failed in answering her special question on the instant, lost her place. If 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 missed, and 6 answered quick and well, 6 bounded up to the top of the class. One member only of this class did not join in the cheerful exercise of the game; at the first question put her, she invariably collapsed, sank to the bottom, and remained there calmly till the next lesson, when she ascended with becoming dignity—home, probably, on the past participle of an irregular French verb. After the multiplication, a French verb was started—one we had duly learnt—and hunted through all its moods and tenses up and down the class, every syllable of it spelled even—with the French pronunciation of the letters. It would be too great an infliction here to go over all the lessons and lesson-books. We had different things for different days. The grammar days were dreary, probably because the grammar was unsatisfactorily taught; the geography days pleasant. Our geography was not the

collect aright; but Pinnock had nothing to do with it. We had a country a-day, but were not obliged to learn it by heart. Sister P. told us a good deal about it, and we were expected to tell her a good deal more. Map in hand, we traced its rivers, pointed out its chief cities, mountains, and lakes, and expatiated upon its history, its commerce, its form of government, and its religion; concerning all of which the little red book contained some slight shreds of information. When this part of the business was concluded, we turned to the end of the book, where was to be found an alphabetical list of every place on the face of the earth—so it seemed to us, at least. We had to do the best we could with a column of this list every geography day. It might run thus:—Trent, Trèves, Trim, Tripoli, Troy, Timbuctoo (only of course Timbuctoo would come earlier). Our task was to find out where each of these places was; then, if it was to be had at all, point it out on the map, and tell what it was famous for, and anything else any of us knew or could find out about it. I always shone like a bright particular star in this performance, as on my very first visit home I provided myself with a geographical Gazetteer, which I was allowed by Sister P. to keep, along with any other books I found of use, but not to lend. Each girl might keep in her own desk almost any books she liked to bring from home, but she was not permitted to lend any of them without special leave.

Just an hour was allowed for lessons. At half-past twelve we went down to luncheon. At one, we either went out to walk or returned to the schools to draw, work, practise French conversation, write English dictation—to teach us to spell, which it did not—write French

given us by Sister P., the only form of composition demanded of us, or be instructed in the use of the globes. In winter, we always went out at this hour; in summer, rarely. At a quarter to three, we told our beads, walking in twos and threes up and down. At three, we went to dinner. From dinner we had recreation till a quarter to five, which recreation we were obliged to spend out of doors in summer. From a quarter to five, we had study till a quarter to seven, then we veiled and gloved ourselves again, and went to the chapel for fifteen minutes' devotion. At seven, we went to the refectory to tea—a very substantial tea—and from that till nine we had recreation. By half-past nine, we were all in bed. A nun slept in each dormitory, and called the caller if necessary. Before vanishing behind our white curtains for the night, we had each to kneel down at the foot of our bed and kiss the beautifully waxed and polished floor, not out of admiration for the floor, although it was really exquisite in its way, but because the process was supposed to make us humble. I never could see that it did, though—those seemingly most in need of a little taking-down generally giving the boards a loud and cheerful smack, or else pretending to fall with great violence on the top of their heads. But the nun behind her curtains found it wisest to make no sign. When we were all in bed, holy-water was handed round by the caller with another 'Benedicamus Domino;' this time we each dipped our finger in the *bénitier* and helped ourselves—an amount of piety not to be expected from poor human nature on being suddenly aroused in the morning; and when the light was extinguished, the caller had to say aloud a queerly-worded little prayer which it was the *cruz* of every big girl to learn, and if she

and a candle had to be lighted and the prayer read—although the whole point of it turned on there being no light when it was a-saying—and we all felt greatly appalled; and the whole of the next forenoon was spent by the culprit in getting it put. It was, in truth, a most difficult little prayer to learn, and the very holiest girls came to grief and tears over it.

Notwithstanding these little troubles, we were all extremely happy. It would be hard, perhaps impossible, to put in words what constitutes the charm of a convent life to ninety-nine out of every hundred girls who come under its influence; but I cannot imagine a lay boarding-school being anything at all like it, or a girl's life in a lay boarding-school being nearly so interesting; though in one or two of the new schools—such as Girton College, perhaps—the interest of real study must go a long way towards making a girl's life complete.

It is not so much because girls pick up such a miserable little smattering of book learning in such a slipshod fashion, that the writer of the article before alluded to objects to convent boarding-schools, as because

Girls of the middle, sometimes even of a lower, class, placed on a footing of perfect equality with companions who have been brought up as ladies and by ladies, associated with and taught by nuns who, if not, which they often are, ladies by birth, are ladylike in manners and education, very soon adopt and assimilate the tone of those around them. They remain, in every instance, long enough to acquire a fixed taste for this refinement—in many instances perfectly novel to them.

And is a fixed taste for refinement any harm? When they go home,

The change from the daily routine of appointed tasks to utter idleness is intolerable.

And is that any harm? Is there anything essentially virtuous in

it, or even losing her capability for it, a misfortune?

They are over-educated for their station of life; the men who would marry them are uncongenial and unsuitable to them.

We once came across a pious lady who was greatly distressed at a *table d'hôte* somewhere in the north of Italy, when she discovered she had eaten calves-foot jelly on a Friday, but was much comforted by an Irish priest beside her saying, 'See here, ma'am. Don't fret yourself; there's not meat enough on all the calves from this to Rome to give you a chance of breaking the fast.' It is much the same with convent education (of course, we mean here again mere bookish education); and surely it will not be maintained that refinement and ladylike manners could ever be out of place in any woman of any degree whatsoever.

We have seen so very many of these lower middle-class girls happily married within a year or two of their leaving school, that we cannot feel the force of the other objection—that the men they meet, when they go home, are uncongenial and unsuitable to them; nor have we ever seen a trace of anything that could lead us to suppose they 'find the domestic circle unbearable.' A principal fact to be borne in mind is that these girls are thrown among but one class of men. They do not come in contact with any of a higher stamp than their brothers or *prétendants*; so no disadvantageous comparisons can occur. And these brothers and *prétendants* are not so very bad! They are generally young men who have some business to do, and do it; and they are all quite alive to the pleasure and advantage of ladylike manners and refinement in their wives and sisters. Indeed, when one reflects how dreadfully unpro-



are with any facilities, nay, any possibilities, of getting an education—for the Jesuit Colleges are so expensive that many a father who can send his daughters to a convent could not dream of sending his sons to Clongowes or Tullabeg or any of the kindred establishments—it will strike one forcibly that it must be owing to the happy influence of their mothers and sisters that these young men are so civilised as they are, and have so thorough an appreciation of what is either ladylike or gentlemanlike in others, and so quick a perception of what is the reverse. In this class, the mothers of the present generation have, almost all of them, been educated in convents, and this very class is the only one in Ireland which has really made a start and bettered its condition within the last quarter of a century. The homes of these people are neat and nice, and every day becoming more and more so; their manners are polite and quiet; and they are generally honourable in their pursuit of the only ambition which has as yet lighted up their mental horizon—that of making money.

That the mission of the convents as boarding-schools for young ladies must pass away is quite possible. When all necessary circumstances concur to open up to Irish Catholic girls a proper system of real schools which they may and must avail themselves of, then the teaching orders of nuns can betake themselves to some other good work, unless they choose to qualify themselves to compete with, or, still better, to take a part in these higher schools for girls, which at present are not even ideal, since no one has as yet so much as thought about them. We are not forgetting the Alexandra College; but, with all its merits, we may be pardoned for saying it is a mere fancy thing,

say nothing of the provinces. The Queen's Institute, in Molesworth Street, does far more for them, for it teaches and enables many girls of poor parents to earn an independence.

Where the convents fail, in common with the general run of lay boarding-schools, English as well as Irish, is in preparing a girl without any prospect of independent income, for a rather common lot—to live alone in the world. The Sisters let it be too much before a girl that there are but two things to be done, and that of course she will do either—marry, or become a nun. It is certainly not within our experience of convents that in them 'marriage is decried in every possible way,' but rather the contrary; it is taken quite for granted you are to marry if you have no religious vocation—in other words, no fancy to be a nun. You cannot, in some convents at least, lay a pincushion out of its place without being pulled up with a formula about the dire effects your lack of steadiness and order are going to produce by and by, when you are mistress of a household, and have to direct and train up others. 'The falsest idea of life' a girl acquires in a convent is, we should say, if asked to lay our finger on it, the idea that on her entry into 'the world' she will find a snitable array of husbands standing in a row, with households all ready, only waiting for her to select which of them she will have—if she be for having any.

In a place where there is such a constant coming a-visiting of married sisters and babies, both to nuns and school-girls, as goes on in every convent, it is very unlikely that such a contingency as marriage should be kept out of sight. Every other week, too, some ex-pupil is writing to Mother So-and-So, or

a few days the wedding of the whilom schoolfellow is the uppermost topic among the girls and nuns at recreation. It often happens that a child is sent to a particular convent to be under the care of her 'Grandmother'—i.e. the nun who has been 'Mother' (that is, most especial friend) to her mother when she was at school.

Education leading up to the grand object of enabling a woman to stand alone, should either circumstances or inclination determine for her such a state of life, is, in point of fact, found in convents in exactly the same proportion as in the ordinary run of all other schools for girls; and that is a very small proportion indeed.

It is objected also, in *Fraser*, that the 'social failures' return in such immense numbers to the convents. But must it not strike some, if it do not strike all, that the social failures (the name does quite as well as any other—'Let not thy peace be in the tongues of men'), unable as they are to make a career in the world, unable as they so often are even to support themselves, are rather fortunate than the reverse in having 'the refined retirement of a monastic establishment, with its beautiful grounds and gardens, flower-laden oratories, and dignified sisterhood,' to fall back upon? And as for those other missionary convents dotted all over the globe, and in all of which, as it is said, the ubiquitous Irishwoman is to be found, we can only say that to many a social failure these foreign missions have opened an honourable career of usefulness and surpassing interest. The social failure, be she nun or woman's-righter, or mere hand-maid, can take a little Parliamentary snubbing very easy when she lays to heart this lesson of Father Faber's—'No life is a failure which is lived for God.'

convent-schools is one we never heard before; but, of course, that is no sort of reason why it might not turn out to be a very sound one. We are told that 'Eve's nature refuses to be eradicated by any number of years of black bombazine, and immediately on being emancipated from the school restraints breaks out into awful and flagrant combinations of colour and form.'

Here is a question for Mr. Galton: What effect has the blue cashmere frock of the *pensionnaire* (for the black is quite an innovation and not at all common) produced upon the taste of Europe within the last three generations?

Have we, in this monotonous uniform, hit upon the true source of female frivolity, bad taste, the pounds and pounds of unpleasant false hair, the pouf, the high-heeled boots, the fantastic and unlovely assortment of gaudy rags in which poor young ladies array themselves in these days? If so, then perish the blue frock! Let it dye; and its resurrection be as the morning glories, or as Joseph's many-coloured garment! In France, where the blue frock rules, and has ruled most rigidly in the convents, and where the immense majority of the girls are convent-bred, the women certainly have the name of being frivolous; but they have also the name of dressing more tastefully and more suitably than the middle-class Protestant Englishwoman whose unshackled spirit has never been held down beneath sad garments.

If in the interests of true taste the school uniform be condemned and deposed, it is only natural to conclude that other uniforms must fall with it. Those of the various orders of monks and nuns have long been scoffed at as not only ugly but obsolete. Are those worn by the dignitaries of the Universities beautiful, and in accordance with the modes

age and spirit must be doffed in our great seats of culture. When the Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge and 'Trinity College, Dublin,' stand up to lecture in all the gay simplicity of knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets, zebra stockings, and waterfall ties, æsthetics, as applied to personal adornment, must become a more recognised and universally honoured branch of science; then we may perhaps hope for that philosophy of clothes, our curious lack of which was pointed out so many years ago. A Fellow clothed as in imagination we have clothed him (lecturing, it might be, on *Sartor Resartus*) is as yet but a beautiful dream. Changes of this sort are not brought about in a day. Meanwhile, the Irish 'young lady of the Catholic faith,' who 'is, as a rule, to be distinguished from one end of the street to the other by her gaudy ill-chosen and extravagant manner of dressing' (all of which are attributed to the convent uniform), must not lose heart, since the same writer generously concedes she comes out of her convent 'conscientious and religious, refined and pure-minded.' And, after all, these qualities at the outset of life are of more importance to a girl than the art of wearing clothes wisely and well.

The defence of the convent uniform is that it precludes the possibility of daughters of Eve dressing at one another, and tends not a little to promote that perfect equality and sisterhood which the Irish nuns aim—and aim successfully—at maintaining among their pupils. In many of the Irish convents there can be said to be very little 'mixture'—nearly all the pupils belonging to the small farming and small shop-keeping classes; whilst in others there is a good sprinkling of young ladies whose parents stand much higher in the social scale. But in this latter class the parents,

or French convents, where, if they make what these superior people call 'vulgar acquaintances,' they hardly ever come across them again in after-life. Indeed, to meet the taste of families so very genteel, a beautiful convent-school was actually started some years ago in Ireland (not by Irish nuns, though), to which no young person could gain admittance whose parents sold anything—at least, sold it in a shop, or even in a house of business, which is apparently a much more elegant thing than a shop. Such excessive gentility, however, did not pay—if one might be pardoned a coarse expression. The spacious schools, and dormitories, and lavatories remained almost empty. The buildings and fitting up had cost the nuns a heap of money. What was to be done? Open to the trades! Had matters really come to such a pass? Truly, they had. So the poor distracted mother abbess, when she saw her cherished scheme all gone to ground, cried out in her extremity, like that other dear lady whose little scholastic experiment had rather fallen through too—

Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one,  
but all.

And it is salutary to learn the latter state of that school has been more flourishing than the first. But this is something of a digression.

In spite of this Republican equality in dress, the convents are, no doubt, in one sense, intensely conservative. There is no chance of their attempting to advance with anything like such rapid strides as the Protestant schools have lately been essaying. They are sure not to set up schools of cookery and housekeeping as long as they can stave it off, and possibly their hesitation to adopt new schemes which must necessarily entail enor-

ill-judged. It must be owned that a long time may elapse before they become alive to the necessity of introducing really good teaching in the intellectual departments, or, indeed, before they come to understand what good teaching really is.

Looking over the record of that schoolday of long ago, a few omissions strike the memory; one is the reading-lesson. During the morning study hours, we each in rotation went over to the desk of the nun who happened to be on duty, and read aloud to her until she said, 'That will do, my dear.' Upon which, 'my dear' made a curtsey and returned to her place, to be succeeded by the next damsel, and the next, and the next. Some of the nuns were very particular, and gave themselves and us a good deal of trouble over the reading-lesson; others quietly did their knitting or their needlework, and let us rattle on as if they considered the business a mere matter of form—save for a few of the little children whom they conscientiously taught.

Another is night-prayer and lecture, which came in most awkwardly in the middle of the evening study. We each read the lecture, night by night, in turn, down to the very smallest child; prayer and lecture, altogether, occupied about twenty minutes.

On Saturdays, school was over an hour earlier than on other days, in order that we might repair to the dressing-room, have our hair brushed and washed by the nuns, take up and put neatly by our clothes from the wash, let our own especial nun (each one had a nun told off to keep watch and ward over her *roba*) see that our 'things' were tidy and in order, and that anything which might require mending was taken down to be mended by that day week. If nothing in a girl's possession required mending, then she

other sort of work she liked. Just before Christmas, we always made suits of clothes for poor children.

There was an institution in the school called 'Diligence.' 'Diligence,' during her week of office (which came round to each of the big girls in turn, like the calling in the morning), had to see that everything in the schools was tidy and in its place, and that nobody left book, pen, map, gloves, veil, handkerchief, or anything else, about. Whoever erred from this path of order, her sin fell upon 'Diligence's' unhappy head.

Pension varies with locality, accommodation, &c. &c. Some convents cannot take pupils as cheaply as others can, because the communities' outlay for ground and building have been so much greater and so much more recent. Every new foundation must pay its own way, and gets no pecuniary aid from the sister establishments; so that it often happens, in the older and plainer houses, the pension will be much lower than in the new and beautiful ones, and the extras almost *nil*.

Perhaps a notice of convent school-life is incomplete without some mention of the Blue-ribbons—technically the 'Eufants de Marie.' If we mistake not, the Order exists in every convent. The Blue-ribbons are the salt of the school; they are to show an example of perfect conduct. *Noblesse oblige* is, if not the motto, at any rate the spirit of the Order; and the Blue-ribbons are, as a rule, certainly very steady and edifying—very *nice* girls—dignified, honourable, and amiable. They wear over their shoulders a broad blue ribbon to which is attached a silver medal bearing a representation of the Blessed Virgin. A girl must be almost faultless to be admitted into the Order; and it is our impression she is balloted for by the other Blue-ribbons, who hold a sort



vents; but of these mysteries we cannot speak (even if speaking were permitted, which perhaps it is not) from personal experience, never, unfortunately, having had a chance of being one of the band.

There is a minor Order, of Green-ribbons, connected with the Gnar-dian Angels, into which any pass-ably good girl may be admitted without much difficulty; but the Green-ribbons in school estimation are simply nowhere as compared with the Blue.

It will be seen that no attempt has been made in this little paper to defend the lesson-teaching of convent-schools; this teaching is, perhaps, as bad and as old-fashioned as can be. Nevertheless, consider-ing what these convents have done and are still doing in the almost total absence of higher schools for girls; considering — besides the reading and writing and mild piano-playing—the refinement, the lady-like manners and ideas, the con-

scientiousness and self-respect they have been for at least half a century disseminating more especially among the lower grade of the middle-class Irish, they deserve, we cannot help thinking, something more than a mere polite condemnation. The nuns have borne all the burden and heat of that long day, during which other mortals thought very little indeed of the necessity of teaching girls anything. And now, at the eleventh hour, when people are awakening to the importance of edu-cation, and when skilled labourers are coming one by one into the vine-  
yard, these very labourers will surely be the last to deny some measure of respect to those older and humbler ones who were so long before them in the field, and who in nowise grudge the late-comers their full penny of honour and applause.

All praise and gratitude to the new and better schools—when we get them, and can make use of them.

AN OLD CONVENT-GIRL.



## A CHINESE LOVE STORY.

IT was Leigh Hunt, the omnivorous and all-sympathetic reader of books, who, in England, discovered *The Two Fair Cousins*, and he lent his copy, much decorated, as usual, with marginal marks and remarks, to Mr. Carlyle. He also took warmly to the story and recommended it to John Sterling, who wrote (October 26, 1836), 'I sent for the *Chinese Cousins* as soon as I received your letter; but the answer was, that the book is out of print.' Afterwards he read it, and, says his biographer (Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, part ii. chap. iv.), 'loved it, as I had expected. Of which take this memorandum: "*Iu-Kiao-Li, ou les Deux Cousins*; translated by Remusat—well translated into English; also, from his version; and one of the notablist of Chinese books. A book, in fact, by a Chinese man of genius; most strangely but recognisably such—man of genius made on the dragon pattern!"'—a memorandum, by the way, which, whoever set it on paper, plainly bears the stamp of its origin.

These three men of letters, and probably a few other mortals scattered up and down, have agreed in thinking *Iu-Kiao-Li*, even in its English dress, a delightful production; but the majority of mankind and womankind who read books have, in common with the critics and publishers who advise and purvey for them, steadily ignored it. It was published in 1827 by Hunt and Clarke, York Street, Covent Garden—translator's name not given; Sterling reports it 'out of print' in 1836; and out of print it still remains, and is grown a rarity. It seems well, therefore, to offer the general reader the opportunity of making acquaintance with *The Two Fair Cousins* on easy terms—giving him the cream of the story. Much

the other hand, it must be confessed that no abridgment can give the exact effect of a minutely told narrative. We have compared the English translation here and there with the French one, from which it was taken, and corrected a few errors in the first-mentioned, and have also cleared up some obscurities.

Chinese literature includes a surprising number of tales, romances, and novels, social, moral, historical, many of them written before any of the modern European languages were even formed. Their favourite subjects are the social, which they treat with a natural development and quiet and easy detail, sometimes reminding an English reader of his native Richardson or Jane Austen; and of this kind is the novel called *Iu-Kiao-Li*, a picture of middle-class Chinese manners some centuries ago, by a man of intellect, humour, and cultivation, of whom we know as little (not his name even) as of hundreds of thousands of millions of the human race who have lived and died within the bounds of that vast empire since he wrote his book. A copy of it has for more than two hundred years formed a part of the Oriental collection in 'the King's Library' in Paris. He treats of small and everyday events. We hear incidentally of a prince prisoner in the hands of the Tartars, but war and politics are not handled; there are no strong passions or sensational events—the most emphatic external incident being an attack upon the hero by a footpad, who knocks him down and steals his horse. We are told of success or failure in those never-ending literary examinations on which all public promotion depends; of intrigues to secure favour or undermine a rival, whether in love or in

all but universal, and very easily pardoned even by the highest minded of the characters. We find the objects, motivee and inter-relations of people in various conditions and stages of life sagaciously indicated. The narrative gains a pleasant atmosphere from the innocent enjoyment of wine and poetry, of flowers and beautiful scenery, and the unfailing suavity of manners described; and both friendship and love are pictured with true delicacy and feeling. The outlines are distinct and simple, the development is unforced and, in its mild way, interesting, the 'local colouring' quiet and self-evidently truthful. The characters are clearly and sometimes subtly drawn, their motives always natural and intelligible: we become acquainted with the conscientious and high-minded ex-statesman Pe; the worldly but not unworthy man of public affairs, Doctor Gou; Yang, the old bore, who somewhat reminds us of Polonius; Tchong, the clever, roguish schemer, with much tact but shallow intellect; Sse Yeoute (we must beg the reader to get used as quickly as he may to these odd names; we are grown tolerably familiar with *Tea*—which, by-the-bye, our Irish friends more properly pronounce *Tay*)—Sse Yeoute, the rich young man of pleasure; and the hero of the book, Sse Yeoupe, frank, honest, constant, modest, sensible, shrewd and witty, and at the same time romantic and noble-minded, a poet and a true lover. Then there are the *two* heroines, Miss Pe and Miss Lo, distinguished from each other, but sweet and tender maidens both. They are 'The Two Fair Cousins;' and it is necessary here to avow that the leading incident of the novel is one that to a European mind and to a Chinese must appear in very different colours. It is, and has been in China, from time immemorial, per-

man to possess two wives with (if so agreed upon) exactly equal rights; and in this case the two cousins are at once so fond of Sse, and so much afraid of being separated from each other, that they resolve that, unless they can *both* marry that worthy, delightful young man, they will forswear matrimony for ever! Let us hear what Monsieur Remusat says: 'The union of three persons linked together by a happy conformity of taste, accomplishment, and disposition, forms in the eyes of the Chinese the highest earthly blessing, a sort of ideal happiness which Heaven reserves for its favorites as the reward of talent and of virtue. In Europe the aversion to polygamy is so great that I am not certain whether the practice would not be better endured than the theory. Among the Mahometans this Chinese custom will meet with greater indulgence; but the purely Platonic and intellectual notions of our hero will excite sympathy in neither case, and I fear that he will even be disliked for his very delicacy. A man sentimentally loving two women at once is a monster only to be found in the extremity of Asia. In the West two simultaneous passions cannot be endured; even when successively experienced, their admission into a romance is a point of some difficulty. Writing as a novelist, rather than a moralist or a philosopher, I may be allowed to dwell upon a few of the advantages which a writer may derive from the Chinese mode of thinking. In the first place, it is thereby easy to make every one happy at the end of the tale, without having recourse to the hopeless depressions and fatal consumptions which European scribes are obliged to have recourse to, in order to dispose of a supernumerary heroine whom our fastidious notions will allow neither to surmount nor survive a misplaced predilection. The Chinese process would have

of De Staël and to the *Clementina* of Richardson, and have saved much lively regret to the indecisive Oswald, and possibly also to the virtuous Grandison himself.'

This allowable, and even landable and admirable bigamy probably furnishes the true reason why our public and our publishers have been so sly of *The Two Fair Cousins*; yet, while far from desiring the introduction of Chinese ideas on this head, we think our readers may peruse with perfect safety to their morals the abstract of this curious old foreign novel which we now present to them. It is divided into chapters, each of which has a heading and one or more mottoes: for instance—

## CHAPTER I.

### A LEARNED YOUNG LADY COMPOSES VERSES IN PLACE OF HER FATHER.

The human heart is the great fountain from which our classic works are drawn. Their satires and invectives owe everything to the charms of style. The world is the great stage of one long drama, and our contentions make up the scenes thereof.

And thus the story begins (which we do not here divide into chapters).

It is related that, in the reign of *Universal Honesty*,<sup>1</sup> there was a learned man who filled a great post in the magistracy. His family name was Pe, his surname Hionan, and his name of rank Thaihionan. He was of the race of Kinling or Nanking, and lived at the time when the eunuch Wangtchin had in some measure usurped the imperial authority.<sup>2</sup> Po, unwilling to be a party to such an outrage, threw up his office and retired to his native country.

Pe had no brothers, but he had an only sister, who was younger than himself. She had been married to an officer named Lo, who carried

her into the distant province of Chantoung; so that Pe now felt himself lonely, since, though married, he had no children. He gave himself up to ease, and was moderate in his desires. Caring as little for fame as for emolument, he disliked society, and the only gratifications for which he showed any relish were those which wine and poetry afforded. Averse from the world and its business, he led a retired life in a village called Kinebi, about eighteen miles from the city. This village was protected on every side by verdant rising grounds, and from east to west it was traversed by a winding stream, whose banks were adorned with the willow and the peach-tree. Here were seen united, in happy effect, the beauties of water and mountain scenery.

The village consisted of about a thousand houses, but of those belonging to the higher order of inhabitants the mansion of Pe was beyond doubt the most considerable. Having discharged high offices, and being possessed of vast property, he enjoyed an excellent reputation as a literary as well as an official character. One thing only nearly concerned him; he had attained his *fortieth* year, and was without a son; not that he had refused to enrol amongst his household females of the second rank. He retained them five or six years, in the hope of having a family; and at the end of that time, his wishes being disappointed, he dismissed them. Strange enough, these women no sooner contracted new matrimonial engagements than at the termination of a year they blessed their husbands with issue. Pe with sighs resigned himself to what he thought the decree of Providence, and resolved to take no more wives from the second rank of females. His

<sup>1</sup> Viz. from 1436 to 1450. This is one of the titles which the Emperors of China give to the years of their reign, solely for the convenience of date, and without any



first wife, who belonged to the family of *Gou*, went about everywhere addressing prayers to the gods, offering adoration to the genii, burning perfumes, and tendering vows. In short, she had attained her forty-fourth year, when she brought forth a daughter. The night of her birth, Pe thought he beheld, during a dream, a divine personage, who presented him with a portion of jasper of the deepest red, and brilliant as the sun. It was on this account he gave to his daughter the name of *Houngiu*.

Though Pe and his wife were mortified that at their time of life they should be destitute of male issue, yet the birth of a daughter filled them with joy. Nature had endowed this infant with extraordinary beauty; her eyebrows resembled the autumn willow leaf, and her eyes were like the crystal of the autumnal fountains. But she was more happily gifted with the qualities of the mind. She was but eleven years old when she lost her mother, and from the period of that event she accustomed herself to repair to her father every day for the purpose of study and to learn to read the characters. One might almost imagine that she was formed of the pure atmosphere of the mountains and rivers, for nowhere could one believe that her equal was to be found. She had scarcely arrived at her fourteenth or fifteenth year when she was already thoroughly conversant with books, and was even enabled to compose some herself. We have said that the only pleasures which Pe enjoyed were derived from wine and poetry. He every day amused himself with writing verses. *Houngiu* thus acquired the art of versification, and very soon excelled in it. The father composed at his leisure some poetical piece, and then caused his daughter to write some verses to the same rhymes. He then taught her to

ing out the faults, and instructing her in the means of improving it. Blessed with such a daughter, it is easy to believe that Pe no longer felt the want of a son. All that he now wished for was a husband in exterior and in merit worthy of such a damsel; and that was a description of person not easily to be met with. But time passed on: the young lady attained her sixteenth year, and was not yet betrothed. In the mean time the defeat of *Thoumou* took place; the emperor who reigned under the title of *Universal Honesty* was led captive to the north; and the prince, his successor, gave to his reign the name of *Supreme Splendour*. *Wang-tchin* received the punishment due to his crimes, the ancient magistrates were recalled, and Pe, who was of their number, was made, by a decree of the supreme court of magistrates, master of ceremonies of the first class.

The commission was despatched without delay, and the news arrived at Nanking. At the first blush, Pe felt disinclined to return to public business, but then his wish to establish his daughter suggested other reflections.

He chose a lucky day, and set out for the capital. His post was almost a sinecure, and every day, when public business was done, Pe indulged in his favourite recreation of drinking and making verses.

At the termination of a few months he had formed a society of friends like himself, who loved wine and poetry; and they amused themselves together in commemorating the beauties of willows and flowers. It was about the middle of the ninth moon that one of Pe's dependants sent him twelve pots of odoriferous queen marguerites. He had them placed at the foot of the staircase leading to his library. In the same place were disposed rose trees and amaranths. All the vases

scent of the flowers embalmed the air to a great distance: their leaves, wreathing about the trellis-works and banisters, disclosed at equal distances twelve golden heads. Pe contemplated the scene with extreme pleasure, and came daily to repeat the gratification. One day, being here, and earnestly bent on the composition of verses, he received the announcement of a visit from two of his intimate friends, Dr. Gon, of the Imperial Academy (his late wife's brother), and Inspector-General Sse. 'Gentlemen,' exclaimed Pe, the moment he saw them, 'here are so many queen marguerites blown these two days; how is it you have never come to see them?'

The three friends sat enjoying the flowers and drinking little cups, each holding about a spoonful of warm wine, talking pleasantly of various things, among the rest of 'that tedious creature Yang.' Their discourse, which was continued with the utmost confidence and harmony, soon became animated, and the fancy struck them to begin and compose verses. Pe ordered his servants to bring brushes and ink; and seating himself near Gon and Sse, they proposed each to write verses on the queen marguerites which they had so much admired.

They still held the brushes in their hands, when a servant hastily entered and informed his master that seigneur Yang, the inspector-general, had just arrived. This news was not at all welcome to the three friends; and Pe, abusing his servant, said, 'Stupid thing! did you not know that I was engaged with seigneurs Gon and Sse? You should have told him that I was not at home.' 'Sir,' replied the servant, 'I told him you had gone out to make some visits; but seigneur Yang's servant told me that

he had come to take some refreshment here. This is the reason he is come to look for him. Besides, there are the chairs of the two gentlemen at the door; so that my answer was needless.' Pe was still meditating, when another servant hastened to tell him that Yang had absolutely entered the house, and was coming upstairs. Pe was then obliged to get up, and without altering either cap or girdle, and being loosely dressed, went out to meet him.

Yang, who was one of the inspectors-general of the empire, had been a chum of Pe's, and brought up with him; but he was a person of commonplace and disagreeable conversation, affable and insinuating in exterior, but really grasping and jealous. His intriguing and officious disposition had provoked against him a number of enemies. As soon as he entered the apartment and saw Pe he exclaimed, 'Seigneur, excellent man!—all friends, gentlemen!—so, having these exquisite flowers at home, you ask Gon and Sse to come and see you, and never say a word to me, as if I were not your old school-fellow.' 'I should have been very happy to invite you,' answered Pe; 'but I really thought that press of important business would have prevented you. Besides, it is only a little friendly meeting, brought about by a similarity of taste in the party. It is quite a chance that Sse and my relation Gon should have come here together to-night, for no invitation had been given them.' Upon Pe's request, Yang laid aside his outward garments, made his reverence, and without waiting for tea went into the library. The moment Gon and Sse saw him come in, they were constrained to rise and approach him, both addressing him at the same time. 'Seigneur Yang, to what blessed inspiration are we in-

given with plenty of quiet humour. Yang, who is a stupid and troublesome bore, at last gives serious offence to Pe, who therefore declines his part in the proposed rivalry of verse-making. Yang insists that Pe must drink by way of fine, and Po at last, to avoid quarrelling with his guest, pretends to be tipsy or unwell, and retires for a little from the room.

Ever since Pe lost his wife, he had discarded all females of the second rank from his household. His domestic affairs, even those of the greatest importance, were entirely under the control of his daughter Houngiu; and he even frequently consulted her on matters of business. On the present occasion a servant went to apprise her of the dispute between her father and Yang with respect to the verses they were to have composed. When she heard all that had occurred, being mindful of the malignity of Yang, she dreaded that her father had been betrayed by his candour into the use of expressions which would bring him into serious trouble.

She sends the servant to find out the subject of composition, which is *the Queen Marguerite*, writes a poem thereupon, and sends it quickly back to her father, with a note. He rejoins his guests; the several poems are produced, and the verses read by Pe astonish everyone by their perfection. By-and-by, Po confesses that they have been written by his daughter. That young lady becomes the topic of conversation, and the chances are discussed of finding a man of sufficient merit to be her husband.

Drinking, and conversing on the verses they so much admired, made the time pass agreeably until the lighting of the lantern; and the three guests then returned to their respective homes.

Now old Inspector-General Yang had a son named Yang Fang, twenty years old, not disagreeable in looks,

but with a small share of literary accomplishments, and Yang thought Miss Pe would be a capital match for his son. But he did not well see how to set about the matter.

One day, as he was returning home from visiting, he perceived, as he approached the door of his house, a man attired in blue, with a letter in his hand; this person fell on his knees in the street, and presented the letter to him: 'Here,' said he, 'is a letter that Mr. Wang, of the province of Tchekiang, has addressed to your lordship.' This letter was to introduce to Yang a certain Liao-teming: 'My countryman and friend; he is a learned man, and a true mirror of polite knowledge. He is, besides, a very good astrologer, and has made excellent predictions under various circumstances; I entertain a particular esteem for him; he is now about to make a journey to the capital, and I take the liberty of recommending him to you. He can be of service to you in everything concerning the art of divination. If you would condescend to cast an eye on him,' &c. Soon after Mr. Liao made his appearance. He had on a square cap, and affected the deportment of a man of letters; but there was something rustic in his attire. He might have been taken for a hermit issuing from his cell. His beard and mustaches were short, but thick and disordered; his eyes, wild and starting, almost resembled a pair of bounding balls; in making his salutation he advanced his body and precipitately drew back again, without grace, but with an air of profound humility. When he commenced speaking he turned his head one way, and his eyes were directed in another. You saw a covetous disposition painted in his very face. He pretended to be an astrologer, but in fact his real character was that of a parasite.

Tea is brought, and in the course of their talk Yang finds that Liao

has also a letter of introduction to Pe, and resolves to try and make use of the astrologer to bring about a match between his son and Miss Pe. He gets Liao to cast Yang Fang's horoscope, and gradually explains his wishes—'if there were some mutual friend who would undertake to describe the merits and accomplishments of my son, &c.' To which Liao replies (nothing can be more delicately polite than the habitual tone of conversation), 'I fear that what I should say could make no impression; but if,' &c. 'You are infinitely obliging: I could not have had the presumption to ask you.' 'To offer a son-in-law of so much merit to Pe is, I conceive, doing him a very great piece of service.' Liao accordingly calls next day on Pe with his letter of introduction, pretends to be struck with the deepest awe and admiration at Pe's personal appearance, and soon finds an opportunity of bringing on the subject of young Yang Fang's transcendent merits.

All this is given with a quick, genial humour, naturally bubbling up out of the current of the narrative, like air bells in a clear river.

Pe listens warily, but with some interest, to these praises of Yang's son; then consults his friend Dr. Gon; and Dr. Gou plans a little dinner party—Pe, Yang, Yang Fang, and himself—so that they may judge quietly and form their own opinions of the young man. After dinner, the amusement of verse-making is proposed, and poor Yang Fang, who is a good-natured but very dull-witted youth, makes all sorts of excuses to escape from joining in the competition, but he is obliged to take a part, and by dint of prompting from his father manages to escape without absolute disgrace, and even stumbles upon a phrase which Pe construes into a happy allusion to love. But before the

exposes his ignorance; and when father and son have taken their leave, Gon and Pe have no trouble in agreeing that Yang Fang is *not the right young man*. The Yangs, however, think that all has so far gone pretty well, and old Yang resolves to send a more intimate mutual friend to Pe, in order to carry the business further. The friend fulfils his mission, and quickly finds it to be of no use, at which old Yang is naturally furious.

Now just at this moment it so befell that Yang was summoned to attend a meeting of the Chamber of Inspectors-General on special business—to name an official to go on a mission to Tartary, where the emperor's brother was in captivity. It would be a fatiguing and dangerous duty, and it was hard to find a man of sufficient rank who would not regard the appointment as a punishment. Yang thought to himself—'Let me try and get Pe nominated; if he goes into Tartary his daughter must stay behind, and perhaps rather than leave his daughter unprotected he will be glad of a renewal of my proposal. In any case, I shall be glad to get rid of the old wretch!' Having come to this resolution, Yang drew up a note, in which he represented that the master of the ceremonies, Pe Hiouan, was an officer to whom age had brought experience; that he was a man of distinguished talent and tried courage; that, if he were selected to undertake the mission to the captive prince, he would do honour to the trust; and finally, it was requested, if not better advised, that the emperor would be so good as to confer the appointment upon him. Yang deposited, secretly, this note in the chamber of inspectors; and as very great difficulty was felt in discovering a proper person hitherto, the proposition was received with the greatest satisfaction.



grief and vexation. His friends counsel him to feign illness; but, recovering self-possession, he resolves to do his duty to his emperor and country, and starts on his distant journey, after taking a most affectionate leave of his daughter Houngiu, whom he has placed under the trusty guardianship of her uncle, Dr. Gou. He had at first thought of sending her to the south, to her Aunt Lo, but the distance and other considerations prevented that arrangement.

That Houngiu might be more secure from the importunities of Yang, she was convoyed from her own house to her uncle's at night, in a sedan-chair, and Dr. Gou, having obtained leave of absence from the Academy, and a passport, chose a lucky day, and, sending his household before him, quietly quitted the capital for a time. By easy journeys they safely arrived, in less than a month, at his place at Nanking.

Dr. Gou had himself a daughter, whose name was Wouyan. She had attained her seventeenth year, and was of course one year the senior of her cousin Houngiu. Although she had been betrothed, she had not yet left her father's house; and for the daughter of so distinguished a person her merit was not of a superior order. Gou, who was wholly bent on the fulfilment of his trust, began to be uneasy lest Yang should still carry on his enquiries. He proposed that Houngin should assume the name of Woukiao, and pass as her younger sister.

Winter passed and spring came, Dr. Gou all the time looking round him in the hope of discovering a suitable husband for his fair niece, but so far in vain. One day several magistrates from Nanking made a party together to the temple of the *Valley of Immortals*, to see the plum-trees in blossom. This was a favourite pastime of the inhabitants of Nan-

planted on either side with plum-trees, some with white blossoms, others with red, and the air was impregnated with the strong perfume which they yielded. Within the temple, the close alleys were beginning to put on leaves and flowers, and every spring the walks were crowded with poets. On the occasion just mentioned, Gou formed one of the party. They first proceeded to the interior of the temple, to admire the flowers, which were in abundance. Doctor Gou and the other magistrates of the party spent much of the day in drinking and recreation. When the wine had made them somewhat gay they ordered the cloth away, and, leaving the table, went each in different directions, to vary their amusements. Gou stopped to read the verses which were attached to two panels on the wall. Here might be seen pieces taken from old poets of celebrity, as well as the compositions of modern poets. Gou ran through them all, and thought that he observed in none of them any striking indication of genius; but in passing into a neighbouring gallery he perceived on a wall a piece of verse as lightly traced as if it had been written by a flying dragon. He approached, and read as follows:

'With his body at ease and his mind tranquil, moderate in his wishes, the poet filled this gallery with the fruits of his fancy. The scent of the flowers delighted and betrayed away my soul. No language can impart the illusion which they have breathed over me. Their whiteness awakens a thousand vague thoughts. The faint light of the moon makes me think of marriage. This moment methinks I behold a troop of damsels before my eyes. My mistress is the blossom of the peach-trees, and her companions the branches of the willow.

'By Sea Yeoune of Nanking.'

over, and in a transport of admiration exclaimed, 'What beautiful verses! What purity and elegance! They are in the style of Poothsankinn and the poet of Jukhai.' He observed that the traces of ink were not yet dry, which led him to say, 'This must be some modern author, and certainly he is a man of no ordinary talent.' Ho impressed the name of Sse Yeonpe on his memory; and whilst he was yet undecided what course to take, one of the community from a monastery came to offer him tea. Gon, showing him the verses, asked him if he knew whose they were. 'There was a party of young men here just now, drinking,' answered the other; 'and I have no doubt they wrote them.'

Gou sought for the young men, but failed to find them, and set out on his return to the city. He made the porters draw back the curtains of his sedan, in order to enjoy the beauty of the evening, and to lose none of the scent breathed from the blossom of the trees which lined the road. He had not proceeded above half-a-mile when he beheld, on the side of the way, in a bower formed by plum-trees, a scarlet carpet spread with wine vessels, and a party of young men, seated, enjoying the sight of flowers and playing music. Gou, suspecting that Sse Yeoupe was amongst the party, stopped his chair; he got out, as if to admire the flowers, and, without being perceived, observed the company. There were five or six young men in all, from twenty to thirty years of age. He saw nothing particularly pleasing in their appearance; they were just such persons as one meets with every day. There was, however, one amongst them distinguished from the rest: his cap and clothes were simple, but he was as beautiful as the jasper in a crowd, and brilliant

as a ruby. He seemed to have been formed of the air of the mountains and the rivers. His mind, like a glittering ornament, was worthy of his features. Everything about him bespoke a man of genuine merit.

'If that ho Sse Yeonpe,' said Gon, after having looked at him for a short time, 'he is a man distinguished by appearance as he is by intellect, and therefore the best husband a father can give his daughter.' Gou charged a confidential servant to make enquiries, found that this was really Sse Yeoupe, and next day received further information: 'He is a student of the city college, and has lost his father and mother; he has but little fortune, and is yet unmarried; his family is not inscribed on the rolls of the city of Nanking, and he has neither relation nor connection here.' Gon's satisfaction was now complete. 'Since this young man,' said he to himself, 'is poor and unmarried, the affair is accomplished at once. He is without relations. I have full authority from Pe; there can be no impediment to it. His exterior is good; he has a ready talent for poetry; but still we do not know in what stage of his studies he may be at present. If he addicts himself only to composing poetry and to drinking,<sup>3</sup> and if he neglects his own advancement, he can do no good. It would turn out then that he was only one of those enthusiasts who can find nothing better to do than spend their time in the solitude of the mountains: he would certainly not turn out to be the treasure which we are seeking.' He then again called his servant. 'You must,' said he, 'go once more to the college; find out if Mr. Sse is known there as a man possessed of talent, and if he has obtained any distinguished rank at the examinations.' The servant returned with a favour-

able report, but the lists were not yet out. Ten days after, the list of the city college was brought, and the name of Sse Yeoupe stood first. This circumstance filled Gou's heart with joy. 'What a happiness,' said he; 'what a blessing that there should be amongst the young men of the day one of such pre-eminent merit! This is the one that appears destined by fate for this marriage.'

He immediately sent for an old woman, who was by profession a go-between for making marriages; when she came, he informed her of his intentions. 'I have,' said he, 'a daughter named Wonkiao, who has nearly attained her seventeenth year. You must take on you the charge of bringing about her marriage.' 'Will you have the goodness to tell me who is the great gentleman to whom I am to make your lordship's proposals?' 'He is no great gentleman,' replied Gou; 'but a simple student of our city college; his name is Sse; he lives in Black Clothes Lane; he has recently gained the first place at the examination.' 'I have heard,' replied the old dame, 'that a few days ago the president Tchang had made propositions of an alliance to you, and that you did not accept them.' 'I do not care much about riches or honours,' said Dr. Gou. 'I wish to have for my son-in-law a man of talent; this young Sse is gifted with all the advantages of mind and figure, and that is my reason for giving him a preference.' 'Your lordship is perfectly right,' replied the old dame; 'I shall be there in a moment, and settle the matter with a word; but you must allow me to go into your house and see the young lady.' 'Nothing is more fair,' said Gou; and he desired a servant to conduct her into the inner apartments. After an interview with Mrs. Gou and Miss

Pe, in which the business in hand was frankly discussed, the old woman went direct to the lodgings of young Sse, found him at home, and lost no time in unfolding her object, asseverating that, for beauty, there could not be found either in that city or in the whole empire a young lady so accomplished in every respect as Dr. Gou's daughter. 'Do not, sir, suppose me capable of deceiving you; but if you think that you are misinformed on the subject, you have only to make the necessary enquiries yourself.'

Sse Yeoupe began to laugh. 'My good mother,' said he, 'I understand you very well, yet I cannot place entire confidence in all you have said. But cannot I judge for myself? I shall then be perfectly satisfied.'

'This is some of your fun, Mr. Sso! How can you think that a young lady, the daughter of a magistrate of distinction, would let herself be seen by a man?'

'Well, then, my good mother, if that is not possible, you may go back to her again,' replied Sse Yeoupe.

'Half my life have I followed the business of a go-between, and never did I meet with anything so strange!' exclaimed the old woman.

Finding Sse will go no further, intent on judging for himself of the young lady's looks, she at last tells him of a lane by Dr. Gou's garden, whence he may be able to catch sight of the fair one (whom both believe to be the daughter of the Doctor), as she often stands on the roof of a certain pavilion commanding a delightful view of the city and suburbs, and of the groves of peach trees, now in full bloom.

Next morning Sse repaired to the lane. It was too early, and he saw nobody; but in the afternoon he was more fortunate. He heard a

woman's voice—'My lady, come quickly, and look at these swallows.' Her young mistress advanced hastily and looked out of the window. As the swallows skimmed from one side to the other, it gave Sse Yeoupe an opportunity of minutely seeing her person. Her head-dress was ornamented with pearls and the feathers of the kingfisher; she was clothed in a robe of white satin; her figure was regular and elegant; and although she might be said to possess the grace and attractions of a virgin, still there was nothing remarkable about her, and neither her features, her eyes, nor eyebrows appeared capable of expression. An assumed air of modesty was observable on her countenance; her lips and cheeks were covered with paint; in short, everything about her was artificial.

Now this young lady was not Woukiao; it was Wouyan, Dr. Gou's own daughter; yet how was Sse Yeoupe to know the mistake? He had only heard of one daughter. Before he saw her his heart was in a state of agitation; but the moment he beheld her he was utterly confounded. 'I was very right,' said he to himself, 'to insist on a sight of her. Had I given credit to the reports of that old creature, what would have become of me on this occasion, where the happiness of the remainder of my life was concerned?'

The old woman returns to ask Sse if he has seen the young lady, and what he thinks of her. Sse, afraid of offending a man of Dr. Gou's importance, dissembles in Chinese fashion; says he has changed his mind; thinks it better not to go prying about Dr. Gou's garden wall; the connection is far too high for a humble individual like himself; in short, makes various excuses, and, in spite of the old woman's expostulations, declines

of her failure to the Gou family, and begs permission to 'introduce the name of another party'—the son of Governor Wang—a much more desirable match. But Dr. Gou thinks she has blundered in her negotiation with Sse, and sending to the college for a young man named Lieouintching, who is under some obligation to him, and who is acquainted with Sse, takes him into confidence, and requests his good offices. Lieouintching promises to sound Sse, and Dr. Gou in return gives him to understand that the first time he has an opportunity he will explain to his lordship, the inspector Li, that Lieouintching is a remarkably deserving young man, who ought to have a good place in the examination lists. Mr. L. (his name is really too long) argues with Sse, and points out what an excellent match Miss Gou will be, but Sse remains firm. 'Of all human affairs,' said Sse Yeoupe, 'the first and most important is matrimony. For if real talent and exterior qualities are not combined, it is in reality but a state of slavery to which one is condemned for the remainder of his life. Ought one then lightly to undertake such an engagement?' Mr. L. was at last obliged to take leave, and went to give an account of his proceedings to Gou.

When the latter was informed that Sse Yeoupe obstinately refused his proposal, he flew into a rage, and vented his passion in invectives. 'What! does this insignificant animal give himself such airs? Because he has obtained the first place at the examination he thinks he can act in this unbecoming manner, contrary to all the laws of politeness! Well, we shall see if this rank of *bachelor*, on which he prides himself so much, is a thing that will terminate so advantageously as he imagines.'



miner, and, after having informed him of what had happened, he begged him to dismiss Sse Yeonpe from the eminent place which had been given to him at the last examination. The examiner communicated with the principal of the college, who sent for Sse Yeonpe, and recommended him to accept Dr. Gon's proposal of marriage to his daughter. 'Otherwise I fear, my young friend, that something unfavourable to your promotion will happen.' Sse Yeonpe began to smile. 'What promotion do you mean? Is it this green collar?' 'It is not surely for such a consideration that I would engage in an affair so serious that its consequences are to spread themselves over the rest of my life! All I can do in this matter is to submit to the examiner's decision;' and in saying these words he rose, took his leave, and left the apartment.

The principal, seeing the matter thus ended, went and told the examiner what had occurred. The latter was much chagrined, and said to himself, 'Since this young man is of so intractable a character, I must take from him his present rank. Notwithstanding this, he is a young man of great promise, and it is with regret that I am thus obliged to act towards him.'

The examiner does actually erase Sse's name from the list as 'a person of intractable and obstinate character, over confident, vain, proud, and uncivil.' This notice excites great agitation among the students, and a number of them call upon Sse; but he treats the matter with indifference. 'If the bachelor's cap is to go, I don't know that my ears will look the worse for it!'

Dr. Gon, though very angry at first with the young student, determined to have him reinstated in a few days, but in the meantime he

received notice of his own promotion in the Imperial Academy, and a summons to the capital. The same gazette which made this public announced the return of his relative Pe from his successful mission to Tartary, and promotion to a membership on the Board of Public Works. By another paragraph it appeared that Yang, through length of service, had risen to the rank of minister of the second class.

Dr. Gon forgot Sse for the time, and made arrangements to meet his brother-in-law Pe, who arrived safely at Nanking, and was most warmly received by all, and chiefly by his dear daughter.

By-and-by, Pe was informed as to Sse Yeonpe and all that had happened. He was surprised to hear of his refusal of marriage, but added: 'His firmness only makes him more respectable in my eyes. Men of genius have each their own mode of viewing a matter, and they ought not to be harsh with each other. You should not let to-morrow pass, brother, without applying to the examiner Li for the purpose of having this young man restored to the rank of which he was deprived.' 'Nothing is easier than to replace him on the list,' observed Gon.

After three days, Pe took his departure, with his daughter Houngin, for Kinchi. Gon made preparations to set out for the capital.

Meanwhile Sse Yeonpe occupied himself at home in drinking and making verses. He was not either desirous of fame on the one hand, or dejected by poverty on the other; but when he contemplated some scene of natural beauty, his mind was excited to a painful sense of the loneliness of his situation, and by degrees he relapsed into a fit of melancholy. He had frequently been spoken to on the subject of marriage; but he had now made up his mind that an object worthy of

his love could not be found in the city.

One day, in the height of spring, Sse Yeoupe proposed to take a solitary walk; and just as he was leaving his own door for the purpose, his attention was drawn towards several persons, who were dressed in blue, with immense caps, and mounted on post-horses. As they advanced up the street, one of them enquired of a passenger in which house Mr. Sse lived. 'There,' said the person spoken to; 'and that is Mr. Sse himself.'

They were messengers from his uncle, Inspector-General Sse, bearing a letter in which the latter, being childless, proposed to adopt him as his son. The Inspector-General was on his way to court from a visitation of his province, and was at that moment in his vessel on the river about fifteen miles distant, and begged of his nephew to come to him without delay.

Young Sse, just in the mood for a change, tells the messengers to return to his uncle and say he is coming after them, packs up, mounts a good horse which they left for his use, and with one servant sets out for the river.

It was now the middle of spring. The genial mildness of the atmosphere and the beautiful appearance of the blossoms did not prevent Sse Yeoupe from indulging in many reflections. 'Well,' said he, 'I was not long about giving the go-by to Gou's family, at all events; and had I fallen in with their proposals, then farewell forever to that charming unknown object on whom my heart is set. If I should discover thee, thou darling object of my hopes, in the capital, my happiness is sealed forever; if not, I shall be always miserable. If my search for thee, amidst the society of Peking, be disappointed, then I shall leave

of the horizon. Thee I must possess, at whatever price; and then only shall I give up the pursuit, when success shall have crowned my labours.' Sse Yeoupe was too intently engaged with these thoughts to perceive that he had arrived at a spot where several roads met, until an interruption of rather an unpleasant nature brought him to his recollection. On a sudden, a man stood before the traveller, and surveying him wildly, exclaimed, 'Yes, yes, 'tis he!' and, seizing the reins, bade the rider stop. Sse Yeoupe, as soon as the first emotions of surprise were over, examined the person of the stranger. His hat was torn and placed awry upon his head; his waistcoat reduced almost to shreds; and the old pair of breeches which he wore was covered with dirt. The perspiration rolled down his face, as if it had been drenched in rain. 'Who are you?' enquired Sse Yeoupe, somewhat alarmed; 'and why do you stop my horse?'

This episodic incident is exactly in the taste of our novels of the last century. The man tells him that his wife has been carried away by villains; he consulted 'a doctor, skilled in the art of magic prayers,' who told him to travel to the north-east for ten miles, and 'there I should meet a young lord in a coat of yellow-willow colour, mounted on a speckled horse; that I should stop him, and ask the whip which he held in his hand; and that forthwith I should find my wife.' After a long altercation, Sse good-naturedly agrees to give him his whip, if the other will furnish him with a wand to touch up his horse with. The man goes into the copse to break a straight willow branch, sees the ruins of a little temple, hears a cry of distress, and, in short, finds his wife there, and the ruffians run away. Sse is much astonished, and asks the name of this wonderful

Yang Ko; but he carries a paper in his hand, with the words "Sai-Chin-Sian" written upon it: he is usually called "Sai-Chin-Sian," or the *Hermit of Gratitude*. Sse pursues his journey, but reflects that this sage might tell him something important as to his own destiny, and at last turns his horse in the direction of Keouyoung, the abode of the Hermit of Gratitude—a course on the part of this young gentleman that subsequently gave birth, as will be seen, to a number of events.

Night falls, and Sse finds lodging in a temple, where Tsingiu, one of the religious inmates, has an interesting conversation with him. The honso of prayer was founded some eighteen years before by a magistrate of Kinchi, of the name of Pe. 'The fact was,' Tsingiu said, 'that Pe had no male issue, and as both himself and his wife were very religious and devout to Buddha, he built this temple, and dedicated it to *Kouanyin of the white garment*, in the hope of having a son. He has purchased, in addition, tracts of lands, and laid out here a couple of thousand ounces of gold.'

'And did he succeed in obtaining a son?' asked Sse Yeonpe.

'No, he had no son; but he built this temple one year, and the following one he had a daughter.'

'A daughter, indeed!' cried Sse Yeonpe, laughing. 'Why, if he had ten daughters born to him, instead of one, they would not be worth one boy.'

'You must not talk in that way, young master,' said Tsingiu. 'Ten boys are nothing compared to such a daughter as Pe's.'

'How is that?' said Sse Yeonpe.

'This damsel,' answered the religious, 'possesses a degree of beauty that is capable of charming the fishes out of the sea, and drawing down the very cranes from the heavens.

she is well read in ancient and modern history; and she is very generally and thoroughly informed. She writes verses, songs, odes, in a superior style to all the ancient poets; and Pe submits to her judgment most of his compositions. Find me out, if you can, any young gentleman worthy to be compared with her.'

Sse Yeonpe was quite enchanted with this description, and his whole frame became agitated with the emotions which it produced in mind. 'Pray, tell me,' said he eagerly, 'is this young lady married?'

This fair perfection is, of course, no other than our friend Houngiu. Sse further learns that no other suitor than a man of high literary genius has any chance of winning her hand.

The young man's thoughts were entirely engrossed by what he had just been listening to, and he burned with curiosity to behold this beautiful learned young lady. His fancy was so engaged with the subject that, instead of going to sleep, he tossed himself about in bed; and finding that he could not close an eye, he determined fairly to get up and dress himself. He went towards the window and looked out. The moon was now shining in mid-heaven, with an effulgence equal almost to that of day. Sse Yeonpe passed out through the door of the monastery. The brilliancy of the moon, and the state of abstraction in which he had been involved, prevented the wanderer from perceiving that he had now passed through a grove of cypress trees, and that he was the distance of an arrow-shot from the convent; but he was suddenly recalled to himself by the sound of voices. He proceeded forward, and went up to a pavilion, where, looking through the window, he saw two men occupied in

to the other, 'I am afraid, Tohang, that you are at a loss for a rhyme to the word "branch."'

The two friends, named Tchang and Wang, accidentally discovering Sse Yeonpe, invited him to join them. In the conversation that ensued, Sse (who, with the usual caution of his nation, gave his name as Liansian) found that the original piece, the rhymes of which they were bound to adopt, was composed by a young lady, the daughter of a man of rank residing in the neighbourhood. She had made a vow to marry no one but a poet of distinguished talents; and therefore these two young men were trying hard to write something on the same subject (the new-huddled Willows) and with the same rhymes as she had lately used in writing an elegant little poem; and thus to be admitted as suitors for her hand. They showed Sse her poem, which he found to be perfection; and that the poetess was in fact no other than Miss Pe, whose praises he had already been hearing from the man at the convent. Much excited, Sse wrote off at a heat a poem with the same subject and rhymes, so excellent as to cause the greatest admiration in his two companions, which rose to a still higher pitch when the young stranger wrote with equal readiness a second still finer poem with the same subject and rhymes. They pressed him to stay the next day, and with them pay a visit at the house of the fair poetess, to which Sse most willingly consented.

Next morning Tchang repented of having, under the influence of wine and good fellowship, taken this clever stranger so far into his confidence, and went to consult his friend Wang thereupon; and they agreed that it was an unlucky promise of theirs to introduce Mr. Liansian to the house of Miss Pe, his poetry, which was to be sent in

than theirs. After discussing various schemes, they resolved on this: Tchang to transcribe one of the stranger's poems and put his own name on it; Wang, the other poem, and put his name on that; and Liansian's name to be written on Tchang's verses. Then Pe's tipsy old porter was to be seen beforehand, and bribed to declare his master 'not at home' when they all three called together, suppressing anything the stranger might leave with them, and sending in the three prepared poems.

All which was carried into effect, except that Wang gave way to Tchang, and allowed him to have the chance: so the poems of Tchang and Sse, with the writers' names counter-changed, were carried in to Governor Pe, who at the moment was sitting in his Pavilion of Rural Dreams, to enjoy the sight of flowers. Having read the two scrolls, he at once sent for his daughter. The young lady quickly obeyed her father's directions, and as she entered the pavilion he met her with a smiling air. 'What do you think, my child?' said he. 'I have to-day found out a husband worthy of you.' 'Who is he, and where have you met him?' were the eager enquiries of Honngin. 'A couple of young men have just left two compositions on the Spring Willows: the first of them is nonsense; the other shows the hand of a superior poet.' He then gave to his daughter the verses bearing the signature of Tchang. The young lady, having read the two stanzas, said that it certainly was a composition that betrayed an exquisite taste and genius. 'No one but a man of extraordinary talent,' said she, 'could have written it: but have you, my dear father, yet seen the author?' 'I have not seen him,' answered Pe; 'but, judging from the verses, he must be a person



more I consider them,' said she, 'the more I am convinced that the author must be a distinguished and accomplished person, a poet equal to Litaïpe himself. But his writing is very inferior; it is heavy and vulgar. It appears to me to betray different hands, and my only fear is that it is the transcript by a blockhead of some other person's composition. It is necessary that you should look carefully to this circumstance.'

'Very proper,' said Pe. 'I shall invite the author to-morrow to visit me, and try him upon some other subject. We shall then be able to discover the truth.'

'That is the surest way,' said Hounjin.

Tchang was accordingly invited to dinner. His personal appearance was disappointing, for he was corpulent and vulgar, and 'had anything but the air of a person who was capable of composing verses;' but Pe was reassured, when requesting Tchang, in the course of the evening, to write a second poem on the Willows with the same rhymes as before, Tchang (having committed to memory Sse's second effusion) put on paper with facility a still more eloquent composition than that which the porter had taken charge of.

Whilst the gentlemen were thus engaged, Hounjin, who had been apprised of her father's intention to invite this young gentleman, as well as that his purpose was to put his pretensions to the proof, employed a trusty young woman of her own to take an opportunity of making a sly observation in the parlour. The name of this confidential person was Yanson; she was brought up from her infancy in the service of Miss Pe; she was naturally shrewd and intelligent, and had just attained her fifteenth year. This shrewd lass

'Well, well,' said she peevishly, 'this good man is, to be sure, plain enough; his features are vulgar and disagreeable: how can he be worthy of you? Take care of him, Miss; that's all I say. . . . Take my word for it, Miss, there must be some knavery in this business.'

'What knavery can there be?' asked Hounjin. . . .

'Well, Miss, there's no accounting for people's thoughts sometimes: but his are not the eyes, I swear, that would make a body wish to go back and see them again. He a man of talent, indeed! Why, not to mention such a lady as you are, if he was to offer to marry myself, I would not have a bit of him.'

'Did you hear if my father said anything when he read the verses?'

'Your father,' replied Yanson, 'looks to the verses, and not to the man. He said a great deal about them. But, my dear young lady, this is a very serious business; your whole life is concerned in it, and you should follow your inclinations.'

The ill-shapen and vulgar penmanship of the copy which she had read had staggered the mind of Miss Pe with respect to Tchang; but Yanson's rhetoric completed the unfavourable impression. She involuntarily breathed a heavy sigh.

Now Pe, who was still undecided as to Tchang, had lately taken to live with him a nephew named Kinglang, a boy of fifteen, who needed the services of a tutor, and it suddenly occurred to him to ask if Tchang would undertake this duty. Living in the same house, it would be easy to ascertain Tchang's true character. Tchang accepted the offer, believing everything to betoken well for his hopes; and he managed on one pretence or another to persuade Sse to remain for some days as a guest in his garden-house,

and put them aside for his own use, in particular a beautiful song on *The Red-flowered Pear-tree*, which he produced opportunely one day after a banquet in Pe's garden, and thereby won great applause. Tchang's pupil was an idle dog, too glad to have an easy-going tutor, and Tchang managed the servants of the house by frequent gifts; in addition to which he was pleasant and affable, and had a civil word for everybody. Thus his faults and defects were concealed from the master of the house.

Meanwhile, Hounghin, finding it impossible to reconcile herself to the *writing* of the two pieces on the Spring Willows which had been sent to her, took some flower-paper, and made a careful transcript of them in her own hand in the most elegant characters possible. This copy she kept in an embroidered silk bag, and carried it with her to read night and morning. She could not avoid dwelling on the idea that a poet of such superior talent as the composer must be would crown all her hopes and wishes; and yet she felt that something would undoubtedly be wanting to her happiness, when she understood that this young man, who appeared to be endowed with such distinguished talent, was destitute of the advantages of person. The latter thought produced the deepest uneasiness in her mind; she became more dejected every day, unconscious of the cause of her melancholy.

On the day to which we have already drawn the reader's attention, having finished her toilet, Hounghin gave herself up to reflection. 'Yanson tells me,' said she, 'that this young man is very plain: but where there is so much genius, there surely must be something pleasing even in his plainness. I am glad that Yanson is now away: I shall go secretly, and have an op-

work of nature, I am determined to break off at once. The result of this secret visit shall fix all my wavering.'

And proceeding without a moment's delay to carry her project into execution, she gently opened the western side-door, and descended, unscen, into the garden. As she approached the gallery of flowers she heard some one cough within. She then hid herself in a neighbouring bower, whence she was enabled to have a full view of a handsome student who was then pensively walking up and down the gallery.

. . . . When she saw this young man, whom she mistook for Tchang, Hounghin could not resist an exclamation of delight: 'What a fine face! How could Yanson think of telling me that he wanted a prepossessing appearance!' She little thought that the person who stood before her was really Sse Yeoupe, who had just come from the study where he was left, to take a walk in the gallery. Sse had come to the study or school-room to visit his friend Tchang.

A good comic situation now arises. Hounghin scolds her waiting-maid, Yanson, for speaking ill of the young man's looks; the maid defends herself, and says, 'You may kill me if you like, but I'll never admit that he's a good-looking man!' 'Ungrateful creature! I've just seen him with my own eyes.' 'Where? I'll go and have a look,' and off runs Yanson, first to the gallery and then to the garden. Sse, who is now in the garden, slips into an arbour and watches the girl. She had 'the charms of grace and gaiety, not the proud bearing of haughty heauty.' Sse cautiously accosts her, and a prettily managed conversation follows. He laments that his verses have been so unsuccessful. She says, 'Write them out anew, and I'll carry them

to the study, wrote out the first two pieces, *On the Willows*, on some 'flower-paper,' folded and sent them. 'How is this?' cried Hounghin, casting her eyes on the manuscript. 'Why, they are, word for word, Tchang's verses!' Yanson, not less surprised than her mistress, said, 'If that be the case, Tchang has certainly stolen them.' Hounghin adds: 'Tchang's writing is the very worst and most vulgar that can be; whilst that of the other young man, though carelessly and rapidly executed, reminds one of the delicate touches of the flying dragon.' Yet she hesitates to consult her father, and to let him know that her maid has been speaking thus to a stranger.

Scarcely a morning or evening now passed without Yanson being sent to see if Sse Yeoupc yet appeared. Twice or thrice she met him, but either Tchang or young Kinglang accompanied him; under such circumstances she could do no more than glance at him from a distance, and then hide herself. She had not an opportunity of speaking to him for a considerable time.

At last, one day Yanson finds Sse alone in the gallery, and he claims all the poems that have been supposed to be Tchang's. The girl runs off to her mistress and returns with a test—a subject on which he is to write. Sse Yeoupc is transported with joy, and in a tone of eagerness replies: 'If your mistress will condescend to confer so great an honour on me as to put me to the proof in this way, it will be to me happiness for a period of three lives. Give me the subject, my good girl, and then watch till I finish the piece.' 'You need not be so very merry, good sir; the subject you will find is not so easy as you may imagine.' She then took out of her sleeve a sheet of flower-paper and a speckled-handled brush, which she gave to

him with an antique standish, a vessel of water, and a stick of ink, which she laid upon a large slab. 'My mistress,' said Yanson, 'tells me that the old poets reached the seven syllabic verse without any difficulty. Now, as you think so highly of your powers, you will, I dare say, spare no trouble in composing this piece.' Sse Yeoupc opened the paper and took up the brush with the greatest self-possession. He was now to show whether or not he was a true poet and a man of talent.

The two subjects given are *The Farewell to the Crane* and *The Welcome to the Swallow*, with many difficult metrical conditions. Sse comes out of the trial with flying colours, producing, before the waiting-maid's admiring eyes, two exquisite poems, wherein, moreover, his love-longing is expressed with equal tenderness and respect. He 'covered the paper with pearls and precious stones.'

Sse, in giving the missive to Yanson, asks, might he not hope for a glimpse, however slight, of the young lady? and receives a severe rebuke for his audacity. 'That is a strange proposal, sir,' replied Yanson. 'Miss Hounghin is a person of no less virtue than merit, and her whole conduct is exactly regulated according to the rules. What she is doing at present relates to the most important affair of her life. No one can blame a young girl for the care she takes to choose a husband worthy of her. But what your lordship has asked would prove that you have a great deal of talent, but little virtue; you would thereby force my mistress to think the less worthily of you, and all your pains would be thrown away;' whereupon Sse apologises, and they agree to meet the next day.

Hounghin reads the two poems with the utmost admiration and delight.

of Tohang. Why not do so openly? Because he is a cunning knave, and might plot to do harm, especially to Sse Yeoupe; therefore it is prudent to deal with him quietly, and for the present the best thing is to engage Sse to set out immediately for Peking. 'When he shall be no longer here, that fool Tohang will have nobody to hold the pen for him. I shall then beg of my father to put him again to the proof; the fogs will be dispersed, and he will quit the house. In the meantime we shall tell young Sse to call upon my uncle, and ask him for a letter of introduction to my father. In this manner everything may be admirably well arranged.'

Yanson persuades Sse to agree to this plan; who, however, pleads, 'There is one thing that afflicts me: whilst I am afar, seeking a protection, many a day will pass away; and if in the interval there should come some man of merit, more prompt in his courtship than I have been, and obtain her, what will become of Sse Yeoupe? And in what place could he make his complaints heard?' But Yanson assures him of her young lady's constancy. 'Who, then,' he asks, 'is the uncle to whom I am to apply at Peking?' 'The Lord Gon, of the Imperial Academy,' she replies, darting away as the sound of voices is heard to approach.

Sse quits the garden full of uncomfortable reflections. 'Dr. Gon wished me to marry his daughter and I refused. How can I have the face to apply to him in the present affair?' Nevertheless, next morning he mounted his horse (taking leave by letter of Tohang and Wang) and set forth for the capital. All this while, the messengers of his uncle, Inspector-General Sse, had been seeking for him in vain.

And now, being again on the road, young Sse recollected his in-

south-westward, towards Keonyong, where that sage lived. Again, he thought, 'the Hermit can be of nouse to me; better push on to the capital and see if anything can be done with Dr. Gon,' and so pulled bridle and turned his horse's head northwards once more. Approaching a village he met a man on horseback, accompanied by four servants on foot, and recognised him as an acquaintance. The family name of the new-comer was Sse, his little name was Yeonte, and his title of honour Yantsoung. Though he bore the same family name as Sse Yeoupe, there was no relationship between them, but they had been fellow-students in the same college. The new-comer had not made any great progress in literature, but he was very rich. He was now twenty-five years of age, and very much addicted to wine and pleasure. He possessed, it may be said, but one good quality, which was to spend money with profusion, when he had his house filled with company. As he was free from all restraint, he passed the greater part of his time in the city, where he had a numerous acquaintance. He was returning from it the day he met Sse Yeoupe, and invited him to his house. After dinner they sat drinking and talking together, and Sse Yeoupe, being fresh from the city, had the pleasure of telling Sse Yeoupe that his name was restored to its place on the lists, and that he was now entitled to wear the green collar of his degree. Sse Yeoupe was in a state of great exhilaration not only from joy, but from the wine he had drunk, and felt himself disposed to be communicative. 'There is,' said he, 'my dear friend, another business upon which I had determined to consult you; for why should I conceal anything from you? I have a marriage in view, and I wish to get Lord Gon



Sse Yeoute, struck with an idea, said, 'Is it not the daughter of Pe Thaïhionan for whom you wish him to propose?'

Sse Yeoupe, seeing that he had made so good a guess, could not refrain from bursting into a loud laugh. 'You are one of the Genii, my brother,' he exclaimed.

It must be known that Sse Yeoute's residence was close to the Counsellor of State Pe's country house, and that, for a long time back, he had been perfectly aware of the beauty and talents of Miss Pe, as well as of the extreme caution which her father was determined to use in the choice of a son-in-law. He had often regretted not having been able to gain access to the house himself; and now, seeing that Sse Yeoupe, who had come directly from the village, wished to get Dr. Gon to take upon himself the office of a go-between, he

had little difficulty in guessing, at the first attempt, the name of the lady in question. But, with an eye to his own interest, he said, 'It is useless to speak of the beauty of Miss Pe; for her father is a most intractable man: he has refused I know not how many proposals for his daughter.'

Our hero proceeded to tell the other Sse about the poetry, &c., at Pe's house, and the latter recommended him to push on to the capital and try to see Dr. Gon as soon as possible. At the same time the rogue knew that Dr. Gon was not now in the capital, but had removed again to his country-house; and gave this advice to gain time for his own plans in regard to Miss Pe.

And here ends the tenth chapter and first volume of the novel. We trust our readers will not object to follow it to the end.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: ITS PERSONNEL AND ITS ORATORY.

**T**HERE is something dramatic in the contrast between the commencement and the close of the Parliamentary Session, which, to the supreme satisfaction and relief of every one of the 658 gentlemen of whom her Majesty's 'Faithful Commons' consist, came to an end on the 7th of August last. It opened with the dulness of absolute stagnation; it terminated in a wild whirl of universal excitement. The political barometer, which in April pointed to 'set fair,' had veered round to 'very stormy' towards the latter part of July. At least a score of members who in the first month of summer had obtained leave of absence from the Speaker on 'urgent private business' till the prorogation, found themselves suddenly recalled by the impulse of an irresistible attraction to Westminster, at the very moment when they had hoped to be enjoying the cool breezes of Norway, or to be pleasurably engaged in forecasting the prospects of a shooting campaign in the Carpathians. Nor was it merely that the genius of political unrest had asserted his presence at St. Stephen's, that the civil angel of sectarian strife had violently stirred the waters of a lethargic partisanship. Far be it from me to repeat here the narrative of the rhetorical combats which marked the flaming passage of the Public Worship Regulation Bill, or to call up the, in all probability, only half-told story of a measure which, it is said, will revolutionise the status of the Established Church of England. But it is really worth while to dwell for a moment on the episodes of unparalleled confusion that signalled the last two weeks of the sitting of Parliament. It seemed as if some veritable Puck of

been let loose for the express purpose of setting an entire representative assemblage by its ears, and of beguiling it into a series of traps and pitfalls, much as Robin Goodfellow 'misleads night wanderers, laughing at their harm.'

And then the whole quire hold their hips  
and laugh,

And waxen in their mirth, and sneeze, and  
swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.

That is a perfectly faithful description of what took place in the House of Commons in the first week of August. Opposition and Treasury benches were alike one surging sea of anarchy. Political leaders were defied by their political followers; chiefs reviled their colleagues, and leaders roundly abused their lieutenants. The ties of party discipline and the hands of party organisation were snapped asunder as if they were so much packthread. Everyone found that his worst foes were those of his own household. The ex-Primo Minister asked, in sceptical astonishment, whether the late Solicitor-General could be of the same party as himself? The Premier impeached one of his own Secretaries of State in language which it seems incredible that Lord Salisbury, should he consent temporarily to ignore it, can bring himself permanently to forget. No breaking-up supper at school, no Commemoration-day in the Undergraduates' Gallery, was ever rife with a wilder confusion. Is it the case that all this was only due to a single effort at ecclesiastical legislation? Was the Public Worship Bill the sole cause of the disturbance, or was it not rather the signal for the open manifestation of a state of things which had long been in existence? When

partially to be written, it will probably be found that the process of the gradual relaxation of party ties, accompanied by a systematic course of political plagiarism, which has been going on during the last decade, is really responsible for the political disorder which 'an Act to put down Ritualism' was instrumental in revealing. Before party government can be revived in the form in which it once existed in the House of Commons, a new distribution of political forces must be made, a new point of political departure must be taken. The distinctions which once existed between two great organisations of national statesmanship have passed into 'the portion of weeds and outworn faces.' The Tory leader thinks how much he *must* concede; the Liberal how much he *may*. The difference between the two, as we at present see it in operation, is one not of kind, but of degree. Government by faction has taken for the present the place of government by party, and the Session of 1874 will be chiefly memorable as having brought out this fact in strong and startling relief.

But I am not going to wander off into any political digressions. In the remarks which I have to make on the House of Commons as it is, or, at least, as it was, last Session, I shall say nothing which can wound the tenderest feelings of the most attached ally of Mr. Disraeli, or the most sensitive enthusiast for Mr. Gladstone. A very superficial acquaintance with the Chamber of our elective Legislature, under the régime of the late and of the present Government, is enough to indicate the nature and extent of the difference between the two. It was indeed indicated by the present Prime Minister himself, in the memorable remarks with which he announced the postponement of the 'reactionary' clauses in the En-

of perhaps unconscious, 'perhaps unavoidable,' satire, that he had thought it right to give the rising generation of statesmen an opportunity of displaying their Parliamentary aptitudes. This is exactly what Mr. Gladstone always objected to do. The ex-Premier was never satisfied unless he could simultaneously concentrate on himself the duties of half a dozen Cabinet Ministers. He constituted himself at once the Coryphæus and the Atlas of the Government. He made it a point to undertake a monopoly of administrative responsibility, to answer all questions, to superintend the details of all departments. Never was there a political chief possessed of such devouring and absolutely insatiable energies. Nor did Mr. Gladstone think it sufficient to meet the interrogatories of the House with replies proportioned in length to their merits and significance. He never wearied of verbal refinements, nor of nice logical distinctions. Mr. Shirley Brooks, in a capital essay on the House of Commons, from the point of view of the Reporters' Gallery, written some years ago in the *Quarterly*, very happily characterised Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary manner on these occasions. If, the essayist said, Lord Palmerston were asked on what day the Session would be over, the Viscount would reply that it was the intention of her Majesty to close the Session on August 18:

Mr. Gladstone would possibly premise that, inasmuch as it was for her Majesty to decide upon the day which would be acceptable to herself, it was scarcely compatible with Parliamentary etiquette to ask the Minister to anticipate such decision; but, presuming that he quite understood the purport of the right hon. gentleman's question, of which he was not entirely assured, the completion of the duties of the House of Commons, and the formal termination of the sittings of the Legislature, were two distinct things. He would say that her Majesty's Minister had represented to the Queen that the former would

unfavourable for the latter, and therefore, if the Sovereign should be pleased to ratify that view of the case, the day he had named would be probably that enquired after by the right honourable gentleman.'

This is scarcely a burlesque of the Gladstonian circumlocution. Mr. Disraeli is often bombastic, often enigmatical, but he is never circumlocutory after such a fashion as this. If a question is put to him, he either replies at once affirmatively or negatively, as the case may be, or lets his questioner understand, in as few words as possible, that the subject is one on which he declines to give any information. He is humorous or contemptuous; he administers a snub, or he launches an epigram; he is solemn or he is flippant; but he is always terse and sententious. Silence wherever silence is possible, and if not silence, a pregnant brevity, is the lesson which Mr. Disraeli perpetually labours by his own example to inculcate upon his followers. He has not been unsuccessful. If an analysis were made of the time devoted by members of the House of Commons to debate last Session, it would be found that Liberal garrulity stood to Conservative chatter in the ratio of three to one. It would be also found that, whereas, under the Liberal régime, the political general left nothing, or scarcely anything, for his lieutenant to discharge, Mr. Disraeli has religiously avoided opening his lips in the House of Commons whenever he could secure the vicarious performance of the task.

This is not the only way in which the personal influence of Mr. Disraeli has made itself felt in the proceedings of the House of Commons, with results widely different from those experienced under the auspices of Mr. Gladstone. The Tory leader has done his best to diffuse an atmosphere of *bonhomie* through

Parliament. Not merely has he been in a great degree all things to all men, complimenting now the Home Rulers on their good taste and moderation, now some erstwhile antagonist on the conscientious energy of his career, but he has seldom failed, when opportunity offered, to import an element of jocularity into the senatorial routine. One is reminded by the reception given to Mr. Disraeli, when he rises to answer the most trivial enquiry, of the old story of Theodore Hook. If the author of *Sayings and Doings* asked for the mustard, the whole company went into roars of laughter. Mr. Disraeli has acquired such a reputation for witty antithesis, and odd combinations of words, that the most commonplaces of his replies is quite enough to elicit an anticipatory titter from both sides of the House. It can hardly be said that Mr. Disraeli's colleagues are equally successful in this line of effort. Mr. Cross frequently essays the humorous rôle, but his very mild jests fall flat, and not the faintest suspicion of cabination is audible. Mr. Disraeli's weapon can be handled by himself alone.

Taking a retrospect of all the rhetorical incidents and episodes in the House of Commons between the months of March and August, the most assiduous *habitué* will be able only to call to mind one genuine joke, and that was the happy comparison by Mr. Disraeli of Mr. Fawcett's incessant queries addressed to the Government, in the course of the debate on the second reading of the Endowed Schools Amendment Bill, with 'a practice of which we have heard a great deal lately—the Catechism after the Second Lesson.' But Mr. Disraeli has coined phrases which have excited momentary merriment, some of which may win a permanent place in the *répertoire* of Parliamentary good things. Mr. Smollett levelled his



'pleasantries and his invectives' at the head of Mr. Gladstone for his premature dissolution. The contingent of Irish members have been lavish in the oratory which seldom fails to awaken the mirth of the House. Sir William Harcourt has been entertainingly vehement in his vituperations of his accredited political chief. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has done his best to amuse his audience with jests of questionable refinement, and badinage of undoubted antiquity; but, with the single exception just mentioned, no witticism has been perpetrated by either Liberal or Conservative speakers which is likely to live.

The operation of the Ballot has caused but little change in the *personnel* of the House of Commons. It is much as it was. The Parliamentary visitor will see sitting on either side of the Speaker's chair the same array of broad-acred squires, of socially aspiring capitalists, of tallow-boilers and gin-distillers, as he has observed any time during the last ten years. The squires are not quite so numerous as they were. The barristers are more numerous; but the element whose arithmetical increase is most plainly observable is the military. The Abolition of Purchase Bill seems to have had the effect of inspiring a number of ex-officers, both in the Regulars and the Militia, with Parliamentary ambition; and more questions relative to this department of State, now superintended by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, were asked last Session than have been known since the days of the Indian mutiny. There, seated in the middle of the Treasury Bench, is Mr. Disraeli, calm, impassive, and to all appearance 'in inward meditation wrapt,' and dreamily unconscious of all that is going on around him. Immediately opposite is Mr. Gladstone speaking—for we will suppose it to

forsaken his Cambrian seclusion at the bidding of the Public Worship Bill—in his most effective manner. Occasionally Mr. Disraeli leans forward to the table, dips a pen in ink, and notes down a single word on a diminutive piece of paper. But the motion seems merely mechanical, and the Prime Minister once more lapses into apparent lethargy. Mr. Gladstone is now drawing on to his peroration; and presently, having brought his final sentence to a close in a tone full of emphasis and passion, sits down. Not a moment is lost; the cheers have not died away when Mr. Disraeli springs from his seat, with all the artificially suppressed impetuosity which marked his manner twenty years ago. The management of his voice is much now as it was then. In gesture Mr. Disraeli never much indulged. He used, indeed, to be very much in the habit of toying, somewhat affectedly, with a cambric pocket-handkerchief at particular points of his address. That device he has now discarded, and a slight inclination of the body is the only sign which he gives of any access of momentary emotion. His utterance is clear as of old, and the occasional very slight hesitation only serves to give emphasis to the phrase or word which it precedes. It has been said, with truth, of the Parliamentary manner of Mr. Disraeli, that no orator ever carried to a higher perfection the art of compelling a hearer to listen to every word spoken. It is his characteristic to adopt a tentative manner until he discovers, by the acclamations with which some cleverly turned phrase is received, that he has hit the Hono between wind and water. Then his voice changes, his attitude becomes more erect. Confident of the result, he proceeds to enforce the argument, or to point the moral, first flashed on the House by

luxurious abundance of epithets. Mr. Disraeli's two speeches on the Public Worship Bill were typical instances of his oratorical method; and the transition from comparative oscillation to dogmatic self-reliance just mentioned was exemplified with all the startling force of contrast in each.

Mr. Disraeli has his imitators, but they are not on his own side of the House. The nearest approach last Session to the coining of a phrase with the true Disraelitish ring about it, by a member of the Government, was when Mr. Lowther spoke of 'the Commission for the Leadership of the Opposition.' Sir William Harcourt has modelled his declamatory style very closely after the example of the Tory chief. When the late Solicitor-General entered Parliament, it was said that his peculiar mission was to demolish Mr. Disraeli. One cannot help being reminded of Androcles and the lion. When the king of beasts was let loose into the arena for the purpose of devouring his victim, the spectators were much disappointed at seeing the grateful animal tranquilly lick the hands and fawn at the feet of its former liberator. So it has been with Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Disraeli. Instead of attacking the then leader of the Opposition, 'Historicus,' on his entry into the House of Commons, turned round upon the members of his own party, and in set phrases, which displayed a very close and careful study of Mr. Disraeli's most vituperative harangues, imputed all manner of ineptitudes and offences to the occupants of the Treasury Bench. The next thing which the world heard of Sir William Harcourt was, that he was a frequent guest of Mr. Disraeli at Hughenden; and in a remarkable speech which he made at the Oxford Dinner on New Year's Day, he produced a very accurate parody of

Sir Charles Dilke, the visitor to the House of Commons will see the influence of Mr. Disraeli's periods and phrases. Mr. Jenkins some few months ago made a maiden speech on the Gold Coast question, which must have recalled to many who heard it the initial Parliamentary utterance of the chief of her Majesty's Government. Similar in design, it was overtaken by a like fate, and when Mr. Jenkins commenced to ring the changes on 'political somnambulism,' and 'hysteric statesmanship'—the former an expression taken bodily from Mr. Disraeli—the House of Commons very decidedly intimated its determination not to listen to the *crambe repetita* of declamation. Sir Charles Dilke contents himself with copying the more *bizarre* of Mr. Disraeli's alliterations, as when he told the House—as he told the Ancient Order of Foresters at Hammersmith last month—that the publicans were perplexed, the parsons persecuted, and the Dissenters disgusted. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth, Mr. Hall, the Conservative member for Oxford, and Mr. Hanbury, member for Tamworth, are the chief among the remaining youthful senators who have endeavoured in the course of the Session to make their mark. The first and the last have scarcely aspired to distinguish themselves as orators. They have each attempted to achieve fame by a *spécialité*. Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth has devoted himself to the task of 'getting up' the question of Houses for the Poor; Mr. Hanbury has evidently spent much time on the study of African Blue Books. Both Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice and Mr. Hall have essayed to shine as luminaries of debate. But they have done nothing more than show specimens of two different schools of Academic Union oratory.

Independently of the interest

sion, Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the irrepressible Irish members may be said to have done much of late towards rescuing the proceedings of the House of Commons from an absolute monotony of dullness. Let the reader suppose that it is a Wednesday in June. The Speaker took the chair at twelve o'clock. The motions and notices of motion are speedily despatched, and it is understood that Sir Wilfrid Lawson will be allowed, for the ventilation of his hobby, the period that must elapse before the hour hand of the clock, just under the Peers' gallery, points to the fatal ten minutes to six. On hearing the order of the day Sir Wilfrid merely moves that the Bill be read a second time, reserving himself for its fuller advocacy till later in the afternoon. It is but a languishing and wearisome talk up to three o'clock. The Speaker, bored presumably to exhaustion, adjourns for a chop, returning in ten minutes. Sir Wilfrid Lawson rises; the rumour runs round the lobbies that the honourable member for Carlisle is on his legs, and in a very short time the House is full. It is Sir Wilfrid Lawson's special vocation to show that compulsory teetotalism and solemn dullness need not go together, that cold water and witticisms are not necessarily inconsistent, and that the praises of Rechabitism afford just as good an opportunity for the exhibition of sportive fancy and a lively humour as lyrical panegyrics on the most exquisite vintage of France or the Rhine. The House of Commons requires the presence of a professor of the art of huffoonery. Such a professor it found in Mr. Bernal Osborne; and now that Mr. Bernal Osborne is, in a Parliamentary sense, defunct, Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been marked *proxime accessit* for the vacant chair. At the beginning of the Session it seemed as if Mr. Smollett

in order that he may laugh himself, and at the sole dictate of his own sweet will. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is always ready to relieve the monotony of business, and, even though the theme of total abstinence is not under discussion to lend him its glowing inspiration, he will find his inspiration in any casual topic that may crop up. When the honourable haronet is fairly launched upon his theme, every alternate sentence that drops from his lips is the signal for an outburst of 'loud laughter.' He welcomes those ebullitions of merriment, as he informs his audience, with grateful satisfaction, for the cause which at first provokes smiles is, he remarks, generally in the end crowned with triumph. Sir Wilfrid's jests are small enough, but they relieve the *cunui* of mere vestry-like talk, the interminable disputation of Committee, the didactic dullness of 'superior people,' and when Sir Wilfrid Lawson sits down, it is amid a good deal of laughing and loud cries of 'Divide!' But there are other gentlemen who insist upon having their say. The question is long since utterly threshed out, and their remarks are barely tolerated. An amendment has been moved to the effect that, instead of the words 'a second time,' there should be inserted 'this day six months,' and when the Speaker puts the issue of the division which Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends are intent on taking, he proposes the 'question' that the words proposed to be left out shall stand. The 'Noes' thunder forth in overwhelming chorus, followed by the slenderest possible manifestation on the part of the 'Ayes.' So when the Speaker expresses his conviction that the 'Noes' have it, his decision is challenged, and the division takes place—'the Ayes to the right and the Noes to the left.' There is no need to pursue the sequel. Sir

House amused, several gentlemen have been much gratified by the sound of their own voices, and the nation will know to-morrow that its representatives, as a body, are as much averse to the principles of permissive liquor legislation as ever.

The appearance of the Westminster lobbies may generally be taken as an accurate index of the character of the debate impending or in actual progress. For instance, the merest tyro might have inferred from this phenomenon a few months ago, whether it was Bihle or beer which

the attention of her Majesty's 'Faithful Commons' on any given evening or afternoon. If the former, he would have seen the Great Hall, the passages, and the ante-chambers populous with thronging groups of enthusiastic clergymen. The Anglican priesthood, whose members imagined themselves, as indeed they were, most vitally interested in the issues of the discussion, were very conspicuously represented. If the visitor made his way into the 'Members' Lobby,' he would have seen Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Talbot the centre of a demonstrative group of ritualistic clerics. The Secretaries of half a dozen Church Defence Associations were waiting for a minute's interview with Mr. Russell Gurney. Meanwhile Sir William Harcourt would appear on the scene, and steadily ignoring all efforts at recognition, with a bearing eloquent of defiance, make his way into that Chamber which is 'the manufactory of English Statute Law.' The scene on the occasion of the Licensing Bill debates was equally typical. It was sultry weather about the middle of last July, and perspiring publicans were seated at intervals along the line of approach to the senatorial sanctum. In a contested election the vote and goodwill of the licensed victuallers is of more importance

markable assiduity in answering the personal messages which they received from the unfortunate purveyors of alcoholic refreshment, who were waiting to whisper a few words of counsel in their ear. Some of these gentlemen were chiefly aiming to gain an order for admittance, and they showed subsequently in an imposing phalanx in the Strangers' Gallery. But the majority were intent on more serious business, and the extent to which they hutton-holed the politicians who had solicited and received their vote and interest a few months previously, might have supplid M. Taino with a world of material for philosophic and, perhaps, satirical reflection.

On another occasion it is neither the public-house question nor the Church question which invites the attention of an elective Legislature. We are to have an Irish evening, and the nationality of the imminent discussion is immediately shown in the composition of the knots of gentlemen standing in and about the Members' Lobby. Every variety of Hibernian accent is audible, from the thin, nipping brogue of Dublin to the rich, broad roll of Cork. Some of these sons of the Emerald Isle are the correspondents of Irish newspapers, waiting, it may be, for any intelligence which they can pick up, or perhaps to receive from one of their compatriots who is going to enlighten the House that evening with his oratory a full and correct report of the as yet undelivered speech. In this case it is as well that the correspondent should *not* transmit it to his paper on the other side of St. George's Channel, unless it is actually delivered that night—a piece of practical wisdom which the representatives of the Dublin press ignored more than once in the course of last Session. Others there are possessed by a spirit of feverish anxiety to know whether certain pe-



plainly indicate the pressure of circumstances, and who have come to crave from some friendly M.P. his interest with the powers that be in securing a place 'under Government.' The Irish member is a study, and an interesting one. In or out of the House, in the lobby, or in his attempt to catch the Speaker's eye, he is a remarkable contrast to the English senator. There is nothing more distasteful to the ordinary representative of a borough or a county than to be plagued at Westminster by the presence of constituents; and the devices by which he manages to evade them are as ingenious as, and less laborious than, those by which Mr. Richard Swiveller contrived to make himself invisible to obnoxious shopkeepers. But the Irish member receives the Irish voter, who comes to press upon him some little request, with an intense cordiality and *empressement*. 'Me boy, I'm de-loighted!' is the welcome which you may hear in half a dozen directions this afternoon, and the Hibernian senator despatches his friend in a twinkling to the Strangers' Gallery.

The pilgrim from the Isle of Saints sees the representatives of his country seated together below the Liberal gangway, on the Speaker's left, and not one of them is absent to-day. Mr. Butt, Mr. O'Sullivan, and Mr. Power sit next to each other. There, behind, is the stupendous mass of Mr. O'Gorman—*vir instar montis*. But the general attendance in other quarters of the House is not good. The Government bench is full, and two rows behind is the familiar form of Mr. Henley, his hat on and his arms folded, just as both have been any time the last half-century. In a line with him is Mr. Newdegate, and nearly confronting Mr. Newdegate, on the front Opposition bench, is the Ultramontane champion, Sir

voices heard in the course of the debate, if the semblance of an opening is allowed them, and the stream of Irish volubility can be checked for a single moment. Mr. Newdegate will discern the cloven foot of the Papacy, and whenever Mr. Newdegate rises to attack Rome, Sir G. Bowyer, as member for the Vatican, rises to attack Mr. Newdegate. But the Irish members intend to keep the debate as much as possible to themselves. Mr. Butt has no sooner finished a speech noticeable for its moderation, its lucidity of statement, and its care of argument, than Mr. O'Sullivan, proprietor and editor of the chief Irish Nationalist newspaper, rises. Mr. O'Sullivan speaks with fluency—that goes without saying—with much vigor, and with a great eye to declamatory effect. Whatever he says has the stamp of real ability, nor is there any member of the House who more advanced his Parliamentary reputation last Session than the member for Cork. Mr. Power possesses remarkable aptitude for debate, and Mr. O'Gorman's position is sufficiently defined when it is said that with the form of a Falstaff he combines the spirit of a Joe Miller.

An Irish debate, when it is not insufferably prolix, is regarded by the House in the light of an agreeable *divertissement*. 'Pleased with a trifle, tickled by a straw,' it is wonderful to notice on what slight provocation honorable members become convulsed with laughter inextinguishable. A newly-elected M.P. interposes his person accidentally between the Speaker and a member who is addressing himself to the House, and there is a general roar, half of merriment, half of indignation. Mr. Disraeli, with probably intentional inaccuracy, alludes to Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister, and there is a general demonstration of intense amuse-

when in the hands or coming from the lips of one who has made a favourable impression. It is like Mr. Hardcastle's anecdote of the grouse in the gun-room: 'Your lordship must not tell that story if we are not to laugh; I can't help laughing at that; we have laughed at it these twenty years.'

More noticeable even than the facility with which the House is amused, is the absence of new Parliamentary favourites or speakers who have succeeded in making any impression on the House within the last twenty-five years. Among the Irish Ultramontanes there are several gentlemen who, as has been said, possess much fluency and some vigour. Mr. Chaplin is listened to with attention on the themes on which he is an authority, and made a speech on the Irish Church Bill which drew forth the commendations of Mr. Disraeli. As for Lord George Hamilton, it may be remarked of him, in his capacity of Under Secretary at the India Office, *non dum res, sed spes est*. There is promise, there has scarcely as yet been time for performance. As for the other youthful members of the Conservative party, and for the matter of that the Liberal party, Bacon's remark is not altogether inapplicable—'there is an early ripeness in its years which fadeth betimes.' Mr. Plunkett and Mr. M. W. Ridley, from both of whom great things were expected, have given no sign since they have been in the House. It is no exaggeration to say that there is only one gentleman who has entered Parliament within the last decade who has succeeded in securing anything like a distinguished position, and whose presence would be missed if he were to quit it next Session—Sir William Harcourt. As we look round the benches on both sides of the House, we see on the Speaker's right Mr.

own mediævalism by dint of a ponderous delivery, grotesque gestures, and staggering sentences; Lord Elington, a little lower down on the same side, ready to talk glibly about matters agricultural in Committee of Supply; as Mr. Scourfield is to admonish the House *more suo* of some fatal blunder it is about to commit in the regulation of its private business. If we go to the opposite benches, the men of real Parliamentary note on the front row are, with the exception of Mr. Fawcett, two Parliamentary veterans, Mr. Walter and Mr. Roebuck. Immediately behind them is Mr. Horsman, and then we stumble over a cluster of politicians who have been returned to Westminster purely as the spokesmen of a clique or organs of a faction—Mr. Henry Richards, Mr. Mundells, and Mr. Dixon.

The wealth of the House of Commons is probably double that of which any other assemblage in the world, elective or hereditary, can boast, and it was never wealthier than it is at present, although the Reform Bill and secret voting have unquestionably had the effect of introducing into Parliament the professional element in greater variety and in more abundance.

There is also a certain contingent of what may be described as 'political loafers,' whom it would be invidious to indicate by name—gentlemen who have gone into Parliament merely because they wished to enter the best club in London, or because they are desirous to obtain social promotion for their wives and daughters, or because the honour has been thrust upon them by a corrupt constituency, who could find no one else sufficiently opulent or sufficiently prodigal to squander thousands on his election.

But whoever we have or have not in the House of Commons of the day, one thing is certain, that the states-

ment of 1874 are those who occupied that same position in 1864, nay—allowances made for death alone—in 1854. Mr. Gladstone is still incomparably the first of Parliamentary epeakers. As Mr. Hayward has said of him, with perfect truth, 'It is Eclipse first, and all the rest nowhero. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction—impressive by its simplicity—or Mr. Disraeli's humour and sarcasm [if Mr. Hayward had heard Mr. Gladstone's reply to Sir William Harcourt on the eventful last Wednesday of last Session, a reply which clearly confers a fresh rhetorical laurel, he would probably have seen reason to modify his judgment on this point]; but he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is ever in the stirrup; his lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong, he is always real, natural, earnest, unaffected, and unforced.'<sup>2</sup> In his own way Mr. Disraeli may claim a similar precedence. In language identical with that which he applied to Lord Salisbury, it may be said of him that, as 'a great master of gibes, and flouts, and jeers,' he is unequalled. But, save on one or two extra-Parliamentary occasions, he has never risen to the same level which he reached as the leader of the Young England party, and the assailant of Peel. Nevertheless, when the opportunity of 'allusive pleasantry' or uncurbed satire occurs, Mr. Disraeli need fear no living antagonist.

On the Ministerial bench the second-best speaker is Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who has always a vigorous flow of language at his command, and is sometimes, on congenial occasions, not destitute of pregnant ideas. His speeches lend that moral support to the cause of Conservative eloquence which is

lacking in Mr. Disraeli. But the party to which Mr. Hardy directly appeals is a very limited one. It is only when he makes himself the champion of a reactionary Conservatism that he is sure of an enthusiastic hearing, and the supporters of reactionary Conservatism are diminishing daily. Mr. Mowbray's manner is intolerably stilted, and his profusion of words conceals an extreme poverty of thoughts. Sir John Hay is an admirable speaker on special topics. Mr. Forsyth has imported interest at a critical moment into more than one dreary debate.

Passing over to the Opposition benches, we encounter a larger number of speakers of a distinctly high calibre. Mr. Forster is not an effective orator, but it would be no compliment to him to mention him in comparison with Lord Sandon. Mr. Lowe, when he has prepared his speech, never fails to make a valuable addition to the annals of Hansard. Mr. Göschen is rapidly becoming an acute and formidable critic. His delivery is faulty—he mouths too much. His action is violent, without being effective; and he has contracted the same vicious habit as that which is so signally exemplified in Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, of assailing the table when he is desirous to lend additional emphasis to his words. Sir Henry James, as a fluent and clear expositor of legal points, is nearly, but not quite, the equal of Dr. Ball; from an oratorical point of view he is Dr. Ball's superior. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen shows steady improvement, but has much to learn. He is rather the polished conversationalist as yet than the Parliamentary debater. We are reminded, as we hear him, of Sir Arthur Helps's *Friends in Council* rather than of the practical politician who addresses himself to a popular representative body.

Twenty years ago it was said by a keen observer and well-informed judge, that the art of Parliamentary eloquence was extinct, and that no great speeches could be heard. 'There are long speeches, sarcastic speeches, and crack speeches; but they are not such speeches as fell from the lips of Burke, Pitt, and Fox, or, more recent still, from Canning and Brougham.' The truth of this remark may be frankly admitted; and in what I have yet to say on the subject of the House of Commons, I will endeavour to explain the reasons which may be held plausibly to account for the fact. In the first place, it is as unreasonable to expect the oratory of Burke and Pitt, or even of Canning or of Brougham, in a Parliament composed as the present Parliament is, as it will be to expect their policy. The policy of an Administration depends upon the character of the House of Commons for the time being; so, too, must the standard of Parliamentary oratory. 'The grand debate, the popular harangue,' which we look for and find in the Georgian era of Parliamentary eloquence, existed under a condition of things which cannot be recalled at will. Party has now degenerated into faction. There was a real opposition between Whig and Tory. They differed from each other on fundamental principles, and they were perpetually challenging each other on momentous issues, which struck at the root of the art of government. Moreover, the time was eminently calculated to inspire patriots and politicians with great thoughts, and with noble language in which to express them. The existence of England as a nation was menaced, and domestic policy was debated from an Imperial standpoint. The situation was full of dignity and danger. Men rose to

the thirty tyrants at Athens wished to check the flood of Attic eloquence, they reversed the *bema* on the *prytan* so that the speaker should no longer catch his inspiration from the prospect of the sea, the scene of the greatest Athenian triumphs. This simple historic circumstance remains for all ages the symbol of the influence which national spirit must exercise on national eloquence.

Year after year the tendency asserts itself more and more with the constituencies to send to Parliament as their representatives men who are rather specialists than statesmen. The favoured candidate is he who has made a particular study of some particular branch of political or social knowledge; who is master of the whole question of local taxation; who is up in all the mysteries of Poor-law administration; who is conversant with Bank currency and Consolidated Funds; with drains and sewers; with School Boards, and the new Educational Code. And this is inevitable. The British elector, in showing himself a genuine Gradgrind, is true to the practical spirit of this very practical age. There is little or no scope for the exercise of imagination or the display of taste in the arena of political discussion. What the House of Commons has to consider is not so much broad questions of policy, or great problems which lie at the root of society and government, as technical points of political economy, and dry and minute details of commercial and industrial arrangement. The machine of government has grown terribly complex; its movement is necessarily less rapid. It would be unreasonable to expect from those who regulate it, the rush, the vigour, the *élan* of the age of Pitt and Fox. As with the constituencies, so is it in the House itself. The mem-



regular phrase is, are pre-eminently specialists and nothing more. Mr. Henley is the only specimen of the universal Nestor—the man whose opinion is valued, not because he knows so much on any single subject, but because his judgment is so sound and shrewd on all. The new Parliamentary notabilities are, with scarcely an exception, men who have deeply studied but one topic, and who, save on that topic, are systematically silent. This is, of course, nothing more nor less than the spirit of vestrymanship asserting its sway, and, whether the fact be welcome or the reverse, it is beyond denial that the English House of Commons is, according to all visible signs, destined to become more of a parochial vestry and less of a national senate.

The House of Commons is necessarily, in a sense, the educational mirror of the nation, and its speakers naturally reflect the dominant intellectual influences of their day. The present age is one of educational transition. The literary, and above all the classical, lines of the past are being deserted. The expulsion of the Muses from the national curriculum is rapidly becoming an accomplished fact, and the Goddess Scientia is being enthroned in their place. There has been a steady decrease since the Reform Bill of 1832 in the proportion of members of Parliament whose educational antecedents are those which were once deemed indispensable to every English gentleman, and matters have now reached such a pass that it is thought bad taste to make a Latin quotation, lest you should affront your next-door neighbour by the parading of an unknown tongue. Mr. Gladstone is almost the only member of Parliament with whom the old spirit is strong enough to cause him to violate this rule of latter-day Parliamentary

certain guinea, beneath which is a memorandum in the handwriting of Pulteney, who, in Macaulay's estimate, was the most powerful leader of Opposition ever encountered by Sir Robert Walpole. This coin was lost by Walpole in consequence of a mistake in the version which he gave of a Horatian line.

*Nil conscire sibi nulli pallescere culpa,*

said the great Minister, in answer to a charge made against him, his hand resting on his breast. Pulteney at once objected that his Latin was as faulty as his argument, and pointed out that *nullâ culpâ* was the true reading. A bet was made, a *Horace* was sent for; the required quotation was found, and Pulteney was declared the winner, who at once wittily said, 'I can take the money without any blush on my side, but believe it is the only money which the hon. gentleman ever gave in this House over which the giver and receiver ought not equally to blush.' The House applauded; but considered that Walpole had committed a far more serious sin in his inaccurate prosody than when he acknowledged his ignorance of who Empson and Dudley were. The chief cause of the richness and elegance of the general standard of debate which formerly existed in the Commons was the education which its members received. The groundwork of that education was literary; the intellectual influences, to which they were from the first subjected, were classical. Eloquence and oratory are essentially Greek and Roman arts, and our first statesmen have, without an exception, learned them from the Greek and Roman models. The entire atmosphere of the House was suffused, as it were, with a classical aroma. The aptest metaphors, the happiest repartees were drawn from the classical storehouse.

had concluded his speech, was angrily rebuked by the great orator for his premature interference, he apologised on the score of his country habits, in the following Virgilian quotation :

*Rusticus expectat dum defuat amnis; at ille  
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,*

and immediately had the whole House, Burke included, with him. Pitt was a speaker whose thoughts flowed naturally, as it seemed, in a classical channel. He had so thoroughly assimilated all that is noblest and most picturesque in the writings of the ancients, that when he was in search for a metaphor to illustrate or an analogy to explain his argument, some trope from Virgil or Homer rose spontaneously and without any effort to his lips. His great speech on the Slave Trade concludes in this manner: 'Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length in the evening of her days those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world: .

*Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit  
anhelis;  
Illic sera, rubens accendit lumina Vesper.'*

'I have heard it related,' remarks Lord Stanhope on this, 'by some who were at that time members of Parliament, that the first beams of the rising sun shot through the windows of the House in the midst of this final passage, and seemed, as Pitt looked upwards, to suggest to him without premeditation the eloquent simile and the noble Latin lines with which he concluded.'

That is an era of Parliamentary oratory which can never be revived. The genius of classical tradition has fled for ever from the House of Commons. Out of the

marvellously well informed; we have established a system of education at enormously high pressure; the facts of history and science which the merest schoolboy has at his fingers' ends would fairly frighten the veteran statesman of what Lord Derby called the pre-scientific time. We may not as yet have actually changed the basis of the higher national instruction, but we are rapidly tending in the direction of such an alteration. Mr. Huxley implores us, with all his accustomed enthusiasm, to substitute as far as possible in our schools and colleges education in physical science for education in classical literature. There is small need of any such advice. We are doing it without solicitation. If we progress at this rate, twenty-five years will not have elapsed before the metamorphosis will be absolute and complete. This may prove to be an excellent change; but at present it remains a question whether, for the average mind, science is a better educational instrument than literature. The instruction of the dabbler in chemistry, in mechanics, and biology is, at all events, not that which can mould the mind and strengthen the imagination of the orator—firing his thoughts and filling his fancy with striking and appropriate images. Last Session a speaker in the House of Commons compared the intellect of a living statesman to 'a series of condensing chambers,' and seemed amazingly proud of the trope. Not an hour after this flower of speech was dropped, a young gentleman educated at the London University, and the author of a chemical textbook, in commenting on the curriculum of what are called our secondary schools, deplored the insufficient prominence given to rudimentary teaching and science, declared that facts were better than books, and wound up with a glowing recital of

of physiological lectures given by competent masters; and these remarks elicited signs of sincere applause. With such aims and ideas as those in the minds of our educational reformers, publicly confessed and publicly praised, it is difficult to see how we can ever rear a breed of orators like those of the past in England. The powerful periods, the epigrams, the antitheses, the happy phrase, the classic retort, the well-turned simile—all those graces of diction which have been before now considered to make up the ideal of oratorical excellence must go. Oratory will be a lost art, because literary scholarship will be a lost practice and an obsolete passion. Half a century ago Hookham Frere predicted that any organic change in our educational system, such as this now described, would immediately make itself felt in an appreciable lowering of tone of our public life, and above all in the vulgarisation of our Parliamentary oratory.

The prediction has at least been partly fulfilled already, and its further fulfilment is inevitable. The palmy period of English oratory was the palmy period also of Eng-

lish conversation—a time when men talked as they do not now even write, for posterity. It may not be inconceivable that new elements resulting in a new division of parties may be imported into the public life of England, and under the influence of an intensified patriotism, Parliamentary oratory will regain something of its former glory. Yet even thus it can never possess that subtle essence of literary charm which is the secret of the speeches of Burke and Pitt.

Whatever may be the exigencies of the age, men capable of supplying them will arise. The nation and the nation's affairs do not require at present statesmen and speakers cast in the heroic mould. What the constituencies of England now want is a House of Commons, patient, plodding, persevering, possessed of much technical and special knowledge, and inspired by a holy horror of sensational legislation. What a majority of the members of the House of Commons want is the agreeable and honourable occupation which a Parliamentary career affords. The reciprocity of the arrangement is complete, and therefore all is satisfactory.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.



## AT A HIGHLAND HUT.

### I

To live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,

The bitter little that of life remains :

No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains

To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,

No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !

The sheltering rushee whistling o'er thy head,

The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

BURNS.

**L**EANING against the door-post, and feeding Diarmid the pony with the oat-cake he so much fancies, I am enjoying at once the friendly way in which we are all living together, and the grand, and—with its variety of colour, purple heather, green foliage, and golden corn, its radiance of sunlight, and picturesqueness of shadow—magically beautiful scene of this our little community.

Bonny Jean is milking Maoley before the door, while the other cow stands waiting her turn, cross and impatient by reason of her full udder, and the summer-flies ; the collie is amusing himself harking at the stirks and the calves, and hitting their ears ; Diarmid, whose social instincts have brought him in from the solitude of the half-dozen miles of commonage in the Forest, stands hinning for another piece of oat-cake ; Bonny Jean's youngest bairn, is courageously defending herself from a bold and greedy hen, that is pertinaciously endeavouring to get out of her hand the piece of bread with which her mother has quieted her for a time ; and a grey kitten sits winking in the sun, on one of the projecting stones that form the lower course of the wall of the cottage. Suddenly Oscar, for so

and makes a dart at her. She, spitting feminine fury, threatens him with her claws ; he, making as if he would bring down his paw on her, whines as if to say, ' Why can't you let us play, without being so vixenish ? ' but she, poor little thing, is too weak to be good-humoured ; and he humorously terminates the skirmish by quietly sitting down upon her.

On the right, runs a tinkling burn, separating the green and cultivated hill on which the cottage stands, from the heather-purpled mountain. To the burn a hirsch-embowered fountain contributes its overflow. And though it is itself 1,500 feet above the sea, it is good two miles from this highest of Highland huts to the summit of the mountain. On the left, and all round the back of the cottage, a hirsch-wood shields it a little from the bitter winds from the east and the north. At the foot of the green in front are the barn, the stable, the byre, and the corn-yard, where often, when the harvest has been late, hands scarce, and wintry tempests gathering, I have helped to get the stacks huilt. Farther down are the fields, but much broken up by the dark trees and rocks that still give meaning to the name of Kuochan-dhu. Some five hundred feet below where Bonny Jean is milking, is the bottom of the narrow glen, with its rapid stream winding so tortuously through meadows and corn-fields, that they are now all on this side, and now all on that. And opposite me, as I stand here, is a vast steep surface of mountain, glowing with heather in the glory of its bloom. A craggy pine-clad hill, standing out from the rest, terminates this long wall like a great tower ; and



strath with a large river, on the other side of which, and at right angles to the mouth of our glen, rises the main group of mountains. At the junction of the two valleys there has been, from the earliest times of the Scottish monarchy, a castle, hunting-seat partly, and partly stronghold. But though one might here recall many national traditions, and picture to oneself many barbaric scenes, from the time of Kenneth the Hardy in the ninth, and Malcolin Great-head in the eleventh century, to that of the last Jacobite rebellions; standing amid the sympathies of such a group as that at the door of my Highland hut, breathing air exhilarating as an Olympian draught, and amid a varied grandeur and beauty of Nature, infinitely musical in its symbolism of Humanity; one is disposed rather to forecast a less barbarous Future, than to recall an even yet more barbarous Past.

For still barbarous is the Present. Hark the yells, and now, the rifle-shots echoing in quick succession from the corrie between the opposite mountain and the pine-clad mountain-tower that terminates it.

But what is that man about, bawling and gesticulating down there in the glen, and looking up to this mountain-side, just beyond our hut? Presently I perceive that he is 'working' his collic, or sheep-dog, more than a mile above him on the hill; and, listening, distinguish his various orders in Saxon, instead of Gaelic, as the sheep must all be wintered in the Lowlands, and the dogs are not, like their masters, equally conversant with both languages. 'G' way oot!' 'Wast by!' 'G' way back!' 'Come nar!' &c. A common, hut none the less—indeed, so much the more a fine sight, this mutual intelligence of Man and Beast.

And might not the mutual intel-

ligence between Man and his Lower Brethren be immensely extended? Living at this hut in the midst of a vast district of forests, I have become more than ever impressed with—may I say it?—the still somewhat barbarous condition of human society indicated by Man's state of warfare with all but the very few Animals he has as yet subdued and domesticated. We are now beginning, at least, to look back with humiliation and pity on the time when our forefathers saw, and, therefore, found, in every foreigner an enemy. For ignorance, base selfishness, and fear are the causes of war. But slowly there is growing up a new sentiment with regard to Animals, or, rather, a long bye-gone sentiment with regard to them is reviving. Burns<sup>1</sup> was the first modern poet to give expression to this new sentiment, and Bentham,<sup>2</sup> the first publicist. And may there not come a time when our posterity, having, through fearlessness and kindness, gained such knowledge of, and power over, the Lower Animals as we, as yet, may hardly imagine possible; conceiving of their various tribes as, in their natural relations to, and dependence on Mankind, a constituent part of Humanity; and careful of disturbing the wonderful balance of Nature in the diversity of animal existence—may there not come a time when our posterity will look back on us, in that fear and distrust which we inspire in the Lower Animals, as but partially civilised barbarians?

Sportsmen there are, indeed, who are sportsmen because poets; sportsmen, not because of want of sympathy, but because of intensity of sympathy with Nature, delight in her solitudes, and interest in the ways of the lower animal existences. Of more than one such poet and sportsman there is still the memory

in these forests. But I regret to say that, in the eye of Squirearchal Law, they were but—poachers, though to their own consciences honest men. For, according to the Highland proverb, 'Fiadh á doire, iasg á linne, maid' á coille, wi nithean nach ruig duine leis náire ghathail a chavidh asda'—'a man need never be ashamed of taking a Stag from the grove, a Fish from the stream, or a Stick from the wood.' And still more do I regret that it would be useless here giving specimens of their songs; and that no translation I could make would do justice to the wild, lofty, and romantic strain of the Gaelic originals. In the song that Bonny Jean has so often repeated to me, beginning—

Aig nllt an Lochan Uaine—

('By the stream of the green loch I once had my lonely dwelling')—one finds the writer addressing his gun as his 'love, the maiden of his heart,' and declaring his attachment to it in such phrases as these:

'S nuair bhios damh na croic  
Ri boilich anns a' ghleann,  
Cha d-thoirins blas do phoige  
Air stor nan innsean thall—

('When the antlered prince of the forest is heard proclaiming himself boastfully in the glen, I would not exchange the kiss of thy lips for all the yellow treasure of the Lowlands'). Such a sportsman as this could hardly have been a vulgar ruffian.

But very different from the 'sport' of such men as Ulleam-Ridhe-noamh, the author of this song, and so many others still treasured in Strathspey and Braemar, is that which is our present most fashionable autumn recreation. Nothing more nobly educating do I know, or more reinvigorating to soul and body, than solitary mountain-wanderings, and study of the

forest-life of the poet-poacher whom I have just quoted, had no ignoble termination, and that, enlisting in the 'Black Watch,' he was one of the heroes who made Sir John Moore's retreat on Cornnna (1809) more glorious than many a victory. But sporting parties, scaring all the inhabitants of the Forest with innumerable discharges of firearms, or continued yells of gillies driving the game to some ambush of slaughter, are the reverse of noble or poetical. One must, indeed, confess to having oneself, in former days, experienced no little pleasurable excitement even in such 'sport.' But the canso of this pleasure is not such as to make one feel proud of experiencing it. For the cause is our having had savage and brutish ancestors, and being still morally but very little above their level; in our childish incapacity of imaginatively realising the pains and pleasures of other sentient beings, and childish delight in assuring ourselves of our power by making a noise, and of our superiority by causing fear.

No: Man's relations with the Elder and Lower Animals are certainly by no means as yet as noble, as human, as godlike as they may become. It indicates, most will admit, but a low state of civilisation—that is to say, of social existence—that a single man, or a confederacy of half a dozen, should have it in their power to shut-up, for their own private enjoyment, vast continuous tracts of the grandest scenery of a kingdom. And it surely also indicates a low state of civilisation, that a man cannot appear in one of those few immemorial forest-paths which it has been found impossible to close, without exciting fear in every animal that sees him approach—fear, shameful to those that inspire it. But one may, with some certainty,

will be national property, and, as such, open to all. And a time, though no doubt more distant, will surely also come when such killing of wild animals as may be necessary will be accomplished, both without terrifying, and without torturing them; when, with a courage infinitely higher than that required in the fashionable sportsman, the delight of men will be, not in slaughtering the Lower Animals, but in studying, and making friends of them; and when the Human Mind will once more set itself to the achievement of such victories as those in which it first showed its divine qualities—victories of which we have the fruits still about us in the service and love of the Animals domesticated by primeval Man.

## II

THE weather changed, as those splendid Northern Lights had too surely forehoded. But, dark and stormy as it was, Oscar and I had our usual stroll before breakfast, and bid good-hye to *Sailean-dubh Marie* (Black-eyed Mary), who was going off by the coach to the Lowlands. After the *Biadh-maidne* (Food-of-morning), at which I was surprised at Collie's refusing the porridge I left him as usual in my own plate, I began writing, while he coiled himself comfortably up, with apparently undisturbed brain and clear conscience, on the thickest and largest of the three red-deer skins that overcarpet the carpet. For he had been admitted again to my room after having been for some time banished—certainly as much to my grief as his own—in consequence of his 'great, eager heart' having sent him on one occasion bang through the window, on hearing some noise outside that seemed to require his immediate attention. While we were thus comfortable together, I chanced to look towards my friend,

a rat.' Presently, however, his jaws began to work, and his mouth to foam, and he fell over on his back, writhing in shocking convulsions. Not without cause, it now seemed, was my dread of the previous day's feeling of too buoyant happiness, when out on our walk together.

He grew quieter, but I did not care that he should remain in my room, as the sight of him would disturb my working. So I got a comfortable corner prepared for him by the fire 'ben the house,' a deer-skin to lie on, and an old coat of Bonny Jean's husband's to cover him. And I was out and in to him all day. Unsteady though he was on his hinder limbs, as if they were slightly paralysed, he *would* still try to jump up on me when I entered. And much did he like, as I sat beside him on a stool, to feel my hand drawn gently back again and again over his head. He would then close his eyes, and press his head to my hand, as if I relieved a weary pain. And when I stopped, he opened his eyes with a look of gratitude. Scarcely, however, had he finished some grouse-bones I brought him, in the course of my dinner, than he began wheeling round the room in a convulsive way, and then darted off along the passage to my sitting-room. But he had only got to the deer-skin outside the door when he fell down in another fit. With the instinct of a mother, Bonny Jean's first act was to snatch up her youngest child in her arms, and then run and lock the outer door, in case of any of the three others, respectively four, five, and six years old, coming in from the hill where they were herding, and so running chance to get hit. And, being unable to do the poor beast any good, we then shut the kitchen door to avoid the painful sight of his struggles, though we could not shut our ears to his short, sharp

found he had gone into my sitting-room, and laid himself down on his accustomed deer-skin at the foot of my chair. He seemed exhausted, but rose when I called to him. After a few minutes, however, he began running about so wildly, with his mouth and head all covered with foam, that we resolved to get him down, if possible, to the barn, and there shnt him np. Bonny Jean lit a lantern, as the night was dark, and the barn at some little distance down the brae. Oscar, however, obstinately refused to follow her, and continued snapping and foaming at the mouth. So she called to me, who was trying to resume my interrupted dinner. A little tartan shawl was on her head, pinned under her dimpled chin, at once the warmest and most becoming kind of feminine head-gear; and never shall I forget the Rembrandtesque picture she was, with the lantern in her hand. Immediately, when Oscar saw me, he followed, but leaping upon me with his foaming mouth and snapping jaws. When I had finally succeeded in shutting him in, after having with Bonny Jean's assistance (for women are often examples to men in courage) made him comfortable with a deer-skin and plenty of straw, I confess that it was with a feeling of great satisfaction that I found myself skinwhole. Coming out of the barn, we were hailed by a man's voice from the darkness below us. It was the Fear-bhuidh (the Yellow Man), Bonny Jean's husband—for, so many being of the same clan-surname in the Highlands, almost every one has a nickname—it was the Fear-bhuidh on his way up to the hut, coming home from the Forest with Diarmid, and wondering what was ado. Little hope could even his experience give of Oscar's recovery after such fits. And when

cried *ben* to Bonny Jean, 'Tha mi abradh, thoir eir falhh na rudan sin, ma se do thoil e'—('I am saying, clear away the things, if it is thy pleasure').

The history of the relations of Man and the Lower Animals—I thought, as I took my now solitary walks through the Forest to the mountain-summits from which I beheld the sunsets—that is a history still to be written, and worth writing. These relations would be treated of under the natural divisions formed by the three great Cycles which must, I think, be distinguished in the history of Man. These, as I have elsewhere more fully pointed out, are, first, the palæolithic Ages of the Cycle of Animality; secondly, the New-Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages of the Great Transitional Cycle that preceded the formation of the oldest organised states and religions; and, thirdly, the Ages, since then, of the Cycle of Humanity.

Now, in the first of these Cycles, we should see Man as the pigmy contemporary of the gigantic Animals of the quaternary fauna—mammoths, elephants, and rhinoceroses; bisons, deer, and horses; hyenas, lions, and tigers, all larger and more terrifying than their modern congeners; we should see how the fear of these immense and terrible creatures forced him to unite with his fellows, and stimulated him to the inventions which gave him the first artificial weapons; and finally, when great physical changes led to the weakening or thinning out of these monsters, we should see him taking courage against them, glorying in their extinction as if he were the sole author of it, and eating the tyrants he had once adored as gods. The Second Cycle—that of the formation of the tongues which are the roots of the languages of the higher



at least, of his Elder Brethren. For it is to this Cycle that we must trace back the domestication of, at least, the Ox, the Sheep, and the Goat, the Pig, the Horse, and the Dog, of all of which bones are found in the lake-dwelling of Switzerland, among domestic relics of the Neolithic Age.<sup>3</sup> And in the Third Cycle—that which commenced with the formation of the civilised states of the Indus, the Euphrates, and the Nile-valleys, and to which our present Age belongs—Man's distinctively human power over the Lower Animals is extended in the domestication of such other quadrupeds as the Camel and the Elephant, and of nine or ten species of birds, of which no species would seem to have been domesticated in the Second Cycle;<sup>4</sup> victories of domestication that certainly witness to prodigious audacity combined with sympathy, and will, we may hope, be yet so further enlarged as entirely to abolish the barbarian relations of cowardly warfare at present subsisting between him and the vast majority even of those Lower Animals which might be either useful or delightful friends.

But, interesting as it might be, we should have, in the history of such *external* relations, but the least interesting half of the history of the relations between Man and the Lower Animals. The history of the effects, on the Lower Animals, of their contact with Man will have to be complemented by the history of the subjective effects, on Man, of his contact with the Lower Animals.

Knowing as we do that, for the unnumbered palæolithic millenniums of the First Cycle of his history, Man, armed, or even not yet armed, with but the rudest flint weapons, was the pigmy contemporary of ferocious monsters, certainly not yet

conceived to be *Lower Animals*; and knowing that, as no force is lost, but has its effect throughout all space, so, no impression is lost, but has its effect through all time; must we not find the true origin of all popular tales of 'chimæras dire,' and conquerors of them, in the actual early Animal-caused terrors of our race, and Animal-conquests of its heroes, and so regard the monsters and Dragon-conflicts of such tales, not as mere foolish fancies, but as transformations of actual early experiences? The Second Cycle of Man's history, that of the New-Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages, was distinguished, as we have seen, by those immense achievements of courage, of patience, of kindness, and of mind, the reduction from their aboriginal wild, to their present domestic state, of the ordinary farmyard Animals, except fowls. And if we consider the profound sympathy that must have been needed for such domestication—for it is impossible effectually to command without understanding, and impossible thoroughly to understand without sympathising—we shall not, I think, as too commonly at present, attribute to the doctrine of Metempsychosis the origin of that sympathy with Animal Life which certainly coexists with, and is kept up by, it; but—finding here another illustration of Vergniaud's fine saying, 'Great thoughts come from the heart'—we shall rather attribute the origin of the doctrine of Metempsychosis to that sympathy with Animal Life acquired in the Second Cycle of Man's history, and manifested in its noble domestications. And is not the origin of the Animal-worship, worked more especially into the Egyptian religion, and hence the origin of much of the Mythology, of part even of the scientific Nomenclature, and

<sup>3</sup> See Rüttimeyer. *Die Fauna der Pfahlbauten*.

of many of the expressions of the symbolic Art of that Third Cycle which began with the beginnings of the ancient Indian, Babylonian, and Egyptian civilisations, with far greater probability to be found in the Animal-inspired fear inherited more particularly from the First, and sympathy inherited more particularly from the Second, Cycle, than in such a cause as that considered adequate by Mr. Herbert Spencer—the transference to animals of the veneration paid to ancestors, in consequence of having given to these ancestors animal-nicknames, of having forgotten this, and so, instead of the ancestor, worshipping the name retransferred to the animal?<sup>5</sup>

But a complete history of the relations of Man and the Lower Animals would have yet a third part; one in which the causes would be treated of which have, in the Past, and may, in the Future, influence the relations between Man and the Lower Animals, and that, both with regard to the domestication of the one, and the civilisation of the other. And in modifying, in revolutionising, the present barbarous relations between Man and the Lower Animals in Christian countries, a more extended knowledge of the feelings of the two great primitive branches of our Aryan race, the Indians and the Persians, with regard to Animals, expressed, not in their laws only, but in their customs, and in their literature, will certainly have a special influence. In the great epics of each, the *Râmâyana*, of Valmiki, and the *Shah-Nâmeh*, of Firdausi, Animals figure as the friends and allies of Man. Nor is the aid given by the army of Apes and their king Hanouman to Râma, and the like aid given to Rûstam by his good horse Reksh, and the friendly Animals, a mere fancy. It

is but the poetic form of historical fact. The winning of the alliance of the Lower Animals was the first step in Man's career of conquest. Without their aid, Man could never have achieved the higher victories of higher Civilisation. The *Râmâyana* ends with the embrace—before both armies, and in the presence both of men and gods—the embrace by the divine hero Râma of the ape Hanouman. And symbol and prophecy, at once, I believe this to be.

These speculations, however, were not so absorbing as to withhold me from making every possible enquiry with the view of saving the life of the beloved animal that had been the immediate occasion of them. 'La finich!' ('A wet day!') said I, as next afternoon I entered a cottage where I thought that I might hear of something to Oscar's advantage. I found only the old woman at home—a fine, comely old woman she is—with her youngest son, the guide, who so narrowly escaped drowning the other day in attempting to swim his horse across one of the swollen torrents. But I got out of her that the Fear-an-tighc, the man of the house, had still some grains left of a wonderful black powder, a kill-or-cure drug, that had been made up years ago by a former minister of Glen——, over the hill; a minister who had had much less skill in the cure of men's souls, or indeed in keeping his own soul from the Enemy, than in the cure of the bodies of dogs, horses, and cows. What remained of the magical powder of this 'deil's huckie' of a minister, I ultimately procured, had it made into a ball with butter, and administered to Oscar—I myself not caring, except he refused it from anyone else, to give it him, in case it should kill, instead of cure. And so, with some hope now that he might again lie at my feet by the fire, or follow me in my wanderings

on the hill, I had more pleasure in recalling the noble traits of his character. For just as, according to many travellers, some small communities live in a harmony and moral order unknown as yet on a larger scale; so, in such an animal as this collie, one may find a combination of intelligence, of affection, and of courage, making of him a more noble character in his sphere, and a being more loveable as a friend, than many a human acquaintance.

How finely did his character come out in his conflicts with Crop, the big, surly, overfed, black, bullying beast, twice his size, the innkeeper's dog! They were mutually repelling natures—Oscar, genial, sympathetic, and affectionate; unable to witness any display of human emotion—a Highland cheer, for instance, or an affectionate embrace—without actively participating in it, leaping up on me, and, as he stood with his paws on my breast, looking as if in positive pain from inability to give words to his feelings. Well might that most ancient of beliefs arise, that Animals have human souls, but dumb, and often painfully feeling their dumbness. Crop, on the other hand, was evidently a beast who thought geniality, sympathy, and affection all 'rot.' Naturally, then, the very sight of Oscar, on my rare visits to the village, gave him a sensation of disgust; woke him up at once, sleeping dog as he may have seemed; and, without any of the usual diplomatic preliminaries of snuffing and sniffing, cocked legs, growling, and earthscratching, sent him with an instant rush at poor Oscar's throat. For fair play's sake, I have had to heat the brute off; and on one or two occasions, as I met his eye, the motives presented to him in the thought of the luxury of a bite at my untrussed

seemed very equally balanced. But every worrying Oscar had, made him, with true thoroughbred pluck, more courageous in meeting his enemy the next time. Latterly, indeed, it was he who was the challenger, beginning to hark, and run briskly about with erect tail, whenever we came near Crop's house-door. And doubtless, apart from the memory of personal injuries, Oscar had a moral aversion to Crop's nature as intense as Crop had to Oscar's.

Highly interesting would be the enquiry—and it would evidently belong to that third part above defined, of a history of the relations between Man and the Lower Animals—the enquiry as to how it came that that new Western religion, which originated 1,800 years ago, did not, like most of the other great Orient-sprung religions, concern itself to promulgate any law of kindness to the Lower Animals, and has hence perhaps tended to make men either positively inimical to them, or, at least, indifferent to their sufferings. But, foregoing here such an enquiry, we may remark that it is to the teaching of this religion that is chiefly due the vulgar horror of the modern scientific doctrine of the physical kinship of Man and the Lower Animals. And yet it is but fair to confess that repugnance to this doctrine may have, in part, a not unreasonable justification. For, insisting on the physical kinship of Man and the Lower Animals, hardly any scientific writer defines with due clearness and force that immense difference justly, though, for the most part, vaguely, felt to exist between Man and his Elder Brethren, offspring, though they be, of the common Earth-mother; a difference which, notwithstanding their physical kinship, separates Man and the Lower Animals by a distinction of degree, amounting to one of kind; that difference consisting in the

alone, therefore, inherits, adds to, and transmits tradition; alone has the capacity of forming, and, in the higher stages at least of his development, the need of breathing an ideal, as well as a physical atmosphere; alone, therefore, has a subjective history; and is alone capable of Progress.

But one result of that Progress is mutual understanding; hence mutual love, and harmonious co-existence. And thus, with no loss of the divine dignity of Manhood, but with, on the contrary, an immense increase of it, through the increase of that power founded on historically treasured knowledge, and of further knowledge brought within reach through historically progressive sympathy, will the two kingdoms, the two worlds, of Animality and of Humanity come, at length, into nobler relations than are as yet, perhaps, conceivable.

### III

List'ning the doors an' winnocke rattle,  
I thought me on the owrie cattle,  
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle  
O' winter war,  
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle  
Beneath a scar.  
Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,  
That, in the merry months o' spring,  
Delighted me to hear thee sing,  
What comes o' thee?  
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,  
An' close thy 'ee?  
BURNS.

Not only are the hills, but the glen is thickly covered with snow. The new moon has just set behind the hill, on the side of which the hut is indistinguishable but for the light in one little window. The stars shine brightly through the keen and frosty air; and the planet which, as the sun set on this, rose over the opposite hill, is now high in the blue heavens, and shining with the effulgence almost of a moon. Frequent meteors are shooting, with

only made the more aware of the deep stillness by the swift rush of the as yet but half-icebound river in the glen below, and—what a week ago kept us on the alert for the safety of the still outstanding corn—the melancholy roar of the stags in the Forest.

Returning from a late after-dinner stroll in which, not a hundred yards above the hut, I had come suddenly on a magnificent royal-antlered stag who, seeing I was unarmed, had stood calmly agaze till Oscar—thanks to the wicked minister's magical drug, now himself again—sprang forward; and entering the hut, I accept Bonny Jean's kindly invitation to 'come ben and warm myself,' before going to my own rooms in the other end. Sitting down on a chair in front of the fire, I had the Fear-bhuidh ('Yellow Man'), as well formed and featured as his true good-wife, on one side; Bonny Jean on the other, seated lowly on a stool, and every now and then blowing the peats and hirsch logs into a blaze; and between her and me, Oscar—the grey kitten, now where she knows she is safe, playing audaciously with his tail—Oscar lying with his nose poked out so far on the hearth that a burning peat at last falls on it, whereupon he retires to his favourite nook between the hearth and the cradle in the corner.

Round from this sacred, 'hieldest' corner we may take an inventory of the kitchen of a Highland hnt. A table, and what they call a dresser, a piece of furniture that holds the spoons and dishes &c., and part of which, when taken out, serves as the baking-board, occupies the side opposite the window. The adjoining side, opposite the fire, has a bed concealed behind its dark panels; at one end of it, the door into the 'seillar' or closet, from which one ascends to the 'lobhta,' the loft, or,



stone-paved passage which leads past the outer door to the two rooms I occupy. The next is the window-side with another large table, and the 'deas,' a sort of sofa, or wooden bench with a back, and the body of which serves as a lounge. So, we come round again to the fireside, and the great chimney with its irons for suspending in turn the sole utensils of brewing, boiling, and baking—the kettle, the pot, and the girdle. And, looking up to the smoke-blackened beams over the stone floor, we find that, last of all, though not least, we have to add to our inventory, a deerstalker's rifle, and a double-barrelled fowling-piece. All is cozy, snug, and comfortable within, and one is only disturbed with the thought of those—whether man or beast—who may be shelterless without.

'Now is the time for "sgeulachan,"' said I.

'Did you ever hear the story of the "Witch-Leddy of Kildrummie?"' said Bonny Jean.

'No,' said I. 'But I should like to hear it. For that was the Castle of the old Celtic Earls of Mar, who were the maternal ancestors of Robert II., the first of the Stuart Kings; and it was held by his grandmother, the Queen of Robert the Bruce, against Edward I. of England.'

'Awcel,' said Bonny Jean, 'I never heard the name of this Witch-Leddy. But I dinna think it was sae far back. Tell the story, gude-man!'

'Weel,' said the Fear-an-tighe, 'she had a servant-man who complained to a fellow-servant that he had to work by night as well as by day, that he could stand it no longer, and that he must leave.'

"And how is that?" said his fellow.

"Ou!" said the man, "the Leddy comes to my bedside every

turns me into a horse, and rides me across the hills to a meeting of Witches on the muir above Aboyne, and then rides me back, and when she takes off the bridle, I am lying in my bed again."

"Will you let me lie in your bed to-night?" said his fellow-servant, "and you can lie in mine."

'It was willingly he agreed. So in came the Leddy at night as before, and did not observe that it was another man, but passed the bridle over him, and rode him away to the gathering of Witches. But he was a wily fellow as well as a bold. And when they got to the muir, and she tied him to a tree, he managed to get the bridle off his head, and so became a man again, and saw and heard all the goings on of the Witches. And when it was all over, and the Leddy came to the tree to mount him again, he took the bridle, and passed it over her, and she became a mare, and well you may believe that he did not spare her as he rode her home. But before he put her in the stable and took the bridle off her, he took her to the smiddy, and had her shod. And ever after, she wore gloves on her hands, when she came to her right shape again, to hide the marks of the horseshoeing. But the servant-man had to leave the country, for the lairds had the law in their ain hauds in thae days.'

Then there followed many shorter stories of ravens, of deer, and of eagles. Take, for instance, this one as an illustration. One day, a hind was seen with an eagle on her back. The eagles commonly enough carry away the fawns; but the hinds, or stags, they attack only when wounded. This probably wounded hind was, however, so roused by the agony of the eagle's claws and beak, that, with sharp cries, she ran maddened through the Forest, trying to get rid of the

were thickest. This became so unpleasant to the eagle, that he got as anxious to get away from the hind as she was to be free of him. But, once fixed, it was no easy matter to get ont his claws. One leg, however, he managed to get free, and with this he elntched the trunk of a pine. It was then 'pull devil, pull tailor.' But the hind had the best of it. For the eagle wss torn in two; one half remaining in the tree, and the hind going off with the other. 'Si non è vero, è hen trovato.' But it was the stories of Animal-transformations that most interested me.

'Ye ken Glen Isla?' said the Fear-hhuidh to mo.

'Well,' said I; 'and the Forest of the Tulchan. I was belated there once, and slept a night in it.'

'Aweel,' said he, 'opposite the Tulchan, in the most outlying part, there used to be a hothie before it was all turned into forest. And the Shepherd there, when he had got in one night, after seeking some sheep that had been lost in the snow, and as ho was lying in hed with his dogs, saw a gronso come in all wet, and go np to the fire, and dry herself. But sho seemed to grow higger and higger, and at last she turned into a woman.'

'Well, that must have been rather pleasant,' said I.

'Ah! hut ye'll hear,' said Bonny Jean. 'It was an auld love that had an ill-will to him.'

'Aweel,' said the Fear-an-tighe, 'she thought she had got him safe in that outlying place; hut she hadna bargained on the dogs being in the bed with him.' So she took two long hairs from her head, and asked him to tie the one end to the joists, and the other round the necks of the dogs. He tied the one end to the joists, but he only made believe to tie the other to the dogs.

have torn him in pieces, but the dogs got at her.'

'And then,' eagerly interrupted Bonny Jean, 'she cried, "Tighten hair, tighten!"'

'Ay,' said the Fear-hhuidh, 'but he had taken care of her, and the hair wasna round the dogs' necks. So she had to leave him. And the dogs went after her down the waterside, tearing at her till she killed one of them, and sorely wounded the other.'

'But they had torn away one of her breasts!' exclaimed Bonny Jean, with horror.

'And when the Shophord went down the glen the next day to his wife,' continued the Fear-an-tighe, 'she told him of a woman she had been to see, who was very ill, and who must get some food out of his hand, or she would die.'

'It wouldna signify what it might be,' again interrupted Bonny Jean; 'if it were only out of his hand, she would be well again.'

'Ay,' continued the Fear-bluidh, 'but he took his own time about going; and, if I had been in his shoes, it wad hae been lang eneuch afore I haed gane.'

'And what would ye hae done?' said Bonny Jean to me.

'I would not have rested till I had seen her whole again; for it was love that was at the root of her hatred.'

I do not know if such witchcraft-stories will mnch interest my readers, and sball give no more of them. Donbtless read, instead of heard under snch cirenmstances as the above, they would not have interested myself so mnch. And yet I do think they have a manifold interest. If we consider snch stories in reference to the historical relations of Man and the Lower Animals, we shall see how deep and far-spreading are their roots.

In the Science of Hnman History

coexistents. It is such infinite linkedness that Science enables one to see. And though the analysis that discovers such linkedness may be dry; in the synthesis which grasps it all as a whole, as a continuous, ever-identical, yet ever-multiform life, we have the highest, because the truest, poetry. And just as Natural Science has revealed, in the night-sky's golden cressets, facts which make them infinitely more fitted to touch with high poetic emotion than when they were regarded *but* as golden cressets; so, the Science of Human History, in revealing the facts as to the true nature and unreckonably far-reaching historic relations of those tales which are as the starry flowers of the popular mind, invests them only with a profounder interest and a higher poetry.

And such stories have an interest and a poetry from yet another point of view. The feeling of Nature to which they witness—whatever may be said of the expression of it—is certainly a feeling of Nature's wonder and magic. But it is a feeling having its root in the conception not of agencies *external* to the system of Nature but of forces in Nature itself, hidden and inexhaustible.

Such tales, therefore, I listened to as phrases of that lower poetic language which popular mythology, in fact, is. And though the language in which it is elsewhere expressed may be higher; the feeling of the magic of Nature, and of the community of Animal and Human life, will hardly, in Christian Europe, at least, be found deeper than it is often found in a Highland Hut.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.



## CHURCH REFORM.

**W**E live in days when questions of Church Reform are eagerly discussed on every side, and congress and conference for the purpose are as familiar to our ears as household words. It is not strange that it should be so, and few, perhaps, are disposed to regard such gatherings now-a-days as mere occasions for a certain amount of talk, and leading to no practical end. The Church of England, it would seem, more than any other body, requires such opportunities for the expression of its opinion, and even assemblies which are not strictly representative may yet in a measure be considered useful for the purpose of testing the feeling of the various sections and classes which are at present included within its fold. They certainly do so far more fully than convocation, where only the clergy, and the clergy in very unequal proportions, come. They do so more accurately than the House of Commons, which, though as the voice of the nation its sanction is imperative to any action on the part of a National Church, consists of laity only, and of laity of all denominations, and by its very composition is unfitted to be the scene of theological dispute. In the other and less formal assemblies clergy and laity can meet together, and are so able to gauge the feelings that exist on either side, and it may be hoped by mutual concession and toleration to preserve that good understanding which is so essential to their common weal. They are not, and they should not be, two hosts regarding each other with jealous and uncertain glances, but behave as joint members of one great army carrying on war against a common and a powerful foe.

The questions that have to be

near the surface, and can be discerned by all. Is the Church prepared to undergo another reformation to bring it into unison with the needs of this nineteenth century—a reformation of which we may almost say, in the memorable words of Stafford, ‘My lord, it must be thorough’? If so, by what instrument and in what direction is it to be reformed? And is it still to cherish the fond hope—which would seem to be almost gone—of once more comprising within its limits those who at different times have left its fold, and too often taken with them a vigour and a life much wanting in those they left behind? If this be impossible, how is it to rouse into more active life those who still count themselves within its fold, but are lukewarm defenders of its lines, half hesitating whether to join the enemy or not? If it cannot do so, is it to be disestablished and take its place as another sect—a powerful, wealthy sect indeed, but no longer in the proud position of a nation’s church? And if so, how soon? These are the questions that are asked. These are the questions that must be answered.

A fresh interest undoubtedly attaches to them in the light of recent political events. That party in our State is now in power to which nearly the whole of the clergy and a large and influential section of the laity look as the Church’s friend, and to whom they have with implicit confidence committed its safety and defence. How far it may have been wise for a Church to ally itself to a political party or a caste, especially for a Church that requires reform to cling to what is popularly supposed to be the party of reaction and of rest, I do not stay to enquire. That it is so is undoubted. The



pal measures that have passed, one affects our own Church, the other the sister Church of Scotland. The Bishop of Peterborough, in the speech in which he moved for a Committee on Patronage, spoke of the present as being a period of lull—a still spot in the heart of a furious storm—a breathing space, to be wisely used, which might not again return. Now was the time, he said, to execute repairs, to get rid of lumber, to trim the ship before the storm returned with renewed and redoubled force. And few indeed will be found to deny that something must be done, however much they may differ as to what that something is to be. The weary Churchman, surrounded by societies for Church Reform and Church defence of every possible shape and hue, was beginning to exclaim—

*Semper ego auditor tantum?*

and was not disposed to wait much longer. But the hour for movement has come, and the question to consider now is the direction in which we are to go, and the principles that are to guide our course.

It is at least manifest, on every side, that the Church of England in her hour of need is not to be allowed to perish for want of the physician's care. The only difficulty she is likely to experience is that of deciding which prescription to follow. Take the case that has just occurred in the Public Worship Bill. On the one side stood the archbishops and bishops of the Church with anxious countenances, declaring that she has had far too much excitement of late; that she has been too dissipated; that she must really conform more for the future to rules and regulations, and be more staid and steady in her demeanour. On the other stood Mr. Gladstone—specially called in

the exact moment when the life of the Irish Church became hopeless, and who had just told the Church of Scotland that she is taking a step rash and perilous beyond expression, and he tells his patient she has not had half variety enough, and that, provided she like it, the more she has the better. And then behind them both was Mr. Disraeli, at present the paid physician of the State, who was able to decide her choice and determine the course she was to pursue. And no doubt on every question of policy before her the same divergence of opinion will arise and similar difficulties occur. But there are some points which do seem settled beyond dispute, some questions which will now at all events have to be determined, and with regard to which it does not seem difficult to ascertain the principles to be applied, in order that they may be settled safely and determined satisfactorily.

It is in the first place evident, as I have already hinted, on every hand, that the best and truest friends of the Established Church are prepared for wide and sweeping changes, and, indeed, regard such changes as the only condition of continued and healthy life. While those who hold that it is altogether beside the functions of a Government to choose out a creed or a Church for those who are under its rule, and that such a course, both for the State that adopts it and the Church that submits to it, is unsound in principle and pernicious in practice—while they are still fighting under their old standard and entrenched behind the same positions, it would be idle to attempt to deny that those who maintain the contrary—the friends of Establishment—have changed their ground. They, or many of them, would at least concede now that

any further in our own times, and that, indeed, it is only possible under the circumstances in which it has come down to us. They even begin to see there is something almost incongruous in the position which they hold. While they descant on the inestimable privileges and blessings of a State Church, many are anxious to reduce the interference of the State in the constitution and administration of the Church it is supposed to have selected and to be upholding, within the narrowest possible limits, and even then to regard it as an interference rather than the discharge of a duty and a right. They protest against the House of Commons being turned into an Ecclesiastical Synod; they would leave all, as far as possible, to follow their own convictions. The problem they propose to solve is how to reconcile Voluntaryism with the principle of an Established Church. This was the avowed intent of Mr. Gladstone's six resolutions, and the chief objection to them was that they seemed to give the clergy license within very vague limits to make any number of experiments upon their congregations that they chose. The only limit laid down was that they were to do nothing 'giving evidence of a design to alter, without the consent of the nation, the spirit or substance of the Established Church.' But how vague is this! The spirit of the Church! We shall have to argue of the feelings and intentions of the men who drew up our formularies, who have been for centuries in their graves. And a design to alter must be proved! Why, it has been found difficult enough to prove offence in the case of things actually done, and one of a thousand quibbles has been sufficient to allow the offender to escape; but if we have to argue of the designs of these men we may at once abandon the attempt

and how is this to be obtained? Shall we have a manifesto from Greenwich announcing the abolition of the Athanasian Creed? or to what does it point? It is clear it is a most vague and impalpable security, and we must remember that within these vague limits Mr. Gladstone threw his protectingegis over all the doubts attaching to the interpretation of the Rubrics and the number of points they are thought to leave undecided, the diversities of local custom under which these circumstances have long prevailed, and the varieties of opinions and usage among the many thousands of congregations distributed throughout the land. *Tot homines, tot sententiae, tot ecclesiae.* This was Mr. Gladstone's view. In towns, indeed, it might just be possible for such a system to be worked. But what of the rural parishes? What is to be done with them? Mr. Gladstone, no doubt, would point to the security against unauthorised changes by the clergy provided in his fifth resolution. But all it said was, they were not to be made against wishes locally prevalent in the parish. But who is to decide what this may mean? and the consent of how many must be secured before a change can be made in accordance with wishes locally prevalent? Sir Wilfred Lawson considers that in questions relating to liquor two-thirds constitute the representative wisdom of the parish. When the clergyman has secured the consent of two-thirds, is he to be allowed to raise his anchor and sail whither he will? And what is to become of the one-third who are left behind? Are they to take refuge in Nonconformity, and perhaps build and endow a chapel of their own? Why should they, when the Church they have to leave remains really as Nonconformist as themselves? And is the

and there such discontented minorities? It is clear, I think, that she cannot, and that her only course of safety is to attempt to maintain that system of compromise within certain set limits on which she was founded in the Reformation struggles; within those boundaries allowing to her members as large a liberty and as great a power of self-government as she conveniently can. If by means of some now representative body acting alongside of Parliament she can give to the laity such voice in her arrangements as they naturally demand; if she can adopt her laws and regulations to our present wants and secure that they be observed; if, without sacrificing essential truth, she can lay her foundations broad enough to admit a majority of those who profess and call themselves Christians, then a blessing will rest upon her, and her work will live to be a powerful barrier against infidelity and indifference in the days to come, worthy, too, of Him who was 'the true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'

It is not intended here to discuss the greater or less probability of such an issue, nor yet the time within which the question, in one way or the other, is likely to be finally settled. The various steps by which we have arrived at our present position even have been taken at long intervals. Three centuries ago, in our great Reformation, the right of private judgment in religion was conclusively established, and ancient faith was arraigned before the bar of modern reason. A little later, in 1611, the soil of England was for the last time stained by the blood of one who suffered for holding a religious creed. As a natural consequence sects multiplied and grew, and men eagerly asserted the privilege of thinking for themselves. Was it possible

say to men, on the one hand, Judge for yourselves, and on the other compel them to conform in appearance at least to the belief and worship of the Church to which it was allied? It was impossible, and toleration followed in its turn. And so the way was opened for the removal of those civil and political disabilities which, in its entirety, has been the work of the present century and our own time. Each step in the progress has been stoutly resisted; each has been delayed till the act of concession had almost lost its grace, and served rather to stimulate excitement than to promote peace. And yet from the moment that it was seen that the Church, for her true strength, must depend on moral and not external force—that institutions, however old, are valued for what they are in fact, and not for what they have been made by Act of Parliament—it was evident that such must be the order of events.

The future I do not now forecast. Recent events, indeed, cannot but have filled the friends of Church Establishments with grave alarm. It is, certainly, the custom, whenever the case of the Irish Church is quoted, loudly to declare that in that case we acted under very special circumstances, and that no precedent for us can be drawn from them. The circumstances undoubtedly were special; those circumstances at present are not ours. But then something highly important was settled by our action in that case—that it is right and just to disestablish a Church of a minority; and the question whether a Church is in a majority or in a minority will undoubtedly, however some may grumble, always in this country be decided by the votes of the House of Commons. If, then, the Church be unable to regain her hold upon the middle classes and

she alienates the attachment of the agricultural labourer in the country; if by clinging to effete dogmas on the one hand and relapsing into sacerdotalism on the other, she forfeits the respect and esteem of thinking men, can she be sure that that majority which now she claims will long be hers? And if not, can she view the situation without alarm?

We know, when we speak of the House of Commons as the final arbiter, how many whom we hold in honour and regard as

*grande decus columenque rerum*

in the Church will start and frown. We know how they talk of it as consisting of Christians and non-Christians, of men of all religions and of men of no religion at all. They say it is changed from that which once it was, and while they admit the full validity of the acts of earlier parliaments they refuse to acknowledge such power in the present. And yet they must remember these parliaments were Christian only so far as stringent tests could make them so, and it has become the fashion rather to doubt the Christianity that is so obtained. It has been tried and found wanting. We know, too, how contemptuously they speak and think of the member for the borough, and how indignantly they repudiate his vote as representing them, or in any way authorised to influence the internal arrangements of the Church to which they belong. But how, let me ask, has this state of things come to pass? We know for how many centuries the Church and its influence were supreme, how jealously we fenced it round and guarded it from every evil blast, how long we enforced the penal laws against Nonconformity and maintained its political disability.

do not say it did not sow much good seed and produce many great and pious men, on whose memories we still linger with affectionate regard. But I do say there was much and gross neglect, that there was apathy and indifference in high places and in low, that many corruptions and abuses crept in. Down to the close of the last century at least, Church preferment was regarded only as a reward for personal or political connection, as something of which you and your friends could never have too much. He that hath one good living, happy is he; how much happier he that hath two! And we are sometimes yet reminded of the state of things that was once customary. Only the other day a clergyman died who had held four livings for over forty years! But while pluralists and non-residents slumbered and slept, while bishops and deans and canons pocketed their ample incomes and resided where they willed, the congregations which should have gathered in their cathedrals and churches were compelled to turn to where greater sympathy and warmth and a more vigorous religion could be found. In towns the middle and lower classes went to chapel; in the country, where there was no chapel, they for the most part stayed at home. The only real life remaining in the Church was when, here and there, some pastor of greater power and larger heart than his fellows gathered round him a body of faithful followers, and that life was congregational, not parochial. Even now, when our Church has risen from her slumbers, when her officers have donned their armour and gone forth into the hottest of the fight, as thank God they have, do they not find themselves fettered and hindered by the fatal errors of



gotten then should not altogether hail with enthusiasm the awakening of the Church now, and being possessed of political power should not forget those who ministered to them in dark times when others passed them by? To take a single instance, is it strange that the descendants of Wesley should not be the ardent friends of the Church which drove him from her fold?

But it is said again the State did not make the Church, and the State therefore cannot unmake her; and, whether we regard the Church in its wider or narrower sense, it is undoubtedly true in a manner that she is no creation of the State. Who can deny that the one Catholic and Apostolic Church, the Church which Christ and His followers founded, the Church to which we belong, rose for the first three centuries without establishment, and grew and conquered the powers of darkness while its doctrines were barely tolerated, or at best ignored? Possibly it might have been wiser and better had she so continued, had she never received that fatal gift (whatever it may precisely have been)

Which Constantine to good Sylvester gave, the type and forerunner of all future Establishments. And of that branch of the Church which is more particularly ours, who can give the date of the Act of Parliament which established it, who can say at what precise moment of our history it occurred? Nay, possibly in some aspects the Church in this country is older than the State; and, as Professor Stuhls has well observed, it was 'through the Church that the nation first learned to realise its unity.' But none the less the State and Church entered into an alliance here, as they had done elsewhere, an alliance from which they each

to both, but which admitted doubtless of misunderstanding and quarrel, perhaps it may be of separation and divorce. Long indeed the clergy supplied the State with its ablest statesmen, and the privileges they then conferred on themselves and their order they afterwards fought stoutly to maintain. In the struggles that ensued from time to time they leaned more and more upon the staff of the bruised reed of Rome, and then the renovating storm of the Reformation swept across the country, and utterly ruined their main stay. The disowning for ever of the Papal supremacy was the one condition on which the alliance between Church and State could be maintained; and the Church, in submitting to that decision, in bringing her liturgies and her 42 Articles for the sanction and authority of Parliament, in demanding its renewal when she reduced them to the present 39, and by later acts, sufficiently admitted the right of the English people acting by their Parliament to modify, control, and legislate for it, and as the last resource to dissolve the alliance subsisting between them.

But a Protestant Church, in its religious character, must, of all things in the world, depend on the consent of those who acknowledge it, and no law can give it a religious authority which it does not inherently possess. As Hooker long ago observed, 'when all which the wisdom of all sorts (i.e. both clergy and laity) can do is done for the devising of laws in the Church, it is the *general consent of all* which giveth them the form and vigour of laws, without which they could be no more to us than the counsels of physicians to the sick.' We believe religion to be true, not because the laws compel us, but because we find it the solace

the Church which would be the symbol of our national acceptance of religion must not depend on law, or long descent, or prestige in the past, on no one or all of these, but on the possession of such a measure of respect, esteem, and love from this nation as will uphold it in its present position, and prolong its existence to the future.

Undoubtedly, if it were possible, the highest ideal of the relation subsisting between Church and State is that of which the late Dr. Arnold was the ablest advocate in modern times, and into the advocacy of which he entered with all the vigour of his ardent mind—that in which they are regarded as identical, with the same end and aim before them, together labouring to advance the highest interests of mankind in this world and the next, to enable us to reach that perfection which gives life and force to our highest powers, and brings them into their healthiest and most harmonious activity. In such alliance Church and State combined would be the true type of the perfect man, and the energies of each would naturally find their proper sphere and be exerted only in promoting the work of that common Father whom Christians everywhere alike acknowledge. But how far from such an ideal do we stand? Can we, who see so large a portion of the spiritual life of this nation outside, if not in antagonism to, our national Church, and, within that Church, schisms spreading on every side and straining the ties that hold her together to the very verge of breaking, can we believe in the possibility of its realisation? Before we can do so in any degree at all, it is apparent that the Church of England must become very different from what it now is, and must submit in many points to a

attention, in the belief that they must in another year engage the attention of Parliament and of all who wish the Church of England to remain a National Church.

And the first point which will be dealt with is patronage. A Committee of the House of Lords have just reported on it, and next session a measure will probably be introduced respecting it. That report, unfortunately, has not touched what is the most crying evil in the matter, or rather it has touched it and allowed it to remain. It is unnecessary here twice to slay the slain, and I presume no one will now be found to defend the sale and purchase of livings, or would, if an equitable scheme be brought forward, be inclined to oppose (to use Mr. Bright's happy phrase in his speech at Birmingham) the abolition of purchase in the Church. It was the difficulty, no doubt, of suggesting such a scheme that tied the hands of the Lords' Committee. It is impossible, they knew in the present situation of parties, that National funds can be applied to such a purpose, or that the generation which has witnessed the removal of Church rates would submit to the levying of a tax to carry out a reform in the constitution of the Church. And, on the other hand, I do not believe that, while the matter of a patronage remains as it is as a whole, there is the smallest chance of the funds being provided by the members of the Church herself. The fact is, the moment that the question is brought forward into the light of day, and we have to decide with whom the appointment to livings, now in private hands, is to rest, and under what restrictions it is to be exercised, it will be seen the whole matter is an anomaly, and our entire system of patronage will have to undergo a

advowsons which are in the gift of bishops, deans, and chapters, or other public bodies, which probably number more than a half of the whole. The living is vacant: thus much the parishioners are permitted to know; all else is shrouded in impenetrable gloom. For a few weeks indeed, or longer, as it may happen, they see or hear of a clergyman or two inspecting the rectory and the church, who doubtless carefully examine the rooms and garden, enquire into the condition of the croquet ground, the supply of water, the nature of the society the place affords, and the distance from the nearest railway station and the county town. At length the matter is settled, and the parishioners, who, we may venture to suppose, are somewhat interested in the result, have the pleasure of finding it in the columns of the local paper. They may have to wait a little longer before they learn what the views of their future pastor are, unless they can draw any inference from those of the patrons. And here is one of the greatest anomalies of the case. The patron himself may have been changed since the last appointment was made; an Evangelical may have succeeded a High Church Bishop; Sir Roundell Palmer may have filled Lord Westbury's place, or Dean Close been supplanted by Archdeacon Denison. It matters not; the congregation who have grown from childhood, perhaps, under one pastor's care must thankfully receive him that is sent, and learn (if they can) to suit themselves to the colour of the theology which for the time prevails. We know indeed with sorrow that the theology of the Church of England is a coat of many colours, though to a certain extent it is well that it should be so; but

more of one colour and less of another; and changes so violent and abrupt must tend to shake the affection and esteem they are naturally disposed to feel towards her. When they wish to find a nursing mother, too often they have to deal with an arbitrary master. I do not here discuss what is the precise remedy that should be applied; possibly a veto should be given to the laity of the parish, or a power of submitting to the patron the name of some one they would wish. I am content to argue that the present system is indefensible and a source of weakness to the Church.

But this is not the whole extent of the grievance, though we may hope that in some degree that of which I now proceed to speak may be rendered less grievous by the working of the Public Worship Bill. It has been easy to smile at aggrieved parishioners, but it has been found impossible any longer to ignore them. The incumbent, once appointed, is master of the situation, and neither patron nor congregation have had any real power to control his action, and whatever power they have had has been so uncertain and expensive in its process as virtually to put it beyond their reach. Even when the law has been declared, evasion has been so easy that the offence may exist in all its magnitude without coming within the scope of the legal remedy. In those instances where there is only incompetency or inability to fulfil the duties of the charge, there is nothing but to wait for the end, and till that comes the parish must take care of itself. A young man may be appointed to a cure of souls who may turn out altogether unfitted for the work, or he may develop views entirely at variance with his ordination vows,

usually diminish his chance of preferment, and till he is preferred there is no hope for the unhappy people committed to his charge. It is quite true a man may not be negligent; he may do the utmost that lies within his power; but simply he is unfitted for the particular work he has to perform, and in some other post he might be not only usefully but more profitably employed. For this the Church makes no provision, and there is no machinery to insure that the round pegs should get into the round holes. In other professions failure is followed by loss of employment. The barrister who has proved unequal to conduct a case soon finds himself briefless; the merchant who finds himself incompetent to succeed in one line of business tries another, or relinquishes the pursuit of trade. But failure in the clergyman involves only greater failure still, for in most cases he is compelled by the very circumstances of the case to remain in the very place and under the very conditions under which he has already failed. The preparation, too, for the work is often very incomplete; yet, notwithstanding, the youngest and most inexperienced incumbent is expected to preach his two sermons a week as regularly as the most eloquent prelate on the Bench, and even where he could evidently plead a total want of straw, he is not excused a single one of his tale of bricks. Hence those sad complaints of the sermons we are too often condemned to hear—hence those empty benches which we have too often to deplore. In all these points surely the Church of England requires greater elasticity, and a power of adapting herself more easily to the circumstances of the various cases with which she has to deal. She wants, as the Bishop of Peterborough well

shall be at hand to go on special service whenever they may be called; she wants a half-pay list, to enable the aged and worn-out to retire, without reducing their stipends, often small enough already; she wants altogether a vastly increased scale of remuneration if she is to retain a body of highly-educated, thoroughly-trained clergy in her ranks. But for these things ample funds are needed, and those funds, I believe, the laity will not supply until their own position is more fully recognised, some machinery provided for expressing our corporate will in which the laity shall be fairly represented, and some stronger executive authority to enforce the law, in which the laity also shall have a voice, called into action.

But there is yet another point of view in which it is of absolute necessity that there be some mode of ascertaining what the will of the members of the Church of England is as a whole—a view more important even than that which regards her organisation and discipline. Of this the Bishop of Peterborough last year said that we were trying to confine the strong fermented wine of the nineteenth in the bottles of the sixteenth century. Is there no danger lest in matters of doctrine also, and in some of the exponents of our faith, we are attempting to fight the great battle against the powers of evil clad in the armour and with the weapons of a bygone age? no danger lest in attempting to force modern thought in religious matters into the precise channels that were cut three centuries ago, in times of intense excitement and with inadequate knowledge, we shall compel it to burst the banks that hold it in, and recklessly lose command of a force which, rightly guided, might have conferred



even by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury that the revision of our English Bible was a matter which it was absolutely necessary to take in hand, and the work is now in progress. That revision in itself will cause some disturbance in our Book of Common Prayer, and some passages in our Gospels and Epistles will doubtless disappear. But is there not urgent need, too, to revise the Prayer Book as a whole, and to submit to a reverent enquiry some of the standards of our faith therein contained? Far be it from me to deny that doctrine, truly taught and faithfully believed, is the best foundation for morality, or that there are doctrines which have been since the Church was founded, and will be to the end of time, the surest guideposts on the road of life, and the true solution of the great absorbing problem of man's position here. But our Sixth Article expressly declares that nothing is required of any man to be believed but such as is found in Scripture or may be proved thereby—a great saving clause which expressly reserves to the Church the right, nay, the duty, of making from time to time such revision and alteration as the progress of knowledge and the growth of modern thought demand. What though in course of centuries she has some position to reconsider, some assertions even to recall, if in so doing she draw nearer to the pure spirit of that early Christianity which was preached by the Jordan's side, of that new, that Eleventh Commandment which Christ came down to earth to bring, 'That ye love one another'? What, if so she be led once more to gather together into one fold all who, in her own beautiful words, 'hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of

phesy, 'There shall be one fold and one Shepherd'?

But while asserting that a Church with such a mission must be broad—must lay more stress on having the mind of Christ than on the claiming of any ecclesiastical definition—it would be to neglect the lesson of all past history to be blind to the fact that in this country such a Church, if national, must be anti-sacerdotal, and must once and for ever reject every notion of setting up a priesthood in place of a Church. This, and this only, is the condition of its life. It is read in every page of English history; it is read in the chapter that is being written beneath our eyes.

There are still, as there were in Milton's time, 'Antiquitarians' (so he calls them in his first pamphlet) who refuse to see these things, and defend or uphold whatever has come down from other days. But it never can be wise for a Protestant Church to entrench itself behind the memories and traditions of a bygone age, or to stake its existence on the tattered remains of a power and authority which, though once useful and congenial in another age, are no longer in harmony with the spirit that animates the world to-day. 'Forgetting the things which are behind,' let the Church of England boldly rise to meet the wants of society to-day. Let her cast no longing lingering look on the past, but let the dead bury their dead, and resolve to be the Church of the Present, that she may be also the Church of the Future. She has power and wealth, learning and organisation. She has a wise, moderate, and conscientious laity; she can depend on the continued support of earnest ministers, such as those that hold a sacred place in the memories of many of us, men whose example we vain

in death—men labouring too often  
for scant reward here, unhonoured,  
and perhaps unknown, and yet—

With whom the melodies abide

Of the everlasting chime ;

Who carry music in their heart

Through dusky lane and wrangling  
mart ;

Plying their daily task with busier  
feet

Because their secret souls some holy  
strain repeat.

The Church's future depends on  
the course she takes ; but whatever  
befall her, we may well hope that  
Christianity, in the larger sense,  
will extend its civilising influences  
year by year. In the experienced  
words of a great statesman of the  
last century, 'The cause of the  
Church of England is included in  
that of religion, not that of religion  
in the Church of England.'

R. A. A.



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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER 1874

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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER 1874.

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## GENERAL REPRESENTATION.

IT must be obvious to the most superficial observer of political events that we are again on the eve of a readjustment of our electoral system. Electoral Reform is likely once more to become the rallying-cry of the Liberal party—is perhaps, in fact, the only subject upon which the party can be said to be agreed; and although their political rivals affect to deprecate the agitation, their opposition is neither very vigorous nor very precise. It is true that a number of old-fashioned thorough-going Conservatives are already beginning to assume an attitude of stolid resistance, but this appears to arise rather from the force of habit than from any particularly earnest conviction. Even the mysterious warnings of Mr. Disraeli may prove to be nothing more than the diplomatic exaggeration of the surgeon who seeks, by magnifying the danger of the operation, to scare away all rival practitioners until he himself is at leisure to undertake the case.

It scarcely needed the vague, oracular utterances of Mr. Disraeli to convince us that the approaching task will be one of immense difficulty, as well as immense importance. The questions involved are of such magnitude, and at the same time of such complexity, that all the wisdom and experience which may be at the disposal of the Legislature will certainly not be more than sufficient for

spicuous features of the coming investigation we do not, however, now propose to refer. How many dozen voters in Birmingham or Glasgow are required to equal in electoral value the more favoured resident in a petty Irish borough; what is the precise political depreciation which an elector should suffer, who migrates, say, from Liskeard to Manchester; and why, or to what extent, the misguided artisan who crosses the mystic line of the borough boundary, and removes his family from the noise and smoke of a crowded city to a cottage in an adjoining suburb, should thereby forfeit his place in our electoral system; these are problems, in what may be called political algebra, which we do not at present intend to discuss.

We wish, rather, to glance at the result of these varied combinations, and enquire whether or not the composition of the House of Commons is such that we ought to feel contented with it. We have lately seen an elaborate and complicated electoral machinery set in motion. To every corner of the British Isles the agitation was extended. For weeks the ordinary pursuits of life were largely suspended, and the nation became divided into rival camps, resounding with the din of contending parties and hostile cries. With an infinite expenditure of energy and excitement a legislative assembly was collected together. What is

assembly? Is the issue worthy of the contest? Is the average ability of the elected body such as to justify the laborious and exhausting process of its election? Does it embody the selected political wisdom of the nation, or is it rather such an assembly as the rudest and least fatiguing form of natural selection would be likely to equal, if not to surpass?

It is evident that the answers to these questions will only depend to a limited degree upon the considerations which usually come to the front in debates upon Parliamentary Reform—upon the number of voters placed upon the register, or the regularity with which the members are apportioned to the constituencies. It is possible to imagine an electoral system which should be full of anomalies, but which should yet result in a high degree of legislative ability: and, on the other hand, we can readily conceive of an electoral body, arranged and divided with mathematical accuracy, where

Each great burgh, numerically free,  
Should choose its members by the rule of three,

and yet in which the standard, not only of the ability, but the integrity of its representatives, should suffer a steady and constant deterioration.

The object of representative institutions may be fairly stated to be twofold in character. It is undoubtedly of vital importance to secure for Government a cheerful loyalty and obedience, and thus to promote the public order and contentment. And this can only be effected by so arranging the franchise that every one performing the duties of an honest citizen shall have his due share in the appointment of the Legislature. But it is surely at least as indispensably necessary that the elected body shall be fully competent to perform the duties for which it has been elected.

The first of these requirements is

tion unfairly excluded from the franchise is pretty certain to create such a constant clamour for admission that its claims are at length conceded even by those who have uniformly denied their justice. The Scripture parable of the unjust judge is continually being exemplified in the history of political agitation. Although the conceding powers may not soliloquise with such cynical frankness, their actuating motive is often the same as that which the unjust judge so bluntly avows. Though they 'fear not God, nor regard man,' though they despise with equal heartiness the 'vox populi' and the 'vox Dei,' yet, because these agitators so continually trouble them, they grant them all that they demand. Political agitators often *are* heard 'for their much speaking.'

While, however, this aspect of the subject is little likely to be forgotten, it does seem that the other not less important requirement has of late been almost entirely overlooked. In endless discussions concerning *means*, the ultimate *end* has largely escaped attention. As a natural consequence of this neglect, we are now confronted with the unpleasant fact that the standard of legislative ability is becoming lower and lower in each successive Parliament.

This growing degeneracy of the House of Commons is so generally admitted, and so generally deplored, that any specific proof of its existence will hardly be required. *Absolute* proof in such a case is of course impossible. Legislative ability, being an intellectual endowment, cannot be registered by any known machinery, or even determined, like the capacity for cricket or polo, by a match between the Lords and Commons. Should anyone, however, be inclined to doubt the correctness of the general impression, we invite him to apply to the question any such approximate test as he may be able

men of the future, or let him ask himself who will maintain the historic reputation of the House of Commons when its two or three great living leaders have passed away. Of the 652 members returned to represent the three kingdoms, let him observe how many, or rather how few, are distinguished by any conspicuous ability. Let him compare the present Parliament with its predecessor, or count over the gains and losses of the last general election. Amongst the losses he will recall the names of Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. Miall, Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. White, and a number of other members of a high degree of legislative capacity and experience. The list of gains will be small indeed; in fact, we must confess our ignorance of *any* very decided acquisition, excepting, perhaps, Mr. Roebuck and 'Ginx's Baby.' But the most satisfactory test, and the one by which we should prefer the question to be decided, is the test of individual experience and observation. Let the reader recall to mind the history of his own town and neighbourhood at the last general election. In the fierce and exciting struggle for seats, to what extent was political ability an element in the contest? How many of the local candidates could be said to possess it in any striking degree; and in the case of those who *did* possess it, did they find it a help or a hindrance to their success? Unless his district has been unusually fortunate, he will find that the most successful candidates were those who scarcely pretended to any special fitness for imperial affairs, but relied for support entirely upon local influence and local popularity.

It cannot be doubted that this condition of things is full of danger, and involves the possibility of great disaster. It is difficult to conceive

affairs to those who are obviously incompetent for the duty; and, without wishing to disparage the country squires and retired manufacturers who absorb an increasing number of seats in the House of Commons, it would be idle to credit them with any special acquaintance with political history or political science.

It is true that we are sometimes asked to congratulate ourselves upon the possession of what is called a 'safe' Legislature. We must, however, confess our absolute mistrust of a safety which is meant to be synonymous with ignorance. Knowledge is safety; ignorance is always danger. There is in politics a prudent boldness; and there is a rash and reckless timidity. It is sometimes a more dangerous enterprise to defend abuses than to sweep them away. We can imagine an ignorant, incompetent assembly displaying this fatal temerity. Too timid to remove injustice, they are not too timid to stir the smouldering fires of discontent and fan them into the blaze of revolution. Afraid to assume their rightful position in the diplomatic councils of the nation, they are not afraid to abandon, one by one, the strongholds and points of vantage which constitute their country's natural protection against hostile combinations or designing foes. Even the energy of such an assembly is misdirected and mischievous. Ignorant of causes, and blindly miscalculating effects—looking around them in bewildered confusion—they strike at random, and exhaust their strength in attempting impossibilities.

It was not 'safe' legislatures that established our English liberties, or that built up, step by step, the fabric of that constitution which for so long has been the admiration of mankind. It was not 'safe' legislatures that gained for England the empire of the seas, and made the name of 'Englishman' respected

the honour and dignity of the nation will be maintained untarnished amid the storms that may soon be sweeping over the continent of Europe. For a parish vestry, or a local burial board, this inglorious adjective might, perhaps, convey a fitting degree of praise. It might even be not inappropriately coveted by one of those petty European States which exist by virtue of their insignificance, and for which to be noticed would be to stand in danger. But for a nation which counts its subjects by hundreds of millions; whose dominion extends through every continent and every zone; and whose population embraces every diversity of race and culture, from the African bushman, scarcely to be recognised as a human being, to the English aristocrat, claiming to inherit the refining influence of a dozen generations of an illustrious ancestry—for such a nation to be contented with so feeble and questionable a panegyric would be equivalent to a distinct and deliberate act of suicide. It may, indeed, be safely predicted, that if ever this delusive epithet should express the highest aims of the English people and Parliament, this alone will sufficiently indicate a rapidly approaching dismemberment and decay.

It would, of course, be an absurd exaggeration to attempt to apply this gloomy description to the present condition of the English House of Commons. We still have statesmen in every respect worthy to be entrusted with the destinies of a great empire, and we still have politicians who, both by ability and training, are abundantly qualified to join in the discussion of imperial affairs. But if the decline to which we have referred has really commenced; if it be true that while the little band of able men is being gradually lessened by the inevitable hand of death, its ranks are not recruited by equally able and vigorous successors;

degeneracy, or to endeavour to discover the prospect of a cure.

The solution of political problems is rendered much more difficult by the fact that results can rarely be traced to an isolated cause, but that, on the contrary, a single effect is often produced by a combination of influences of varying degrees of intensity and power. The streams of political life find their illustration rather in the impetuous river whose torrent is swelled by a thousand tributary rills, than in the monotonously regular canal, whose sluggish waters, carefully collected together, and directed into channels only prepared for their reception, can be controlled or intercepted at will. The political result we are now deploring, namely, the absence of talent from the House of Commons, being no exception to the general rule, we can recognise a variety of causes as contributing to its production.

Wealth and ability being by no means inseparable companions, the excessive expenditure involved in a contested election probably excludes many desirable candidates from the field, while a further number are no doubt repelled by the prospect of the painful and often humiliating drudgery of canvassing for votes, or addressing mobs at public meetings. On the other hand, the rapid development of the mercantile element has created a large class of retired merchants and manufacturers, many of whom, with enormous wealth and unlimited leisure, are fired with the ambition to acquire the social distinction attaching to the position of member of Parliament. In competition with this class, a poorer man, however capable, starts under an immense disadvantage. Money can in a thousand ways be made to influence an election; and even if the candidate should scrupulously abstain from anything approaching to bribery, the



ber of prudent electors. Even the abolition of pocket-boroughs, though absolutely necessary to prevent representative institutions from falling into contempt, was not, perhaps, an unmixed benefit, as the old system, however anomalous, undoubtedly furnished facilities which do not now exist, for securing for the service of the State a valuable class of independent thinkers who were neither able nor willing to take part in the rude and boisterous scenes which are the usual accompaniments of a contested election.

But by far the greatest bar to the admission of talent into the House of Commons, is the overwhelming preponderance accorded by constitutions to local influence and to so-called 'local claims.' This exaggerated value placed upon local standing is so well understood that no candidate can safely venture to ignore it, and hence in almost every election address we find attempts to pander to what may be called the parochial spirit. If the candidate is unfortunately unable to use the stereotyped expression 'Born amongst you, and brought up in your midst,' he anxiously looks around for some circumstance by which to identify himself with the place he is aspiring to represent. Should he be the owner of property in the neighborhood, or have invested capital in one of the local manufactures, his claim may be considered to be fairly established. If he cannot boast of either of these advantages, he has at least visited the district upon some former occasion, or, possibly, spent a few years of his boyhood in an adjoining school, and upon these facts he now falls back in desperation, endeavouring, by elaborately vague allusions, to make them prove his close connection with the coveted constituency.

Grotesquely absurd as these attempts so frequently are, they

Within reasonable limits, this feeling is neither unnatural nor to be condemned. It is not unnatural that electors should prefer old faces to new ones, or (if we may be pardoned an allusion which is perhaps more appropriate than complimentary) that they should

Rather bear the ills they have,  
Than fly to others that they know not of.

But when local knowledge and influence are allowed as substitutes for political ability and experience; when the citizen of a town forgets that he is also the citizen of an empire; when the qualifications which admirably prove a fitness for the post of alderman or mayor are held to constitute an equal fitness for the entirely different position of member of Parliament; when, in choosing a representative, the electors look exclusively at his knowledge of local business, of which Parliament will probably never hear, instead of considering his capacity for dealing with those imperial questions which the Legislature is specially summoned to discuss—then we cannot but regret the strange perversion, or absence, of judgment which results in such a striking delusion.

At first sight it would appear that scarcely any of the causes we have enumerated are accessible to legislation. The barrier arising from excessive election expenditure will no doubt be ultimately removed by the simple and sensible expedient of transferring the expense to the local rates. But no legislation can be expected to abolish the advantages enjoyed by superior wealth, nor would the wildest political dreamer think of proposing a plan for the restoration of pocket-boroughs; while, if electors are illogical enough to argue that because a candidate has shown himself to be an agreeable neighbour or a liberal employer; because he has built a church, endowed a hospital, or

and proper person to assist in the deliberations of the national Legislature,—it is scarcely possible for any Act of Parliament to prevent their putting into practice their curiously absurd conclusions. The sacred right of liberty must, of necessity, often include the right to despise the dictates of common sense, and this is a privilege which is unfortunately little likely to lapse for want of using.

When, however, we submit the subject to a more searching examination, and attempt to penetrate below the surface, we find a cause which is removable, and which gives an artificial and exaggerated importance to each of the influences already described. This underlying primary cause, this unsuspected source of so large a proportion of the mischief, is that utter absence of healthy competition which is the inevitable result of the arbitrary and inelastic method by which constituencies are at present divided.

To assert this absence of competition may at first appear a singularly reckless and extravagant perversion of facts. ‘No competition!’ we can imagine a reader exclaiming in amazement, ‘No competition!—When every petty borough is echoing the addresses of hostile candidates! When every vacant wall is covered with flaming placards imploring the electors to “vote for Smith,” or to “plump for Robinson!” When weary postmen have no sooner delivered one pile of circulars than they are summoned to distribute a second batch which flatly contradict the first! When, as the day of election approaches nearer and nearer, the contest becomes more and more furious, until at last candidates and canvassers, agents and editors, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, electors and non-electors, are all involved in one mad whirl of excitement! How, in the presence of these turbulent encounters, is it

Notwithstanding this apparent contradiction, a little reflection will show that the noisy antagonism so obtrusively manifested is purely superficial, and has no real bearing upon the intellectual result of the election. The rivalry is a rivalry of parties, and not of men; and so far from the severity of the struggle conducing to the selection of the ablest man, it may be safely asserted that the closer the contest between the rival candidates; the more vigorously the party warfare is conducted; the less the question of personal fitness will be likely to receive attention.

The value of competition depends on the range and freedom of selection, and, to test the importance of any so-called competition, we have only to enquire how far this object is attained. Competition between railway companies, for instance, can only be considered effective when it gives the passenger the choice of several rival routes. Competition in trade protects the public from extortion or from fraud by increasing the number of sources of supply. It is the knowledge that his customers can go elsewhere that keeps the unprincipled tradesman in check, and deters him from supplying an inferior article or charging an extortionate price.

We have only to apply this test to discover how entirely delusive is the apparent competition in parliamentary elections. What is the extent of the choice which is usually placed before an elector? His vote is contended for by two candidates or sets of candidates, one candidate or set of candidates avowedly Liberal, the other as avowedly Conservative; one candidate distinctly pledging himself to vote for certain measures, the other as distinctly pledging himself to vote against them; one candidate declaring himself a follower of one

If an elector has any distinct political principles—if, in other words, he has sufficient public spirit to be worthy of a vote at all—he will have arrived at more or less definite conclusions upon the current topics of political discussion, and these conclusions will place him, at least for the time, in the ranks of one or other of the two great political parties. Whichever party he embraces, he will scarcely be willing to give his vote to the opposite candidate, who seeks to enter Parliament to oppose the very conclusions at which the elector has arrived. An elector has therefore no alternative but to vote for his party candidate, however incompetent that candidate may be; and each of the candidates has thus a practical monopoly of the votes of the party which he adopts. To tell a dissatisfied elector that he is free to vote for the opposition candidate could only be looked upon as a mocking sarcasm. It would be just as reasonable to attempt to reconcile an impatient traveller to the slowness of the train which was taking him from Birmingham to his home in Cornwall, by telling him how swiftly he could travel in the opposite direction, to Edinburgh or to Glasgow. The candidates of rival parties can no more be said to *compete*, in any true sense of the term, than the Dublin and Belfast Railway can be said to compete with the London, Chatham, and Dover, or than a line of steamers from Liverpool to New York can be said to compete with one to Australia, China, or Japan.

To this absence of competition it is greatly due that so few candidates for parliamentary honours rise above the level of respectable mediocrity, while so many sink below even this modest standard. Confident that party feeling will secure them the votes of the bulk

of a virtual impossibility, the irresponsible cliques which assume the function of selecting candidates are under no inducement to seek for the ablest representatives of their opinions. The only point of vital importance is to find a *safe* party candidate, warranted to vote in obedience to the party whip. Given this voting reliability, any further requirement is hardly worth considering, and it is deemed of very slight importance if the candidate who will vote like a piece of machinery should exhibit its absence of intelligence as well as its regularity.

An incident from the actual history of a county election held a few years ago will show the absurdly frivolous grounds upon which the support of a body of electors is sometimes solicited, and the utter powerlessness of a discontented elector in such a contingency. A certain constituency in the midland counties was called upon to elect a member of Parliament. The late representative had been a Liberal, and a Liberal candidate soon appeared in the field; but a Conservative now came forward to contest the seat, and an animated struggle was expected. The rival addresses to the 'free and independent electors' had been duly printed and distributed, and a public meeting was called on behalf of the Liberal candidate. A crowded audience assembled in response to the invitation. The occasion was one of considerable importance. It was the opening of the electoral campaign, and for the first time the candidate met a public assembly of the electors of the constituency.

The chair was occupied by a gentleman of great local influence, the chairman of the district Liberal Association—a shrewd man of business, who had mixed in politics all his life, and owed much of his prosperity to his successful dealing with election matters. Amidst an

solemn tones reminded his audience of the object of their meeting together.

They were met together (he said) upon a most important occasion. (Hear hear.) The eyes of the nation were upon them, and England expected them to do their duty. (Cheers.) An audacious attempt was being made to impose a Tory member upon that great and important constituency (Shame!); to send to Parliament a supporter of Mr. Disraeli (loud groans) instead of a supporter of their great leader, Mr. Gladstone. (Great cheering.) He asked that important meeting if they would allow that audacious attempt to be successful. (Loud cries of No! No!) He accepted that cry as an omen of success. Let them stand to their guns and give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and victory was certain to crown their efforts. (Immense applause.)

By an easy and graceful transition, the speaker then proceeded to introduce the 'honourable candidate,' and to recapitulate his claims upon their support.

The candidate was the son of Lord ——— [a nobleman of great local popularity]—a distinguished and efficient member of the rifle corps (great applause)—and a well-known and accomplished cricketer. (Prolonged and tumultuous cheering.)

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes longer, the chairman resumed his seat, calling upon the 'honourable candidate' to explain his views. The 'honourable candidate' was a young man two or three years past his majority, absolutely destitute of political experience, and also, as it soon appeared, of speaking ability. If he *had* any views, he certainly did them great injustice. He managed to stammer out a few incoherent sentences, with long and painful pauses between. He tried to refer to his father and to Mr. Gladstone, to rehearse the articles of his belief, and to tell the audience that he wanted their votes. But if any of the electors present had expected, either from chairman or candidate, intelligent reasons for giving their support, they must have been woefully disappointed.

exhibition, the usual opportunity was offered for any elector to question the candidate. Scarcely had the invitation passed the chairman's lips than the platform was ascended by a notorious and intensely unpopular Conservative elector, who announced that *he* had a question which he wished to put. The appearance of this man was the signal for a storm of hisses and groans, which was again and again renewed, and continued, with scarcely any intermission, for nearly half-an-hour. At last quiet was restored, and he gravely proceeded to put his question. 'He merely wished to ask the honourable candidate whether he ever saw his election address before it appeared in print!' The fury of the audience on hearing this impertinent question may readily be imagined. A rush was made for the platform; but the intended victim, thinking discretion the better part of valour, abandoned his position and made his escape through a side door, without waiting for an answer to his enquiry.

Of course the chairman indignantly protested against the insulting insinuation which had just been made (although it is quite possible that the too audacious querist was not very far wide of the mark). The disturbing element being now removed, peace and harmony again prevailed, and shortly afterwards the usual resolutions were proposed and carried, declaring that the Honourable Frederick Adolphus Slopperly (suppose we say) was a fit and proper person to represent that constituency in Parliament, and pledging that meeting to do all in its power to secure his return.

Now, suppose the case of a Liberal elector in this constituency who was not unreasonably dissatisfied with his party candidate. Suppose him, while fully admitting the candidate's merit in being his father's son, while yielding to no one in admiration for the (presumably)



and while thoroughly appreciating proficiency in the healthy and popular game of cricket—to desire to find in his parliamentary representative some more appropriate *political* qualifications. It is certain that under our present system such an elector would be absolutely unable to give any effective expression to his discontent. Should he bring forward a rival Liberal candidate, the effect would be, not to secure the return of that candidate, but to facilitate or ensure the return of the candidate of the opposite party—in this case a Tory of the old exclusive school, and an uncompromising opponent of anything like Liberal or progressive principles. The only other alternative is entire abstention from voting; and it is to be feared that this form of silent protest is largely resorted to by intelligent electors in such cases as the one we have been describing. It is thus continually happening that a considerable section of a constituency is practically disfranchised, while the class of electors which is thus indirectly deprived of its political rights is usually the very class whose votes possess the greatest value.

Should anyone desire a perfect remedy for these mischievous anomalies, we would at once refer him to the scheme originated by Mr. Thomas Hare, to which the author has given the name of 'Personal Representation.' There is scarcely an evil existing, or likely to exist, in our representative system, which the adoption of Mr. Hare's

scheme would not completely cure. Under its highly ingenious yet marvellously simple arrangements the House of Commons would become an exact reflection of the opinions and wishes of the nation, and all the artificial evils which inevitably arise from the present artificial restrictions would of necessity disappear. When, however, we consider that it is now seventeen years since Mr. Hare's proposals were introduced to the world, and when we observe that, notwithstanding the powerful support of such men as John Stuart Mill and Mr. Fawcett, the plan can hardly yet be considered to have passed (in this country, at least) from the stage of visionary speculation into the pale of practical discussion, we are reluctantly compelled to abandon the hope of seeing it adopted within the immediate future. Whenever England can fairly be described as an educated nation; when the masses of the people cease to cling, with blind conservatism, to established inconveniences; when politics is studied as a science, and a group of anomalous accidents is no longer accepted as the *beau ideal* of an electoral system; then we may expect that Mr. Hare's scheme will receive due recognition; and we may be sure that the generation which first adopts it will look back with wonder to the foolish timidity which deprived its predecessors of the advantages of so obviously natural and equitable a system of representation.<sup>1</sup>

In the meantime, and pending

<sup>1</sup> The following summary of its leading provisions may interest those who are not already acquainted with Mr. Hare's scheme: Mr. Hare proposes to divide the total number of voters at each general election by the number of members to be returned (say 652), and to take the quotient as the 'quota,' or number of votes which should entitle a candidate to a seat. Each elector would be restricted to one vote, but he would be permitted to give that vote to any candidate within the United Kingdom. The votes would be given by means of voting papers, upon which the elector would insert, not only the name of his favourite candidate, but also the names of a number of other candidates in the order of his preference for them, so that if the candidate whose name headed the voter's list had obtained his quota without his assistance, that name would be cancelled upon the voting paper, and the vote applied to the next-mentioned candidate. A code of rules is

the arrival of this happy period, we may perhaps be permitted to suggest a plan which would secure many of the benefits of Mr. Hare's scheme, without being open to the objections which, however unreasonable, have hitherto prevented it from receiving any extended popular support. The plan we wish to suggest is extremely simple, and can easily be described in a very few sentences.

Either by adding to the present

number of the House of Commons, or by reserving seats at the redistribution which must soon take place,<sup>2</sup> let a fixed number, say twenty seats, be left to be filled up at each general election by what we will call 'General Representation.' The candidates for these seats would appeal for support, not to any particular district, but to the nation at large, and any duly qualified elector in the United Kingdom should be at liberty to give his vote to one of

and the vote applied to a following name. When a quota could no longer be obtained by this process, the remaining voting papers would be grouped according to the uncanceled names which remained at their head, and the candidates for whom the highest numbers of such remaining primary votes had been recorded would be returned as members until the complement of the House was thus completed. The full number of members being now returned, any voting papers still unappropriated would be added to the constituency of the successful candidates whose name (whether cancelled or uncanceled) stood highest upon them; by this plan it is estimated that only an insignificantly small number of votes would be entirely thrown away. The votes would be taken locally as at present, and they would, to a certain extent, be appropriated by the local returning officers; but a great part of the appropriation would be performed by registrars at a central office, to which the voting papers would be forwarded. Each voting paper would be endorsed with the name of the candidate to whom it had been applied, and (after an interval allowed for the verification of the result of the election by any discontented unsuccessful candidate) would be returned to the locality in which it had been given, where any elector would have an opportunity to trace the effect of his vote. The detailed enactments required to carry out the foregoing provisions have been embodied by Mr. Hare in the form of a supposed electoral law. A full description and explanation of this law will be found in Mr. Hare's treatise on *The Election of Representatives* (Longmans); and it is impossible to peruse this treatise with any degree of attention without being convinced, not only of the immense advantages which the system would confer, but also of the extreme simplicity of the arrangements required to put it into operation.

\* The latter of these methods would probably be preferred, as it would, no doubt, be thought undesirable to increase by twenty members the present number of the House of Commons. The actual number of the present House is, however, half-a-dozen short of the orthodox 658, four boroughs, returning six representatives, having been disfranchised since the passing of the last Reform Bill. These six seats would therefore be at once available for General Representation, and two more might be obtained by altering the nominal number of members from 658 to 660, a more convenient number for computation. This would leave only twelve seats to be taken from existing constituencies, and there are more than this number of Irish boroughs which each return a member for less than 400 registered electors. There would be no real injustice in taking the whole of the twelve seats from these petty boroughs, as Ireland would still retain an exorbitantly excessive number of representatives in proportion to its electoral strength. But as every one would recoil with instinctive horror from the remotest prospect of creating another Irish grievance, it would probably be best to make up the required number of general representatives by taking four members each from England, Scotland, and Ireland. The following statistics will show that there is plenty of scope for a much more extensive disfranchisement than this would involve.

In England there are at present five boroughs with less than 700 registered electors, and five more with less than 800, each returning one member to Parliament; and no less than thirteen boroughs each returning two members for less than 2,000 voters.

In Ireland there are fourteen boroughs returning a member each for less than 400 electors, and of this number eight have less than 300, and two less than 200 registered voters.

In Scotland there are no such glaring numerical anomalies, yet even in Scotland there are some counties and districts where a member is returned by less than 1,500

these candidates. The method of taking votes would be just as at present, but the voting paper handed to each elector upon entering the polling-booth would contain, besides the names of the local candidates, a blank space in which the voter who should prefer a *general* candidate would write the name of the candidate that he preferred.<sup>3</sup> When the returning officers opened the ballot-boxes to count the votes, the papers which were filled up for general candidates would be put aside, and sent to a central office in London established for that purpose. At the central office, when the reports of all the returning officers throughout the kingdom had been received, the voting papers for each candidate would be collected together, and the twenty highest numbers returned as members. It would not, I think, be necessary to fix a minimum of votes as requisite to election, as the lowest successful candidate of so small a number as twenty would be certain to have received a reasonably large number of votes.

An elector voting for a general candidate would only be permitted to insert in his voting paper the name of one such candidate, and he would, of course, relinquish for that occasion the privilege of voting for either of the local candidates.

In the event of the death or resignation of a general representative, his seat would remain vacant until the next general election, as it would be impossible, under a system of secret voting, to identify the particular combination of electors which formed the constituency of the late member. As, however, the proposed scheme would not interfere with isolated elections,<sup>4</sup> the electors who were thus temporarily deprived of a special representative would receive some compensation for the deprivation by retaining the right to vote for local candidates at such isolated elections. The number of electors who, in each constituency, availed themselves of the privilege of voting for general candidates, would be published by the local returning officers as part of the official declaration of the poll. This number would seldom be more than a small proportion of the constituency, but it would vary from time to time, according to the merits or demerits of the local candidates, and this variation, by baffling all attempts at calculation, would guarantee the spontaneity of the voting, and would effectually prevent the scheme from being worked for corrupt or sectarian purposes.

The number of votes required to return a general candidate at one election would bear no relation

<sup>3</sup> If it should be thought that the writing of his name by the voter would interfere with the absolute secrecy at which the ballot aims, a substitute for this method could easily be found. The list of names of the general candidates might, for instance, be printed on a gummed and perforated sheet, and sold to the public at a nominal sum. The elector could then tear off the name of his selected candidate, and attach it to his voting paper in the secret recesses of the polling booth. For our own part, however, we must frankly acknowledge that we have very little sympathy with that lack of public spirit which shrinks with such morbid terror from an open avowal of the honest performance of the duties of citizenship.

<sup>4</sup> Nor with uncontested seats at a general election, but this class of election appears to be becoming less frequent, if we may judge from a comparison between the only two elections held under the extended franchise. Although the issues before the country at the last general election were of so negative a character, and an unusual amount of apathy was in consequence supposed to prevail, the number of uncontested seats was less by about twenty than at the exciting election of 1868, when questions of absorbing interest were submitted to the decision of the constituencies. When election expenditure is transferred to the local rates, and the qualification for the county franchise is substantially reduced—neither of which political reforms can now be much longer delayed—

whatever to the number required at the next. It would, therefore, be a virtual impossibility for a candidate to arrange for the purchase of a seat, as he would be absolutely destitute of any data upon which to base his calculations. The same circumstance would remove the danger of any considerable number of the general seats being absorbed by special organisations, such as the United Kingdom Alliance or the Trades' Union Associations. Each of these powerful societies would probably succeed in securing one seat; nor would this be necessarily a matter for regret, as it would obviously be far preferable for a Trades' Union delegate, for instance, to enter Parliament by the votes of his fellow-workmen and sympathisers, than to owe his seat to a reluctant local majority, who would only accept him under pressure, to avert the risk of the return of a political opponent. But the absolute uncertainty as to the number of votes required would compel each association to concentrate its strength upon a single candidate. The great sectional interests would, in fact, to a great extent keep each other in check. The Trades' Unions would not only be in ignorance of the total number of general votes,—they would be quite as much in the dark as to how many votes the 'Alliance' would succeed in detaching from the local candidates; while the Alliance, on the other hand, would be in exactly the same predicament. Neither could venture to bring forward more than one or two candidates, for fear of being outnumbered by some rival association.

The bulk of the general seats would no doubt be filled by men of conspicuous ability, whose reputation would attract spontaneous support from an extended circle of admirers. The causes which at present so often repel the most valuable class of citizens from any at-

any appreciable trouble or expenditure would be involved in the candidature for one of these general seats. The list of candidates would be posted in each polling district by the returning officer, along with the formal announcement of the date of the poll. No additional expense would be incurred for polling-booths, clerks, or fees. The only expense which would fall upon the candidate would be the cost of publishing an address to the constituencies, and for this purpose the insertion of an advertisement in two or three of the leading English, Scotch, and Irish newspapers would be amply sufficient. Relieved from the necessity of launching into an extravagant expenditure or entering upon a laborious canvass; no longer required to go through the humiliating performance of visiting, cap in hand, a hatch of ignorant and possibly insolent electors, to solicit, as a personal favour, the high honour of becoming their representative; numbers of distinguished men would be induced to enter the field of politics; and the nation would gain the services of many men of the highest capacity, who would always have shrunk, with an invincible repugnance, from mingling in the angry excitement of a local contest.

The plan proposed can certainly not be condemned as revolutionary; nor will any one be likely to dread from its adoption any danger to existing institutions. The characteristics of Mr. Hare's scheme which appear to be mainly responsible for its comparative failure to attract attention, viz., its comprehensive and sweeping nature, and its apparent disregard for local feelings and local interests, will hardly be attributed to the present proposal. The objections will probably be of an exactly opposite character, and surprise will be expressed that so microscopic a remedy should be proposed for so



degenerate as has been described—if so large a proportion of its members is so deficient in political ability—what appreciable effect can the introduction of a score more members, however competent, be likely to have upon its composition?

To such an objection it may be replied, that the addition of even a *dozen* able men to the House of Commons might completely change the character of its deliberations. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the influence which a band of earnest, able, and independent members may exercise upon a legislative body. From this small group might emanate an amount of information, of eloquence, and of wisdom which should, at a critical moment, determine the action of the Legislature and decide the destinies of the nation. We might further point out that in proportion to the importance of the duties of an assembly must be the importance of any improvement in its composition. The slightest possible amendment of the constitution of an Imperial Senate must possess a wider interest than the most sweeping reform in the construction of a village vestry. Tried by this standard, no improvement in the structure of the English House of Commons can be regarded as insignificant.

While, however, the election of a number of talented men as general representatives would be certain to prove an enormous gain, it would be by no means the chief advantage arising from the proposed reform. By its indirect influence upon the constitutions it would accomplish far more important results. It would furnish every dissatisfied elector with a legitimate expression for his discontent, and would thus, gradually, but inevitably, raise the standard of parliamentary ability.

It would be a great mistake to estimate the extent of the existing

even by the degree of audible complaint. Deliberate abstention from voting is an extreme measure, only resorted to in the most desperate cases, and the absence of any available remedy is often sufficient to effectually stifle expressions of discontent. An elector who intends to vote, and who knows that he has no alternative but to vote for his party candidate, will naturally be disposed to put a bold face on the matter in the presence of the enemy, until at last, by resolutely shutting his eyes to his candidate's defects, and loudly proclaiming the few merits he may happen to possess, he succeeds in convincing himself that the would-be member is not quite so great a blockhead after all. There can be no doubt that a large number of electors who are noisy supporters of the present candidates, as well as those who are now silent, or whose dissatisfaction is confined to low murmurs of discontent, would eagerly welcome an opportunity to transfer their allegiance to a more worthy representative, whose *real* merits would relieve them from the irritating necessity of drawing upon their imaginations.

The elector once released from the bondage of local restrictions; made a free agent, and no longer bound over, under penalty of disfranchisement, to vote for a particular candidate; the local leaders by whom the candidates are selected would be compelled to bring forward such candidates as would secure the voluntary support of the intelligent section of the constituencies. No longer able to count upon the blind adherence of their party, they would be obliged to seek for local candidates who, in ability and experience, would bear comparison with the candidates for the general seats; and only so far as they succeeded in this could they rely upon retaining the undivided allegiance of

from time to time were diverted to the general candidates, would afford an interesting indication of the extent to which the ability of the local candidates had kept pace with the intelligence of the constituencies, and would furnish a constant incentive to greater improvement. The effect of these influences upon the standard of parliamentary ability can hardly be over-estimated. In every constituency a healthy rivalry would be substituted for the present feverish and useless competition, and incapable representatives might soon be expected to become rare exceptions, instead of the general rule, as at present seems too likely to be the case.

It is by no means an unimportant consideration that the adoption of the proposed plan would necessitate scarcely any interference with present arrangements. It is hardly possible to imagine a reform which would require less alteration in existing electoral machinery; and in practical politics this is a point of considerable importance, since, whether we regard it as a matter for congratulation or regret, it is an undoubted *fact* that the temper of the English nation is naturally averse to wholesale organic changes.

The plan we propose is not submitted as a universal remedy which will cure every ill which a representative government may inherit or acquire. It cannot pretend to the scientific completeness of the scheme devised by Mr. Hare, or even to the symmetrical, though delusive, regularity of the plan of equal electoral districts. It does not attempt to establish an ideal uniformity, or to abolish the numberless diversities and distinctions which have grown up around our

political system. But its aim, although much more modest, is also, perhaps, much more capable of realisation. It seeks to meet a practical evil by a practicable remedy. Instead of attempting to destroy the variety of English political life, it proposes to remove an acknowledged evil, and supply an acknowledged want, by adding another element to that diversity.

Those who have studied Mr. Hare's scheme, and are looking forward to its ultimate adoption, may well accept this proposal as a step in the right direction. Those, on the other hand, who wish to preserve, in the main, the existing system of representation, may safely assent to the proposed reform, as, by increasing the elasticity of the present system, it could scarcely fail to improve its prospect of permanency. The electors who preferred their present mode of voting would be perfectly at liberty to ignore the change, and to continue to support their local favorites. The only privilege they would be asked to sacrifice would be the privilege of controlling the votes of others. The abandonment of this arbitrary and tyrannical privilege, as it would be an act of justice, would receive an ample compensation. The electors who thus acquired their liberty would be the unconscious benefactors of the whole community. Those who continued to vote for local candidates would find in their members far more able representatives; while all classes of electors would share with the nation at large the incalculable benefits which must inevitably result from the increased capacity of the most important branch of the Imperial Parliament.

## ON THE VATNA JÖKULL.

**V**ATNA JÖKULL is to most people only a sound indicative of something Norse, and they dismiss it with the remark, 'Oh, some place or another up in Iceland.' But it really demands more attention, and in the year 1861 Mr. W. Longman, in an able address delivered to the Alpine Club, of which he was then Vice-President, impressed upon his hearers the manifold advantages that might possibly accrue to science from an exploration of that district, and the probable grandeur of scenery that would meet the view of the explorer who should venture to penetrate its recesses. Moreover, its name is by no means unknown to travellers, and especially to persons interested in volcanic phenomena and physical geography.

In Iceland itself the famous Vatna Jökull has hitherto been regarded as a mountainous, ice-bound expanse, a land of mystery and terror. All that was known about it was, that from amongst its five thousand square miles of icy solitude issued, from time to time, violent eruptions, while the other volcanoes in the island were perfectly inactive; that from the s.w. part of it, viz. Skapta Jökull, burst forth at the end of the last century the most violent eruption of historic times, from which flowed one of the largest known lava streams, if not the largest. Wild legends, too, exist concerning outlaws who were supposed to dwell among its fastnesses; and beyond this it was simply regarded as a terrible region 'which never had been and never could be investigated.'

There is something amazingly attractive about unknown land. From my boyhood I had longed to adventure into this untrodden ground, and

awful struggle had taken place or might still be going on between frost and fire. With this purpose, accompanied by the Rev. J. Wynne, I visited Iceland this summer, and, having seen many places of interest in the island, we turned our horses' heads towards Nupstad, a farm upon the south of Vatna Jökull, from which point I had determined to attack the mountain region. We had enlisted the services of Paul Paulson, an enterprising young fellow, nephew of the pastor of Presbakki.

When we left Presbakki for Nupstad, a distance of twenty-five miles, our road lay across a black sandy plain, which in dry windy weather is intolerable. The August morning was bright, though there had been heavy rain in the night. A scanty herbage and a few patches of wild oats made the ground very good for travelling, and as we were so near our destination we did not scruple to make our horses put their best foot foremost. Before us stood the beetling crags which overhang the farm of Nupstad. Farther to the s.e. rose the snow-clad heights of Örefa, the highest mountain in Iceland, with its glaciers sloping down apparently to the sea, while to our left and north were the fine basaltic cliffs which skirt the outlying hills of Vatna and Skapta Jökull, sweeping in graceful curves, terrace after terrace displaying beautiful columnar structures. Numerous caves, some of which have their weird Norse legends, indicated perhaps the wash of oceans, long before the eye of man ever rested on the dark crags they penetrate. Mountain streams, now swollen by the previous rain, leaped from the summit and dispersed themselves in spray long ere they reached the bottom of the

again as if by magic underneath, rippling along between the lava blocks, and spreading out upon the broad black sandy plain, where it was difficult to believe that the water before us was the same which we last saw losing itself over a precipice of 200 feet.

To our right and south, beyond the black desert and grey lava fields, was the ocean glittering in the sun, which now shone down so warmly that we were glad to ride along in our shirt-sleeves; and many were the hopes expressed that we might have weather like the present for our trip upon the Vatna Jökull. What are those rocks and ridges jutting out into the sea? that cluster of mushroom-shaped objects half way across the plain? Surely they were not there five minutes ago! It is but the mirage which we have noticed ever since we struck the plains of sand and lava; but at this time the appearances were plainer than usual, perhaps in consequence of the heavy rain which had fallen during the night. These forms are constantly varying, sometimes seeming like rocks, men, cattle, and farms, in places where we are sure there are none. The nature of the larger images is easily detected by the tremulous movement characteristic of the phenomenon, but the smaller ones are very deceptive. Here we find the same illusion so familiar upon the prairies of Western America, a weed or rock being so highly magnified and distorted in shape as to appear as a tree or shed or some other well-known object. After riding several hours we are amongst the lava which has flowed down the valley of the Dipou from the 'hágaunga hnúkr,' or Highgone hills, two craters upon the south of Vatna Jökull, and the last points visible from the surrounding country. The lava which has flowed down the

plain in a much thinner flood, towards a large salt marsh leading to the sea, where it terminates in a bed of clinker and volcanic débris. The lava is fine and cellular, containing minute crystals of feldspar. Dipou means deep river, and it is a dangerous fiord, especially when the water is at all high, and its bed is full of deep holes in the lava, which at any time are very trying to the horses, and may give the careless rider a wet skin.

We reached Nupstad about 4 P.M., and were welcomed by Ayolver the farmer, who was expecting us, and remembered my former visit to his farm in 1871. During the interval which had elapsed his wife had died, and he had just married again—a fact which occasioned a beautiful supply of provender, and elicited from us complimentary speeches befitting the event.

After seeing to our horses, our first enquiry was, whether we could hire men for our expedition; but we were dismayed by the reply that not a man could be spared, for they were already behindhand with their hay harvest in consequence of the marriage festivities, and every man, woman, and child had now to work their hardest to make up for lost time. Moreover the farmer added that he doubted if we could get men from any of the neighbouring farms. This was indeed 'a damper.' At this season of the year the hay is the all-important question, for unless the Iclander makes hay during the few days that the sun *does* shine in the last two months of summer, he gets no other chance, and it is a poor prospect for his unfortunate cattle through the long dreary months of winter.

Affairs being thus desperate, Paul, who had his heart thoroughly in the work, snatched a hasty meal, and, although he had ridden from Presbakki, at once took a



were lodged in a little church, which was used as a storehouse, there being no pastor to hold service in it. The good people at Nnpstad did all that lay in their power to accommodate us, and after the rough travel we had experienced we quite relished the better food, cleanliness, and comfort of Nupstad; for, though an Icelandic house cannot come up exactly to our idea of cleanliness, the people at Nupstad were perhaps as clean as it was possible to be under their circumstances. My companion, Mr. Wynne, was quite delighted with the view of the castellated rocks behind the 'hoer,' as the Icelandic farms are called, which I had before described to him.

These rocks run to the height of about three hundred feet, and appear to grow more and more like battlements. Even since my last visit in 1871 the basalt has fallen away considerably, cleaving off in the regular angular masses peculiar to this formation, so much resembling the ruined works of man. In the afternoon we took a walk to the Sola river, which flows down from the Vatna. The waters from the melted snow collect in the little lake of Grimspotn, some three thousand feet above the sea level, whence the river flows down a deep cañon to the sea.

On our way we passed a huge rock which stands to the east of the farm. It is many hundred feet high, and is cleft in several places from the top nearly to the bottom. The face of the rock curves inwardly, and, when viewed from some aspects, it has the appearance of a church organ, the columnar basalt representing the pipes. We stopped to listen to the remarkable echoes which exist here, and which even more than its form make it deserve the name we gave it of 'Organ Rock.' Our shouting scared out a few gulls and ravens, and we

where the river Sola first comes into sight. Here we turned to view the basaltic terraces which sweep round and terminate the Bjorns, which hills are here the first step from which the Vatna rises. In many places, especially to the west of Nnpstad, the columnar structure is very marked; but the columns are perpendicular, and have none of the fan-like divergence or convergence so remarkably striking in other parts of the island. I saw no traces of dykes in these cliffs, although I searched for them throughout our ramble.

The river was wonderfully changed since I last visited it. Instead of being a deep single stream, rolling with swift and steady current over a shingly bed, it is now shallow and ten times broader, struggling over a bed of loose black sand, and apparently there is a greater amount of water flowing. The glacier upon the east side of the river has advanced, I should say, half a mile, there being much more sand mingled with the ice and névé. Perhaps the matter thrown up by some bygone eruption of the Vatna has been worked down by the glacial action, and has just come to light, after being buried for years in ice and snow. Although the glacier has advanced, it has lost considerably in height, and is altogether altered in appearance. Before we left the Sola the clouds which had lain so heavily upon Örefa all the day began to roll away, and the summit was plainly discernible, although the remainder of the mountain was obscured. As we returned towards the farm we remarked how lofty the Icelandic mountains looked, considering their stated height; but it must be remembered that they generally rise directly from the sea level.

With much difficulty Paul succeeded in obtaining two recruits for the expedition, and then without

phies, and direct the manufacture of a hand sleigh and a pair of snow shoes. The clouds had settled upon the hills, and the wind had shifted to the east; towards noon it began to rain. What a difference the weather makes in Iceland, where one's pleasure entirely depends upon open-air enjoyment! I can conceive no place more utterly wretched in wet weather, or more truly enjoyable in fine.

My provisions for the ascent of Vatna consisted of butter, stock-fish, biscuit, Liebig's extract of meat, and a kind of pemmican, which I prepared for the purpose, sugar and whisky, also coffee and soup for use during our first day's march upon the fjald. I gave to each man a little bottle to be constantly filled with snow, for the want of water is one of the principal difficulties upon these Jökulls. It is impossible with a spirit lamp to melt enough snow for a large party; moreover, it takes twice as much spirit to reduce the snow to water as it does to boil it. On reaching the line of perpetual snow, in addition to the absence of water, one is plagued with an increased thirst, owing to the rapid evaporation from the body. I found the best plan (as it is fatal to eat snow) was that each man should carry a small flask wrapped in flannel in his bosom. Into each flask I from time to time poured a little whisky, in order to make the snow melt quickly, and render the water more palatable. I also took care that each man should keep his flask filled with snow, and thus secured the advantage of having a few mouthfuls of liquid always at hand.

On Tuesday, August 10, the weather cleared, and everyone was in good spirits. Mr. Wynne, myself, the farmer, and Paul, with Biartny and John, my two fresh men, sat down to a substantial meal in the new room which the farmer had just

nant of the marriage feast, and doubtless kept for our entertainment. I could not help remarking how much more fitting such a start was for men about to undertake a rough trip than is often the case in other countries, from an hotel, where waiters are huzzing about, and people getting in the way. Here everything was deliberate, the food simple, clean, and wholesome, and everyone meant business, as we all stood up to drink success to the expedition in some good Scotch whisky. We then mounted our horses, and crossing the river Dipon we turned to the north up the valley down which that river flows. It is down this valley that the lava stream I have before mentioned descended from the Highgone hills; it appears to have advanced at a very rapid rate, descending about 2,500 feet in eight miles. It has entirely taken up the former bed of the river. The sides of the lava present a remarkable instance of subsidence, abounding in lateral cracks and rifts throughout its course, which is full of wonderful basaltic columns; and down these rifts the torrent pours in magnificent waterfalls and foaming rapids. About half way up the valley, upon the right, a black basaltic cliff, several hundred feet in height, has been cleft to its centre by some violent convulsion of nature, forming a dark chasm whose gloomy depths the eye cannot penetrate. Down this cleft one half of the Dipon is precipitated in a roaring mass of foam upon the lava bed, more than a hundred feet beneath. The other arm of the Dipon takes its rise from an icy cavern in the glacier, several miles to the east, towards Groenafjall. In two bounds it sweeps clean down a slope of ice to the valley, and, fed by various glacial streams, it rushes along, till, striking the lava field, it spreads in sheets of foam. Then, joining the other arm

through the chasms in the lava, forming the Deep river (well deserving its name), in whose turbid waters no fish can live.

We stopped to lunch at mid-day, and on resuming our journey we distrubed several flocks of ptarmigan, which were feeding upon the little black craig berries, here very numerous. We soon ascended the hills to the left, for it was no longer possible to get the horses over the lava; and now being on higher ground we beheld Vatna Jökull spread out before us, one vast white expanse, terminating in a rough glacier, coated with névé and black sandy moraine. The two Highgone hills were now to the north-east, the first about four miles from the edge of the glacier, and the other some five miles farther to the north-east. They are black craters, penetrating the Jökull; but I could only judge of their nature through the telescope, having no time to give them further inspection.

Our way now lay over a series of quicksands, the horses sinking deeply into the unstable soil at every step, and sometimes entirely falling. On our descent we again found ourselves upon the lava, which here is buried very deeply in light volcanic dust, and appears much thinner than it is lower down. We reached the edge of the glacier about six P.M., being now to the N.N.E. of Kalfafell. At this point the glacier had brought down great quantities of obsidian and volcanic débris, some of which was apparently identical with specimens I afterwards found upon the Vatna, and also corresponded with others found by Mr. John Milne and myself near Groenafjall, farther to the east, in 1871.

Night was fast approaching, and there was no grass for the horses; so here we parted with Mr. Wynne, the farmer, and his servant. They wished us 'God speed,' and I in-

I dare say for the first time, Vatna Jökull rang with a good round hurrah! We had brought with us a large tent-cloth of thick canvas, and I had made a large bag of macintosh sheeting, and rugs to sleep in, open at both ends. These, with two blankets, enabled us pretty well to defy the cold. We soon constructed the walls of our tent with the stones we found close at hand, and roofing it with our canvas speedily secured a very comfortable shelter. The lamp was soon alight and the soup boiling. By sundown all was quiet, and if anyone could have peeped into our habitation they would have seen only two heads poking out at each end of the bag, and a few wreaths of tobacco smoke curling gracefully up to the roof of our extemporised abode, finding exit through its various holes and chinks. As I knocked the tobacco ashes from my pipe, I could not refrain from putting aside the macintosh coat which was suspended by way of door, to have a look at the chances for good weather on the morrow. The little glacial stream by which we were camped was now nearly dry; a cool frosty air stung one's nose and brought the water into one's eyes; a beautiful moon was rising, making the broad, white Jökull glisten with a pearly lustre; the dark waves of the lava stream looked more gloomy and forbidding than ever; the black crags of the Bjorns frowned upon the dark shadows they cast, and the lonely Highgone hills, away upon the snow, seemed silently and sorrowfully to regard the frozen desolation with which they were surrounded.

We were astir by dawn, and ate the last warm meal we were to taste for some time. We then separated from the rest of our belongings—the tent-cloth, rope, shovel, sleeping-bag, rugs, instruments, and poles, together with whisky and provi-

summit of the Jökull. The sun as he rose was the only witness of the 'cache' we made of the remainder of our things. We now commenced the ascent of the glacier, carrying everything upon our hacks. It was impossible to think of hauling the sleigh over the rough surface of the glacier at this point, for the sand which the ice contained, even if the glacier had been smooth, would have soon worn the runners of a sleigh through, by the friction. I had hoped that the surface of the glacier would become clean and smooth after a mile or so, as had been the case with the one which Mr. J. Milne and I had traversed near Groenafjall in 1871; but I was doomed to disappointment. After an hour's hard work of climbing with our heavy loads over the uneven surface, and dragging the unwieldy sleigh and the snow shoes (which latter, although of no weight, were the most cumbersome part of our load), we were still surrounded by difficult and bewildering aiguilles, and hummocks of sand and ice, which seemed to increase around us. These obstructions rise to a great height where the largest quantity of sand occurs, and are, as is well known to all Alpine explorers, formed by the sand protecting the ice of which they are formed, from the rays of the sun.

But to return—we panted beneath an aiguille, higher than the rest, and it became evident not only that we all bore heavier burdens than it was possible to carry over ground of this nature at anything like the necessary pace, but that there seemed no likelihood of our being able to use the sleigh for many a mile. I therefore came to the conclusion that it was better to reduce our loads before we tired ourselves out by attempting to carry so much over such trying ground. We all agreed that tent, sleeping and

that four men could make forced marches with upon a Jökull.

We accordingly abandoned the remainder of our gear, but I carefully took bearings of the spot, and left a pole upon the top of the aiguille under which we had rested, to mark the place. I told my men that we must now travel twice as fast as we had intended to do, and promised them ten dollars each, in addition to their pay, if they reached the point of recent volcanic activity in the Vatna, or crossed the Jökull.

I made the things into two large packs of about 70 lbs. each, so that two men could carry and two could rest, which is always the best way where speed is the chief object. Then serving out a dram all round, I carefully took our direction N.N.E., once more, and we proceeded at a much improved pace. There are but few crevasses in this part of the glacier, on account of the small angle at which it slopes. As we stopped to change burdens, for Biartny and John carried first, there was a great rumbling and gurgling in the glacier, which is often the case during the day, owing to the escape of air or water liberated by thawing. I feared that my men, who had never before set foot upon a glacier, would be scared, but no such thing! Biartny merely remarked, 'Now the Jökull is talking,' and John tersely replied, 'He speaks well.' The men who were not carrying dragged the sleigh and snow shoes; but the former became so utterly unmanageable amidst the rough névé and hummocks that we were obliged to abandon it, as we could improvise an excellent sleigh out of the snow shoes. We left it three miles N.N.W. of the first of the Highgone hills; so if it should ever be found, and the finder will carefully note the position, the rate at which these glaciers move may be approximated.



ebbs and flows in common with many other of the Icelandic Jökulls. This ebbing and flowing of course depends upon the ratio which the increment of frozen accumulation bears to the temperature throughout the year. Paul remarked that the Jökulls at this point had advanced some 200 yards since he had seen the glacier two years ago from the adjacent fjald.

The sun was now very hot, and the coagulated snow which covered the glacier upon which we were walking became very difficult, and we often broke through into pools of water. So before long I called a halt. We had made about seven miles in a straight line N.N.E. from the edge of the glacier, at the rate of about a mile and a half per hour; but as the nature of the ground had compelled us to make several détours, we had covered a considerably greater distance. We rigged up a shelter from the sun with our poles and canvas, and, after changing our foot gear, lunched and slept, till the glacier was in better order for travelling. We started again about 6 P.M.; it was now much more practicable, and the surface of the snow was freezing, the wind N.N.E. After three hours we were able to pack our things upon the snow shoes, which we joined together at the toes, leaving the ends to spread out and form a sort of sleigh, which was very light and travelled easily. We had left the true glacier behind us, and for a long while had been travelling over rough névé, which now developed into pure snow, consolidated by frost, having a crust upon the surface which was beginning to bear us. This mode of progression was much better than carrying the load upon our backs, as the Icelanders said, 'Mikit betr draga sem bara,' which is English enough to be understood by anyone, and is an example of the great affinity between our own

before it had been scarcely perceptible.

There was now a glorious sunset! The desolate fields of Skapta and the black summit of Bleugre lay beneath us; on the west we were losing sight of Örefa all the more rapidly owing to the elevated nature of the Jökull to the east, but the last view of it can never be forgotten. Its snowy sides reflected an unearthly glow; the sky was perfect, scarcely a cloud was to be seen; and as the sun set, about 10 P.M., it was surrounded with a band of prismatic light, and, for hours after, fitful hands illuminated the western and northern sky, as is always the case in fine weather at the beginning of autumn.

The moon had risen, and a sharp frost had set in, stiffening our hair and beards. Just after nightfall is the clearest time upon the mountains in Iceland, and for this I looked anxiously in order to see whether there were any traces of smoke to the north. To those who have never looked for smoke in the distance, it may seem easy to distinguish between smoke and cloud, but it is a most difficult task. Again and again I could have said I saw columns of smoke rising, but the appearances soon proved to be only the light clouds of evening.

In this fashion we travelled on till midnight, when we dug a square hole in the snow, and roofed it with our canvas, heaping snow upon the edges to keep out draught. The two ends were fastened up with macintosh coats, thus, as it were, having a housetop to cover the hole. We changed our shoes and stockings, hung them upon the ridge pole, and supped, sitting inside the bag, for it was bitterly cold, as we were now no longer moving; I lighted my pipe, and exposed my thermometer. I then examined my aneroid, and found our height to be four thousand feet above the sea

moonlight night upon the snow. Everything was seen in a strange blue radiance, like that of a Bengal light; there was no sound or motion to break the death-like calm. Crawling back into the warm bag, I finished the remainder of my pipe with my nose tucked under the rug. I made every man fill his flask with snow before he lay down, in order that he might have some water in the morning, and thus we snatched three hours' rest.

In the morning my thermometer registered twenty degrees of frost, and our shoes and socks were frozen hard as a board. We had therefore to sit upon our foot-gear while we breakfasted before we could reduce them sufficiently to put them on.

It was a glorious morning. The snow no longer clung to our shoes, and the snow shoes travelled easily over the firmly frozen crust. After a couple of hours' dragging we sighted a peculiarly shaped mountain, about ten miles to the N.E. The summit was shaped like the end of a house, though at first sight it appeared like a black pyramid. The top was several hundred feet above the level of the surrounding snow. We named it 'Vatna Jökull husie,' the house of Vatna Jökull.

Farther on to the north, and about two points off our course, lay a black-looking crater, and I made a détour in order to inspect it. It proved to be what I supposed. Cliffs of obsidian rock rose to the height of 150 feet, varying from a purely vitreous black obsidian to a grey stony variety. They enclosed a small crater breached towards the N.W., while they were surrounded from N.E. to S.W. by a gulf, about forty feet in depth, filled with water and frozen over, probably an ancient crater, in the centre of which the smaller one had been formed. The cliffs appeared to be constructed not so much from any violent erup-

displaced an immense amount of frozen material. The surface of the rocks was very brittle, and great quantities of fragments had been split away by the action of frost. The summit was principally black obsidian, numerous portions of which lined the sides of the cliffs; this overlay a more flinty variety, which passed into banded compact laminae of semi-obsidian, almost a pearlite, at times containing large vesicles which ran into one another; this again developed into a kind of grey stony obsidian. All these changes were apparently brought about by the different stages of cooling through which the lava passed.

We were now 4,500 feet above the sea level. I named this mountain Mount Paul, after my valuable companion Paulson, who had been so energetic in procuring me men, and without whose aid I should have been sadly at a loss. We enjoyed a good draught of the water which filled the outside crater, and, replenishing the whisky keg, set off up a steeper ascent due north, in order to allow for our deviation to the east. The great difficulty in acquiring anything like a knowledge of the geology of Vatna Jökull, is the depth at which the rocks are buried beneath the snow; and it is only in cases like that just mentioned, or where there may be considerable heat, that it would be possible to gather geological information. At the distance of about seven miles N.N.W. was apparently a similar crater, but it was more deeply imbedded in the snow. Upon the western horizon were twenty or thirty small black objects; but even through my glass I failed to detect whether they were clouds or black prominences. We journeyed on till we reached the height of 5,750 feet. The sun was very hot, and travelling became exceedingly difficult. The thermometer in the sun rose to seventy degrees,

examine Mount Paul, I called a halt, and proceeded to make a contrivance for melting snow. I scooped a hole in the snow, and lined it with a macintosh coat. I then raised slanting banks of snow round the hole, which I covered in a similar manner, and strewed the whole with snow, leaving a good shovelful in the bottom of the hole. My companions had meanwhile raised a slant to protect us from the sun. I now ordered all wet socks and shoes to be changed and hung out to dry; if we had not taken this precaution we should have had no dry change in camp. The men now slept, and I proceeded to post up my diary, and take observations.

To the east, about five miles off, lay a conical mountain, perhaps a continuation of Vatna Jökull húsie. I could see the black summits of Blengre and the Bjorns, but we had long lost sight of Örefa. The Bjorns I know to be s.e.w., and Blengre s.w. Upon taking out my azimuth, great was my dismay at finding the first bearing n.w., and the latter due north, while my compass performed the most eccentric evolutions. I shut the instrument up in disgust, contemplating the chance of a fog, and cutting out a circle of paper, upon which I marked the known bearings of Blengre and the Bjorns, I proceeded to take some observations, as far as it was practicable to do so, and drew as accurate a map of my route as I could under the circumstances. I determined to say nothing about my compass being at fault, lest my men might refuse to proceed; so taking refreshment at my reservoir, which was fast filling, I observed the bearings of the start, changed my socks, and turned in.

Having slept for four or five hours, we made a good meal, drinking plentifully of the pool of water which by this time had collected in our reservoir. All our

our meal, a strong smell, as of the carbonic oxide from a blast furnace just tapped, pervaded the atmosphere. We all started to our feet, and sniffed the breeze that was blowing pretty strongly from the n.e., which perhaps brought down the exhalation from cooling lava fields in that direction. I was now doubly sure we were upon the right track. At this moment Paul pulled out the little compass I had lent him, to observe more closely the direction of the smell: he at once detected the eccentric movement of the instrument, and exclaimed, 'The compass is foolish!' Biartny and John at once turned round to witness the phenomenon, and, as I expected, asked, 'What in case of fog?' I explained (though, I must say, not very satisfactorily to myself) that it was only the part of the mountain we were then on that was attracting it, and asked if they were afraid. They laughed, and said, 'Oh, no; it is all one to us.' I carefully noted the direction of the attraction, which was to the west; that which ought to have been west reading north, though the compass would not hold steadily to any one point. The men called the mountain opposite to us Mount Magnet. It was now freezing, and, after advancing a short distance, all ascent terminated in a rolling plain of snow. In vain we searched the horizon for traces of smoke. The clouds deceived us; and even when, after looking through my telescope, I felt certain that I saw smoke, the quick glance of my companions would determine the doubt with the expression, 'Alla skyö! ekki reykir' (all sky, no smoke). We pursued our way for about three hours more, and passed a beautiful snowy peak to the east, a volcanic cone, covered with snow. The different stages by which it rose from base to

its present elevation above the surrounding snow, probably five hundred feet. Twice did the smell I have described come upon us, each time from the same direction. As the sun was setting we had a magnificent view of two white mountains, evidently volcanoes, away to the east of these; one was a two-coned mountain, while the other, a smaller one, appeared through the telescope to have a large cave in its side, from which was issuing steam or smoke. I should place them twelve or fifteen miles to the east of our track; but, having lost sight of Örefa and Bjorns, I had nothing by which I could take their angular distance.

When the sun set, the surface of the snow became very hard, under the influence of a severe frost. Towards the middle of the night the sky clouded over, and as we were much fatigued we again camped as before in the snow 5,950 feet above sea level, determining to rise with the light and make a long stage before the sun was up. We had been for some hours at about the same level, varying perhaps one hundred feet. At supper we reviewed the provisions, and found we had but three days' full rations left, for the severe work in the keen air had greatly increased our appetites. Upon examining my thermometers I found that the columns of both maximum and minimum were broken, and no amount of shaking would adjust them. This unfortunately prevented my obtaining any more thermometrical readings upon Vatna Jökull. We slept about four hours, and as it was not yet light in the tent, I tried to peep out, but found an accumulation of snow upon the macintosh which formed the gable end of our housetop. When I succeeded in removing it sufficiently to look out, I found that a thick mist and fine driving snow prevented

the worst wind in Iceland. I slipped out, without disturbing my companions, and took a good look round. The shovel was nearly covered, only a small part of the handle showing; so I stuck it up in our tracks, the blade bearing N. and S. After this I returned to the bag and slept, trusting the wind might change; but I knew it was hoping against hope, for when the wind once gets into S.E. in this country there is no knowing how long it will remain there. One thing is certain; it will be the worst weather possible until it changes. When we all roused up from our sleep the snow was thickly falling, and as Biartny looked out he remarked, in scarcely a cheerful tone, 'Alla thoga miki driva' (all fog, much fine snow).

We held a council of war over our breakfast. The men were unanimous in their decision to turn back; nor could I (much as I should have liked to do so) have tried, with anything like an easy conscience, to persuade them to remain where we were, or to go on. We had scarcely a day's provisions left; the wind was S.S.E., where it might stay for a fortnight, as I had often known to be the case; the fine snow which was falling showed that there was a great deal more to come, for a heavy fall always begins with fine driving snow, and a passing storm with large flakes; and I did not like the prismatic ring round the sun two nights previous. We were two good days' travel from the commencement of the glacier, our compass was useless, and, with the present weather, we might be a great deal longer trying to find our way down. I therefore determined to return. We made a good breakfast, duly anathematised the weather, and, having smoked a pipe, prepared to leave the English flag at this our farthest point of progress, which we believed to be



summit of one of those mountains we saw away to the east. I took one of the poles, six feet long, and attached to it our small Union Jack; then, forcing the point down into the snow, we raised a mound around it. I fastened to the pole a little bag, well greased, containing a shilling and a penny, with a note, saying we four, W. L. Watts, Englishman, Paul Paulson, Biartny, and John, Icelanders, reached this point and planted this flagpost August 13, 1874, about thirty-six miles in a straight line from Nnpstad, which bore s.s.w. three days' journey—adding a P.S. requesting the finder of the money 'not to squander it in any of the adjacent shops.' The bag was well bound round the pole. On this spot we left 'Jack' to endure a lonely existence in the middle of Vatna Jökull, with a stanza of 'God save the Queen' from me, and the Icelandic National Hymn of 'Gamals Islands folk' from my companions, the tunes of which are nearly identical. Regretting that circumstances compelled me to retreat for this year, I bade adieu to the flag of England, and sought the little trace that was left of our back tracks. The tent cover, and all that had been exposed to the storm, was covered with ice, which made our load much heavier, and I feared we should break the canvas when doubling up the roof that had sheltered us. Fortunately, the wind which most generally brings bad weather in Iceland is not a cold one, or life would be imperilled at such an altitude. The newly-fallen snow made sleighing very heavy, and the exertion made the snow which fell upon us melt to such an extent that we were soon (in spite of water-proofs) very wet, for it is almost impossible to keep out fine driving snow. The wind blew steadily, but we were assisted by our back tracks, which were remarkably distinct considering the amount of snow that had fallen. The wind

when travelling where it is unaffected by valleys or trees, is always a good guide, for there are characteristic winds to every country, with the feel of which the traveller soon becomes acquainted. In thick weather, without a compass, such knowledge is invaluable.

It takes a much longer time to obliterate tracks made in a hard crust than might be supposed, especially upon a slight incline, when it is freezing, and a wind blowing; the wind seems to blow the snow in and out again. Tracks made in the soft snow would not last anything like the same time. I have often remarked this in winter upon the plains of North-West America, to which Vatna Jökull bears a close resemblance, especially where the prairies are rolling.

We took it in turns, one to find the way, two to pull, and one to hold the sleigh behind, and scoop away the snow, which from time to time accumulated in front of it. The ice thickened upon us, and upon the sleigh, making the one more heavy, and no less comfortable. After a long and hard pull, we reached Mount Paul. My watch had long been broken; so I had left it behind, and now, not being able to see the sun, it was scarcely possible, with the thick darkness and fast-falling snow, to tell whether it was night or day.

We descended into the orator for shelter, and, breaking away the ice which had accumulated about our neckwraps and hair, we partook of a good meal, and I again examined the curious rocks around me, while my companions filled the flasks with water, and 'fixed up' preparatory to another start. The next stage brought us to our snow house of two days back, but we should not have discovered it had we not most fortunately and unexpectedly hit upon our back tracks again within half a mile from this spot. I never felt more thankful for anything, than I did to find I should not have to

stand about for an hour in my frozen garments amid such a tempest while we fixed a shelter.

We soon established ourselves, and, having changed our socks, got into the bag, and disoused our meal. As we were all wet and cold, I started Icelandic songs, and we spent some time in shouting ourselves hoarse. Making a noise is a very good thing to warm one, especially in a bag like that in which my nose was buried. Thus solaced by a short pipe I fell asleep, while the rapidly increasing darkness showed that either it was growing late or we were getting snowed up.

After a good sleep, I awoke with something pressing heavily upon my face, and I found that the snow was weighing the canvas down upon us, for we were now using rope as a ridge pole, having left the long pole we had before used with the flag. When we looked out the winds had shifted more to the east, and if we had had a sufficient stock of provisions I should not even then have thought of turning back, but, under the circumstances, nothing else could be done. Our shoes and socks were frozen hard again, although we had lain upon them, and we had to put them in our bosoms to thaw them out. Biartny was the first to get his on; he crawled out, leaving a hole, through which the snow drifted in a most merciless manner. The house was becoming untenable, and we were soon all outside, steaming as though we had been dipped in hot water; but our clothes were soon frozen to our backs. We cleared the snow away, and dug out our things. The cold was intense, for now the wind had shifted from the south, and when that is the case the temperature falls very low during bad weather upon these Jökulls.

It took a long while before we felt at all warm, but in due time the exertion of travelling overcame our

much better condition than it had been on the previous day, and we made very good progress; moreover, the men were *going home*.

We travelled hard for many hours, keeping the wind upon our left; and, taking turns in pulling as before, we reached the termination of the snow, which struck the glacier about four miles west of the first of the Highgone hills. We were soon obliged to have recourse to our former fashion of carrying our things upon our backs, and after a somewhat dangerous walk, owing to the recently fallen snow, we arrived at the fjald, where we had cached our superfluous luggage. Light was on the wane, so we cooked some soup, which was very grateful. We were wet through; and as by fording the Dipon at this point we could make a short cut over the Bjorns to Nnpstad, we determined to proceed, instead of passing the night upon the fjalds. My men well knew the way, for they are at home amongst the rocks, where they keep their sheep, though they had never before set foot upon a Jökull. We left all our things behind, and raced one another over the lava to the Dipon, which we forded, holding one another round the waist, to prevent being swept away; for although it was late in the afternoon, and cold weather withal, there was sufficient water still flowing from the glacier to take us up to our waists. We reached Nnpstad before darkness set, in and found Mr. Wynne awaiting us, with our guide from Rejkavich, who had returned with a fresh supply of provisions, &c. With the farmer and his family, they gave us a hearty welcome.

In reviewing my trip, as to the light it throws upon the nature of the Vatna, I arrive at the conclusion that the eruptions of last year are neither from the south slope, nor from the centre of Vatna Jökull,

mentioned, many of which, in all probability, penetrate the northern as well as the southern slope. From cross-bearings which I took of the direction of the eruption as seen from various parts of the island, I should place the volcano from which the eruption came, upon the northern slope of the Vatna Jökull, in a line south of Modrudalur in the north of Iceland, not far from the supposed source of the Jökulsa of the north, and I mean to direct my next effort towards that spot.

In order properly to explore Vatna Jökull, it is necessary that the party should consist of not less than eight persons, with two sleighs that will carry from 150 to 200 lbs. each; for, although that is too much to journey with on a glacier, it can be easily carried on the snow. The allowance of provisions should be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of meat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of butter, 1 lb. of bread,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of sugar, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint of whisky per man per day. All should sleep in a huge bag made of thick macintosh, and blanketing and a cork mattress should also be added large enough to floor the house, with a margin of thin oil-skin, that might peg into the walls, to prevent the hack getting wet, when leaning against the sides. Two buffalo skins, or a large eider-down quilt, would also be of service; otherwise there should be a spare rug for each man. More important than all, is some good method of melting snow without the use of spirit lamps. A good tent eight feet by eight, and four feet high, and two stout iron shovels are indispensable. For clothing, nothing is better than strong tweed

knickerbockers, worsted drawers, knitted jerseys, and pilot coat, with knitted socks and *Indian mocassins*; these last are a *sine quâ non*. English boots are out of the question for snow travelling, and the Icelandic shoes, though better than English boots, require tops to be sewn on them. Snow shoes for those who can use them are a great assistance.

To sum up, this hitherto untrodden Vatna Jökull is a mountainous tract surrounded by a rolling plateau, containing numerous volcanoes, one of which (if not more), upon the north, appears to be in a state of pretty constant activity, while numerous others in all probability are paroxysmal, most likely exhibiting all the phenomena characteristic of (if I may be allowed the term) *bottled-up volcanoes*. This tract, together with the Odathahranu, and the centre of Iceland with its numerous mountains, forms a volume of nature, the first leaf of which has only just been cut; and beyond doubt there is a constantly active volcano within a thousand miles of our own shores, upon which the eye of man has never rested.

The investigation of this land is an expensive affair to attempt single-handed. Are there three men in England—who do not mind roughing it, and who understand what they are going in for—that will join me in the undertaking? If there are, and they will communicate with me, we may—with the assistance of four Icelanders, next year search these unknown wonders from end to end!

W. L. WATTS.



## TRAINING-SCHOOLS FOR NURSES.<sup>1</sup>

NOW that the public see constantly in the daily papers various advertisements of General Nursing Institutions, Associations of Trained Nurses, Training Schools and Homes for Nurses, &c., all of which expect public encouragement, a few practical suggestions on the general subject of nursing and nurses may not be ill-timed.

The popular ideas respecting nurses and nursing are extremely vague, partly because the subject, being rather an unattractive one, is not much looked into, and partly because there is very little to be read about it. In fact, all we know must be derived from personal observation and experience, which, except from necessity, few persons have the opportunity to acquire.

Nursing, in its broadest sense, is merely the care of the sick, and a nurse is a useful assistant when one is ill; a kind of servant under the doctor's orders. Such has been the accepted view of the subject until of late years, when the additional light thrown on the care and cure of the sick, and on the rights and wrongs of women, has made nursing an art, and the well-being of the nurse a public question. But if few persons know what a good nurse and good nursing really are, still fewer know what a scarcity of good nurses exists, and how great is the demand for them. Hence the necessity of the numerous advertisements and appeals to the public by meetings, circulars, concerts, &c.

Lately, indeed, the whole subject, somewhat to the surprise of some,

has been put on the footing of a public charity. This is contrary to the generally conceived idea that nurses are always to be had for the asking; that they come when they are wanted; go away when they are done with; are paid properly for their services, like any other servant, without any question of charity in the matter; and that, even in the public hospitals, which undoubtedly rank as charities, so far as the nurses are concerned the word *charity* does not apply, as they are well paid and not overworked, and others always supply the places of those who retire or die. Miss Nightingale is popularly supposed to be the patron saint of all this class of females, and to be always able on application to supply the best nurses to all parts of the world, which she certainly would do if she could.

Now we shall attempt to show, 1st. That there is a great want and demand for good trained nurses all over the world; 2ndly. That this demand can only be supplied by training-schools; 3rdly. That any institution for nurses is only useful and desirable in proportion as it does properly *train* them; and, 4thly. That the welfare of such training-schools is worthy the attention and liberality of the intelligent and benevolent.

We shall better appreciate the number of nurses required by first considering hospital nursing, and the number of institutions in London and the environs employing nurses.

The hospitals which received a share in the distribution of the

<sup>1</sup> *Royal Guide to London Charities*, for '73-'74, by H. Fry. *Report of Institution for Nursing Sisters*. *Report of the British Nursing Association*, 35 Cambridge Place, W. *Report of the Nursing Sub-Committee of Westminster Hospital*, 1874. *Report of the Great Northern Hospital*. *Report of Charing Cross Hospital*. *Report of Westminster Hospital*. *Report of the Royal Free Hospital, Great Portland Street*. *Report of the*



Hospital Sunday Fund in 1873 numbered fifty-four, without taking into account the dispensaries and infirmaries likewise assisted, numbering ninety-three more, most of which need one or more nurses of some kind. Now in eight of the principal London hospitals, holding eighteen hundred and eighty-seven beds, there were required three hundred and twenty-three nurses in the course of a year. This being the case in eight hospitals, what must be the number needed for the hundred and forty other institutions aided by the Sunday Fund, which in their turn form only a small part of the twelve hundred charities of London? Many of these latter, of course, are educational, religious, or charitable, without direct reference to health; but by far the larger proportion are founded on the idea that the beneficiaries are unable to take care of themselves, and need, sooner or later, the services of nurses.

Now such being a rough statement of the employment of nurses in London alone, we shall find, if we take the trouble to visit the hospitals, a universal complaint, not only of a deficiency in the supply of women who when tested as to their capacity for nursing stand the ordeal, but even of women who are willing to be nurses at all.

To some the *art* of nursing, as Miss Nightingale calls it, is positively repulsive; for some it is too laborious; to others it appears miserably paid; and others are deterred by the utter want of any prospect in the future for an incapacitated or superannuated nurse.

Now we believe that sound and respectable institutions or schools for the training and support of women as nurses, will meet and remedy many of these objections. The repulsiveness of the work will be very much mitigated by its

be obviated by having enough hands to divide the labour, and the remuneration will appear much more satisfactory by being made secure. A comfortable home, too, in old age will aid greatly as an inducement to become a nurse.

As regards the deficiency of nurses for private families, it is of course difficult to form an estimate; but the demand is a steady one, and we have been assured by physicians of the best standing, that an unapplied want does exist even among those who are able and willing to pay. What, then, must be the want among the poorer classes, where circumstances often prevent the sick from being taken into the hospital, and poverty prevents any very large wages being paid for professional nurses?

Among the poor, nursing is commonly done, especially in the country, by friends who, often at great sacrifice of time and feelings, are willing to step in and help. The assistance, in many cases, is not of the most judicious nature, and cannot but often result in unnecessary deaths, and in infectious diseases being carried from house to house.

The wants of nurses, as well as the want of nurses, can perhaps be better understood by considering in detail the classes of the community by which they are wanted, and the varying nature of the work they are expected to do.

The wealthy class can as a general rule obtain nurses by offering sufficiently large wages, for high pay and a comfortable home will always tempt a certain number of intelligent, careful women to act as nurses, even if they have not the knowledge of a professed nurse. In a rich man's house the principal requisites in a nurse are cleanliness, honesty, and good manners, with certificates of having generally nursed in families

and remedies is required, as a good physician is always within call. Not much strength or activity is required, as plenty of servants are under the same roof to assist. No especial knowledge of cooking is needed, as there is the professed cook always at hand to furnish the delicate soup or juicy steak. Not much fatigue has to be endured, as there are always relays either of nurses or of other assistants night and day. Modern improvements supply water, light, and air, coolness in summer, and heat in winter, and the long purse ensures abundance of clean linen, easy chairs, carriages, and other luxuries for the convalescent. The patient is cured or not, as the case may be, and handsome presents reward the already well-paid nurse, who leaves with the certainty, with her excellent recommendations, of stepping almost immediately into a place of a similar character.

Therefore, we repeat, it is never very difficult to find candidates for such places as we have described in the rich man's house. But is this what we should call a properly trained nurse? And would it not be desirable even for the rich to have access to thoroughly well-organised hospital training-schools for nurses, instead of trusting to previous aristocratic service as the sole recommendation?

But let us pass to families lower in the social scale, and see how the case alters. Here a deficiency of means prevents high wages for a nurse of the kind just mentioned. The same cause requires the number of the physician's visits to be counted and considered, and the nurse is expected to be sufficiently experienced to do without medical advice except in a great emergency. The cook and the housemaid of the establishment are perhaps united in one person, if the mistress of the house, aided by her children, does

expected not only to wait on her patient and herself, but to know enough about cooking to make a nourishing broth out of already well-discussed bones, and a tender dish out of a tough second cut. The bedroom must possibly be shared with other members of the family, and a staircase common to many feet ensures sufficient discomfort, noise, and want of privacy to keep the patient's nerves always on the rack and render the duties of a nurse particularly trying. Such is the constant experience of the district nurse, in whom the needful requisites are infinite patience, contrivance, and perseverance to do much with small means and poor materials, and strong health and arms to make up for bad air, confined rooms, and want of assistance.

The homes of this class of nurses are likewise very different from those of the rich man's nurse. For while the latter would generally have her own home or relations to go to, or even the means to keep a little apartment for her own use, the former is more likely to be a poor woman, perhaps without available home or friends, and her small pay does not enable her to keep her rooms when employed as nurse. When not employed she is consequently at the mercy of low-class boarding-house keepers, and obliged to pay extra in order to give up her room at short notice.

It is therefore for this class of nurses that we begin to see the necessity of some kind of an institution or a Home, where they can be accommodated, either gratuitously from the funds of the institution, or at such reasonable rate and on such short notice as not to conflict with their sudden engagements and small means. If such institutions can also be a permanent home for nurses, and give them a yearly salary as well as board,

not, so much the better. The institution in this case is the medium of engagement with the patients, the nurse receiving only her regular salary from the Home, and the Home demanding a sufficient sum from the patient to amply reimburse itself. In order to make this a successful and safe scheme for the Home, the nurse must be put on probation for a certain time at a lower rate of pay than she will receive when this time is passed, and if the system is completed by letting the nurses have the privilege of working in a public hospital during their probation, we have at once the Hospital Training School in full operation.

Such a system is actually in practice in the British Nursing Association.

Now if such an arrangement is desirable for private nurses, much more so do we find it for the hospital nurses.

Until within a few years, in all hospitals not managed by Roman Catholic Sisterhoods, the nursing department has been the most difficult one to manage, and the greatest cause of scandal and inefficiency. In the hospitals other virtues are requisite than those which are wanted in the private house.

In the hospitals the first peculiarity to be noticed is, that women are employed to nurse both sexes; whereas in private families men nurses are frequently, if not generally, in attendance on men, especially if the case be a surgical one, or one where violence in the patient is at all anticipated. This fact alone would prove a severe test for the nerves of a woman desiring to be a hospital nurse, and could only be overcome by long, steady, and conscientious practice.

The next trial of a nurse in a hospital is having a number of patients to attend to at once, instead of only one, as in a private family.

trust the statistics of several of the large London hospitals, in the course of a year an average of from three to six patients at a time to take care of, according to the different proportion of nurses to patients employed in the different hospitals. The hospital nurses are of course changed at night, but the day work is incessant. With new cases constantly arriving, deaths one minute, births another, and every stage of suffering around her, a nurse would be soon exhausted with fatigue and nervousness, without the firmness of purpose, fixed principle, and self-command which are best to be obtained by thorough training.

Another point of the greatest importance in hospitals, and which is the greatest trial to many who would be nurses, is the necessity of implicit obedience to the orders of superiors, no matter what the nurse's own judgment in the case may be. She is constantly under orders, often arbitrary and peremptory, of visiting-surgeons, house-surgeons and physicians, dressers, upper-nurses, matrons, and others. Her place is to do what she is told, and never complain or disobey. Whereas in the private family the professed nurse is looked up to for advice, and expected to assume the responsibility, subject merely to the general orders of the medical man, who often indeed never interferes as long as the case is going on well. In the private house the sick nurse is absolute in the sick room, often very much against the will of the family and friends. The opposite is the case in the hospital with all but the head-nurse or matron, who, however, must always carry out the surgeon's or physician's directions, which are written down in detail, and kept in sight to provide against all forgetfulness or excuse.

This blind obedience is the hardest thing to learn and to teach, and yet it lies at the foundation of all

determines its value and reputation, whether the object be education, civil or military, or the tending and curing the sick. It is for this reason that a hospital is the necessary adjunct of a school for nurses, as it is the only place where can be learnt that implicit obedience to authority which proves the sincerity of purpose and abnegation of self essential in a good nurse. The same obedience, though in a less degree, must be observed in any home or institution for nurses, to ensure order, system, and freedom from jealousy and quarrels.

Another trial for hospital nurses is found in the fact that, in addition to difference of sex, and every variety of disease requiring to be encountered with coolness and propriety, there is likewise every grade of morality to be found in the patients congregated from various classes and occupations of city and country. Great system and discipline, carried out on the principle we have mentioned of perfect obedience, ensure a certain amount of outward propriety of conduct; yet any nurse constantly at her post must necessarily hear many a rough word and phrase uttered from impatience, ignorance, brutality, or delirium, taxing any but the impermeable texture of high-toned, well-trained principle, which knows how to ensure respect. This power of enforcing respect is greatly enhanced and strengthened when it is known that a nurse is one of an organised and respected community or institution which will defend her interests at need, or supply a more severe agent in her place if necessary.

Again, what is the prospect for a hospital nurse after she has worn herself out either temporarily or permanently, and how long can she continue to work under the best of circumstances? Occasionally acquaintances made in the wards of a hospital lead to better situations for the nurses and even a happy mar-

riage has been known to come about as the result of a nurse's care of a patient. But such cases are few and far between. As a general rule, no private family would take a nurse who was no longer useful in a hospital. A premature decline, or a rheumatic, nervous, suffering old age as a reward for the best years of her life spent in the service of others, seems at present to be the usual alternative.

We have heard the average length of a nurse's career put by a competent judge at ten years, and in one of the existing institutions for nurses all are entitled to a pension who have served from twelve to fifteen years and have become invalided in consequence. In the same institution thirty-nine pensioners are paid partly out of the general fund and partly from a special fund for superannuated nurses. The nurses are only taken between the ages of twenty-eight and forty, and there is a proportion of thirty-nine pensioners to seventy-five in active service. In confirmation of what we have stated as to the absolute want of women willing to be nurses, the report of this particular institution says: 'The demand for nurses so far exceeds the supply that the Committee will feel grateful to any friends who will recommend them women suited to the work, bearing in mind that not only good nurses, but women of Christian life and character are those alone who will in its highest sense rightly carry out the spirit of the work.'

This institution, likewise, besides combining the ideas we have given of nursing in private families and in hospitals, sends out a nurse free of charge to the poor of each of twenty districts of London, under the direction of the clergyman of the respective districts.

The question of training schools for nurses as the only means of obtaining and ensuring the necessary qualities in nurses and giving



them a pension in their old age may be considered a comparatively new subject among Protestants, though in Roman Catholic countries and communities the nursing of the sick by nuns and sisters of various denominations is as old as the Church. It has always been most successfully carried out by them on the battle-field and in military hospitals, where the religious garb is a protection amid the dangers of the field and the camp, and religious consolation to the wounded and dying must generally be administered by the nurses, if at all.

In civil hospitals not exclusively Roman Catholic the prejudice to monastic dress and manner often prevents the employment of nurses belonging to any community or association professedly religious; and this is carried so far in some cases we know, that donations of money have been refused to a hospital unless the nurses were in ordinary dress.

Such prejudices have had, however, to yield more or less to necessity and the constantly growing demand for nurses. The first successful experiment of training Protestant nurses, at Kaiserswerth in Germany, by a poor pastor, and Miss Nightingale's heroic example and stimulating efforts in England, have led to numerous orders of deaconesses, sisters, and schools for nurses all over the world, particularly in England and America.

Among these institutions there is every shade of character, from the most religiously austere and ascetic sisters bound by perpetual vows of celibacy and poverty, to the ordinary nurse, subject merely to such rules and regulations as are always necessary where any large number of persons are congregated for any useful public purpose. All of these institutions find constant employment and an ample field of work and usefulness, being all the more useful, perhaps, from being able to

suit a variety of opinions and prejudices.

In addition to the advantage of training schools as depôts for the supply and education of nurses, the question must be considered of the mutual protection afforded both to the nurses and to the public by such institutions. The trained nurse wants to feel sure that she will obtain pay suited to her labours, and the public wants to feel sure of getting trustworthy servants for its money.

Now, if the nurse belongs to a well-organised school or home, the manager of the home, in the interest of the nurses, negotiates with the family or the committee of the hospital in the interests of the patients. It is for the interests of the school to have respectable, capable, well-trained women working cordially together and bringing credit, reputation, and public encouragement to the institution. It is also for their interest to see that the work is sufficiently remunerative to induce young women to join. It is for the interest of the family or hospital to pay enough to secure the best of nursing for the sick, as well as to have some authority, besides the private responsibility of the nurse, to which they can appeal in case of trouble. The training school likewise furnishes a reserve supply of nurses in case of epidemic, or to replace those nurses needing rest. Such a school assists the nurse, giving her a respectable home when she is out of work, and relieves families and hospitals of great anxiety and loss of time in investigating previous character and employment. The nurses have a right to expect good pay and a certainty of receiving it in return for their training, services, and good character.

In the matter of the character and capacity of the nurses, the Training Schools for nurses replace the ordinary system of personal enquiry,

much to the advantage of employer and nurse, by furnishing certificates, diplomas, or other proofs of experience and merit when the nurse has really merited them. Such credentials should not be granted till after a certain probation, which might either be the same for all candidates, or vary in time according to the nurse's character and capacity in the opinion of the superintendent or managing committee of the school. During this time of probation the inexperienced nurses would have ample opportunity, by aiding the more experienced, or by serving in some useful hospital capacity, to attain proficiency, and to prove their earnestness in their adopted career.

Another recommendation for Schools and Homes for nurses is the guarantee which they should afford of a provision for the nurse in her declining years, or when hard work prevents her from being any longer useful enough to the public to earn her living. Such guarantee would be afforded by Schools for Nurses much better than by funds or societies founded for the sole purpose of supporting superannuated nurses. The latter would have no means of knowing how deserving the claimants might be, or of preventing much imposture and scandal. But the School for Nurses, having had the nurse brought up under its own care and rules, and having followed her career step by step till she could work no more, would necessarily feel a much greater interest in her future, and possess sufficient proof of her meriting a pension. Public benefactors too would be much better satisfied to give to a fund for this purpose in connection with a School for Nurses than to risk wasting their money in a vague way on the unknown poor.

Thus we see that a well-organised Training School for nurses should

willing to go through the ordeal, those applicants who, after a fair trial, are unable, or unwilling, to make nursing a vocation, being entirely rejected; secondly, it should furnish a *reliable supply* of nurses, both for hospitals and private families, thus avoiding all risk or delay for the sick; thirdly, it should supply a *home for able-bodied* nurses out of place; and, fourthly, it should offer a home and provision for nurses *when incapacitated* for work from illness or old age. To provide for this, in addition to public subscriptions to the institution, the services of the nurses should be paid for at their full value both by the hospitals and by families employing them.

When there is a surplus of nurses beyond the wants of the hospitals and the paying public, the spare nurses could be sent out to do gratuitous nursing among the poor. Charitable persons specially interested in the last-named work could supply the materials of a special fund to carry it on, as the other branches should pay for themselves.

The admirable example and success of the Nightingale nurses in connection with the St. Thomas's Hospital, of the British Nursing Association with the Royal Free Hospital, of the St. John's Sisterhood with King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals, and of the Institution of Nursing Sisters in connection with Guy's Hospital, show how invaluable to hospitals such nursing schools are, and that no difficulty, except want of money in starting them, exists in carrying them on. We should, however, be disposed to insist that in all cases there should be a building provided for the nurses entirely separate from the hospital, as affording better air and a more suitable home for the unemployed nurses.

of the management of a School for Nurses suitable for all hospitals and localities. They would depend very much on the character of the persons in charge, who should be as few in number as possible. The most successful of the nursing schools have been built up little by little in accordance with the views of the founders, untrammelled by the conflicting opinions of members of committees, and all the useless paraphernalia of meetings, resolutions, votes, and bye-laws.

When the institution takes the form of an order of deaconesses or sisterhood, the religious element occupies a large amount of time and attention, and is the principal means of discipline, especially when there are vows of celibacy. But we see no advantage in the large cities for hampering an eminently practical and everyday kind of work with rigorous religious characteristics. If a School for Nurses is started under the patronage and protection of a hospital with an energetic moral matron well known to the hospital authorities to possess the requisite experience, we see no difficulty in keeping a respectable set of women under control. If it were definitely understood that levity of conduct or slackness of effort in a nurse would be immediately followed by expulsion, the discipline would be easily maintained; and, besides, those nurses who were anxious to preserve their own reputation and that of the institution they belonged to would form a board of judges on each other's behaviour far more rigorous and efficient than any chaplains or codes of religious rules.

Until every hospital has its own school of nurses we maintain that there will not be enough of these institutions. Not London alone, but all England is calling for them;

in the United States the cry for trained hospital nurses has gone forth, and the new schools for them are invariably started by nurses or matrons trained in England.

Is not this vast work then surely a work of charity? Is it not a charity in the first place to see that the sick and suffering, whether rich or poor, are as well taken care of as the science and knowledge of the day will admit? Is it not a charity to furnish one way more for good, well-disposed women to earn their living honourably and usefully, when so many of them are now helpless and discouraged? What better way can be found to employ part of the surplus female population and to supply the deficiency of female occupations?

We regret to see in the Report of the Great Northern Hospital for 1873 the following melancholy words:

In the Report for 1872 the Committee had the satisfaction of stating that they had ventured to commence, in a small way, the school for the training of educated gentlewomen as nurses, which they had long desired to establish. The school has been sufficiently successful to show how valuable and useful it might become; but as it is not entirely self-supporting, and as it cannot be regarded as one of the primary objects of the charity, the committee feel compelled, with very great regret, to express their fear that it must be given up till the hospital shall be again in a more prosperous financial position.

Here is surely a charitable work for the public, for there is no class of the community that more often falls into needy circumstances as educated gentlewomen, or is so able to furnish intelligent and careful nurses; and here is a hospital standing ready to open its wards for their instruction and employment.

*Per contra*, we are happy to greet the new Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses started under the best of auspices, in connection with and placed opposite to

## THE LITERARY PARTNERSHIP OF CANNING AND FRERE.

OUR purpose is not to review the lives of the celebrated statesman, and the accomplished scholar and gentleman 'of the old school,' named above, but to lay before the reader the story and the results of the conjunction of their talents in the once-famous *Anti-Jacobin*. Those results form a collection of political and critical satire and burlesque, not bulky, but as brilliant as anything of the kind in the language.

It is, however, comparatively little known to the present generation, being, in all probability, familiar only to the general reader by the constant use made of several striking passages which have long since taken their place among our 'stock quotations.' The Needy Knife-Grinder's response to his interlocutor: 'Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir!' and that glowing emotional outburst: 'A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear an eternal friendship,' from 'The Rovers,' have long been made to perform yeoman's service by many who would be puzzled if called upon to recite other lines from the original 'Sapphics' and mock drama in which they occur. And who that has once read them has not, when wincing under the demonstration of his errors, or the 'few words of advice' administered to him under the guise of aid and comfort, repeated to himself the fine lines—

Give me th' avowed, th' erect, the manly foe,  
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his  
blow;

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath  
can send,

„Save, save, oh, save me from the candid  
friend—

while, very likely, unable to say where they come from?

The germs of the literary partnership of Canning and Frere may be traced to their school-boy days at Eton, when that intimacy began which ripened into life-long friendship. A series of essays, in a weekly sheet entitled the *Microcosm*, was started by Canning, several others of the brightest youths then at Eton joining with him. Frere was amongst the number of these ambitious essayists of seventeen and thereabouts. Published by Mr. Charles Knight, then a bookseller at Windsor, the *Microcosm* extended to forty numbers, and subsequently obtained, as it may, perhaps, fairly be said to have merited, a subordinate place among the collections of British essayists. Frere wrote only five numbers, the two leading contributors being Canning and Robert ('Bobus') Smith, elder brother of Sydney. One may fancy Frere, however, applauding and suggesting at Canning's elbow whilst the latter's essays, some of which display fine humorous finish,<sup>1</sup> were in process of composition.

Canning, on leaving Eton, went to Oxford, and Frere to Cambridge; but in a few years their companionship was renewed in London; and on the projection, a little later, of the *Anti-Jacobin*, Frere joined with alacrity in assisting his former literary chief of the *Microcosm*. Mr. Frere was, by family tradition as well as personal sentiment, of Tory and 'Pittite' political creed, and had been from the first a vehement detester of the French Revolution—from which, in its early stages, Canning has been supposed to have by no means entirely withheld his sympathy<sup>2</sup>—but Canning also was

<sup>1</sup> For instance, the mock commentary on the 'Nursery Epic' of *The Queen of Hearts*, in Nos. 11 and 12.

<sup>2</sup> The following alleged curious circumstance in Canning's early career is to be found



now the friend and chosen adherent of Pitt. 'From the first,' Mr. Frere has related, 'Pitt marked out Canning as his political heir.'

It was in 1797, with Canning as prime mover, and under the secret auspices of Pitt, that the *Anti-Jacobin* was started. Canning was then in his twenty-seventh year; Frere a year older. The prospectus announcing the birth of the significantly-named sheet was written by Canning, although Gifford—then known by the *Baviad* and afterwards the first conductor of the *Quarterly Review*—was appointed editor. The first intention was to combat the so-called Jacobin press of London mainly by serious matter. Lengthy political dissertations, therefore, of high Tory tone, a modicum of news, and some classified columns detailing the shortcomings of the opposition or 'Sansculottic' papers, as the *Morning Chronicle*, *Post*, and others were designated,<sup>3</sup> at first formed the greater part of the contents. 'Poetry,' however, it was announced, would find a place from time to time in the pages of the *Anti-Jacobin*.

In our anxiety to provide for the amusement as well as information of our readers, we have not omitted to make all the enquiries in our power for ascertaining the means of procuring poetical assistance. . . . But we have not been able to find one good and true poet of sound principles and sober practice, upon whom we could rely for furnishing us with a handsome quantity of sufficient and approved verse—such verso as our readers might be expected to get by heart, and to sing, as Monge describes the

little children of Sparta and Athens singing the songs of freedom—in expectation of the coming of the Great Nation.

In this difficulty we have had no choice, but either to provide no poetry at all—a shabby expedient—or to go to the only market where it is to be had good and ready-made—that of the Jacobins—an expedient full of danger, and not to be used but with the utmost caution and delicacy.

To this latter expedient, however, after mature deliberation, we have determined to have recourse, accompanying it with an humble effort of our own, in imitation of the poem itself, and in further illustration of its principle.

Accordingly for the first number (November 20, 1797), Canning and Frere indited, with much mock gravity, a parody of an early effusion of Sonthey, then in his 'hot youth' of Democratic and 'Pantisocratic' enthusiasm.

First was printed his 'INSCRIPTION for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle where Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years;' and beneath Sonthey's rather grandiloquent sixteen lines followed in measured length the 'Imitation'—

'INSCRIPTION for the Door of the Cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg, the 'Prentice-cide, was confined, previous to her execution.'

'Dost thou ask his crime?' Sonthey had demanded, addressing the supposed contemplator of Marten's prison:

*He had rebelled against the King, and sat  
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind  
Shaped goodliest plane of happiness on  
earth,  
And peace and liberty.*

entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned to his astonishment that in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of their revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take; and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr. Pitt, and made the anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered, until . . . Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter-house of some 10*l.* a year to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the Dictator's curule chair.'—Lockhart's *Life* (1838), vol. vii. p. 124.

<sup>3</sup> 'Mistakes,' 'Misrepresentations,' and 'Lies,' these columns were headed. 'Pare

'Dost thou ask her crime?' exclaimed the *Anti-Jacobin*, sentimentalising over Brownrigg:

*She whipped two female 'prentices to death,  
And hid them in the coal-hole.* For her  
mind  
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage  
schemes!  
Such as Lycurgus taught.

In the second number (November 27) appeared the famous 'Sapphics'—'Colloquy between the Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder,' prepared also jointly by Canning and Frere, and bearing marks in every line at once of the finest polish which the two highly-cultured scholars could give to it, and of their powers of ridicule. The original of the 'Knife-Grinder' was, again, a piece of Southey's; although the imitation was not so literal this time; and the *Anti-Jacobins* put it forward as a happy illustration of Jacobin attempts to inculcate the doctrine of '*natural warfare* between the poor and the rich.'

'Tell me, Knife-Grinder,' says the Friend of Humanity—

How came you to grind knives?  
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?  
Was it the 'squire or parson of the parish?  
Or the attorney?

The itinerant disclaims all such suggestions, adding—

I should be glad to drink your honour's  
health in  
A pot of beer, if you would give me  
sixpence;  
But for my part I never love to meddle  
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d  
first.  
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can  
rouse to vengeance—  
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded  
Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the Knife-Grinder, overturns his  
wheel, and exit in a transport of  
republican enthusiasm and universal  
philanthropy.]

The 'Needy Knife-Grinder,' following on the 'Brownrigg' parody, spread far and wide the fame of the new periodical. The wit and humour of course struck many who would have been indifferent to political disquisitions of a solid nature. A sort of *furor* arose for the *Anti-Jacobin*, and its popularity was not only established throughout clubs, drawing-rooms, and literary circles, but descended to the taverns and the streets. The vein of jocosity so happily opened was, therefore, followed up, and 'equibs' and epigrams henceforth occupied great part of the paper, at first intended for serious matter.

Meetings at which the subjects of the forthcoming number were talked over, were held at the publisher's (Wright's, 169 Piccadilly). Here, besides Canning, Frere, and Gifford, several gentlemen of rank and talent who were in the secret, used to drop in—Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, Lord Carlisle, Lord Morpeth, and occasionally Pitt himself. The first floor of Wright's house was by arrangement reserved for the *Anti-Jacobin* fraternity; passing through Wright's shop they could avoid particular observation. Not unfrequently these meetings took place on Sundays.

With the exception, however, of some pieces by Gifford, the editor, all the valuable portions of the *Anti-Jacobin* humour were the productions of Canning and Frere, with, in one or two instances, the addition of a few harmonious bits by Ellis, the intimate friend, from an early period, of both of them. With his occasional combination, Canning and Frere continued their singular arrangement of joint-stock authorship, 'suggesting to each other here a line, there a phrase, very much as they might have done when school-boys at Eton.'<sup>4</sup> When written, the

articles were copied out by Wright's assistant, Upcott, before being sent to the printer.

The *Anti-Jacobin* now went briskly and fiercely on. We will mention the headings of some of the poetical onslaughts on alleged 'Sansculottic' sympathisers in England and on the French nation in general, following in succession:—  
'La Sainte Guillotine;' 'The Soldier's Friend—Dactyls,' in which a Friend of Humanity is represented as in a *giving* mood:

Come, little Drummer-Boy, lay down your knapsack here;  
I am the Soldier's Friend—here are some books for you;  
Nice clever books, by TOM PAINE, the philanthropist.

Here's half-a-crown for you—here are some handbills too;  
Go to the Barracks, and give all the Soldiers some;  
Tell them the Sailors are all in a Mutiny!

Then there came out 'An Ode to Anarchy by a Jacobin;' 'The Duke and the Taxing Man;' 'Brissot's Ghost;' 'A Bit of an Ode to Mr. Fox,' &c., to none of which can we award much merit.

Here is the opening stanza of a song by Canning, Frere, and Ellis, which they 'recommend to be sung at all *convivial* meetings convened for the purpose of opposing the Assessed Tax Bill. The correspondent who has transmitted it to us informs us that he has tried it with great success among many of his well-disposed neighbours, who had been at first led to apprehend that the hundred and twentieth part of their income was too great a sacrifice for the preservation of the remainder of their property from French confiscation':

You have heard of Rewbell,  
That demon of hell,  
And of Barras, his brother Director;

Of the canting Lepaux,  
And that scoundrel Moreau,  
Who betrayed his old friend and protector.'

One is tempted to exclaim here that 'the calling of names is no argument;' and indeed we are now touching upon the darker side of the *Anti-Jacobin's* character. Its very name, it is true, to some extent prepares us for considerable virulence of language; our forefathers no doubt heartily enjoyed those furious onslaughts, which we peruse (in view of the authorship) with painful astonishment, till by an effort we bring before our mind's eye the exact state in which England stood three-quarters of a century ago; till we 'acclimatise' ourselves to the storminess of the political and social atmosphere enveloping all ranks; till we remember the then recent horrors of the great Reign of Terror, and the abhorrence thereby excited in the majority of Englishmen towards all supposed to be tainted with the leaven of *Sans-culottism*. Unless we do so (bearing in mind, too, the changes in manners since 1797) we can hardly comprehend, much less make allowance for, the torrent of ridicule and fierce abuse poured on such men in England as Fox, as Erskine, as Coleridge, as Priestley (driven from Birmingham in those times by a brutal mob, but to whom Birmingham now erects a statue), the unmitigated villany imputed to *all* the French Revolutionists, and the coarse taunts broadcasted, of some of which even the meaning is now obsolete. In 'New Morality,' the finely written poem with which Canning adorned the last number of the *Anti-Jacobin*, one of the honestest and purest of the Girondins, the '*rigide ministre*' with whose portrait in Carlyle's *French Revolu-*

tion we are all familiar, and his high-minded wife, Madame Roland, are, without any excuse, made the subject of vulgar sneers.

The high-minded, if over-ardent, Thelwall was frequently the object of Anti-Jacobin derision :

Thelwall, and ye that lecture as ye go,  
And for your pains get pelted—

And in the following lines Coleridge, Southey, and *Charles Lamb* (!) were all represented as approvers of the peculiar religious system of one of the French Directors, Reveillere-Lepaux; and, in fact, as little better than Atheists—

And ye five other waudering bards that  
move

In sweet accord of harmony and love:

Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb &  
Co.,

Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux.  
*New Morality.*

Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, complains bitterly of the calumnious lines, and a note appended to them.

Lamb was most probably in total ignorance of the creed of Lepaux—hardly knew even of his existence. Some lovers of Elia may perhaps thank us for reproducing here two pieces which he indited some time later, as they are not frequently to be met with. They were contributed to Thelwall's newspaper, *The Champion*, and we are not aware that they have ever appeared in any collection of Lamb's works, although three pieces under the same initials, in the same periodical—'The Three Graves,' 'St. Crispin to Gifford,' and 'Triumph of the Whale,' have been included. The 'extremist' tone in them was doubtless assumed, but the rancour against Canning seems genuine. We do not think the one mention of his own name would have stirred 'the gentle Elia' to it; but he could not forgive the plentiful mockery of his two friends Thelwall and Cole-

ridge, by the 'shallow Eton wit' of the Anti-Jacobin.

#### THE UNBELOVED.

Not a woman, child, or man in  
All this isle that loves thee, Canning;  
Fools, whom gentle manners away,  
May incline to Castlereagh;  
Princes, who old ladies love,  
Of the Doctor<sup>s</sup> may approve;  
Chancery lords do not abhor  
Their chatty, childish Chancellor;  
In Liverpool, some virtues strike,  
And little Van's beneath dislike.  
But thou, unamiuble object,  
Dear to neither prince nor subject,  
Veriest, meanest scab, for pelf  
Fastening on the skin of Guelph,  
Thou, thou must, surely, *loathe thyself.*

#### II

SONNET TO MATTHEW WOOD, ESQ.

ALDERMAN AND M.P.

Hold on thy course unchecked, heroic Wood!  
Regardless what the player's son may  
prate,

St. Stephen's fool, the Zany of Debate,  
Who nothing generous ever understood.  
London's twice Pretor! scorn the fool-born  
jest,

The stage's scum, and refuse of the  
players—

Stale topics against magistrates and  
mayors—

City and country both thy worth attest.

Bid him leave off his shallow Eton wit,  
More fit to soothe the superficial ear  
Of drunken Pitt and that unworthy Peer,  
When at their sottish orgies they did sit,  
Hatching mad counsels from inflated vein,  
Till England and the nations reeled with  
pain.

But to pass from these observations, for our purpose is rather to relate the progress and exhibit the humour of the *Anti-Jacobin* than to dilate upon the blemishes of its political satire—in the two pieces entitled 'The Progress of Man,' and 'The Loves of the Triangles,' we see Canning and Frere at their best again. Their smooth versification, perfectly classical, yet happily humorous, is conspicuously displayed in these two mock-heroic poems. They are too



long, and of too even merit for us to select much from; we will, however, take one short specimen of each.

In 1796 Mr. R. Payne Knight had published 'The Progress of Civil Society; a Didactic Poem in six books.' This production, which contained some passages arguing a decided preference for man in a savage state, uncorrupted by the artificialities of civilisation, and also some singular descriptions and allusions concerning the passion of Love, offered a fair mark for the ridicule of Canning. Here is a *morceau* from his parody (Mr. Knight, he it observed, had written two lines to the effect that Love—

In softer notes bids Libyan lions roar,  
And warms the whale on Zembla's frozen shore):—

Let us a plainer, steadier path pursue—  
Mark the grim savage scoop his light canoe,  
Mark the dark rook, on pendant branches hung.

With anxious fondness feed her cawing young;

Mark the fell leopard through the desert prowl,

Fish prey on fish, and fowl regale on fowl;  
How Libyan tigers' chawdrons love assails,<sup>7</sup>  
And warms, 'midst seas of ice, the melting whales.

Cools the crimp'd cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,

Shrinks shrivelled shrimps, but opens oysters' hearts;

Then say, how all these things together tend

To one great truth, prime object, and good end?

First—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,

Some lot, some part, some station is assigned.

The feathered race with pinions skim the air,

Not so the mackorel, and still less the bear;

This roams the wood, carniv'rous, for his prey,

That with soft roe, pursues his watery way,  
This, slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide,

That, caught by fishers, is on Sundays cried.\*

As the 'Progress of Man' was first conceived and commenced by Canning, so the 'Loves of the Triangles' was the original idea of Frere, and then, like the other, was jointly carried out. Like the 'Progress of Man,' it parodied the production of a learned man, but in different poet, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who had brought out 'The Loves of the Plants.' No one was better qualified to write of plants than Dr. Darwin, but scientifically, not poetically.

Jeffrey pronounced 'The Loves of the Triangles' to be the perfection of parody. The contest between Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis for the love of the Phœnician Cone is certainly very amusing. We will rather select, however, the following incidental description of the Thames and old London Bridge, which has a pleasant old-world flavour, recalling to our minds some of the best passages in Gay's 'Trivia.'

So thy dark arches, London Bridge, besstride  
Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide.  
There oft—returning from those green retreats

Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats;

\* [Note A.-J.] 'Add thereto a tiger's chawdron.'—*Macbeth*.

<sup>7</sup> We trace in Horace Walpole's *Letters* a hint that some part of Canning's anti-Jacobin poetry was written a year or more before the starting of the periodical; and, in MS., had already amused select circles. 'I send you,' Walpole writes on March 22, 1796, to the Rev. W. Mason, 'a parody on two lines of Mr. Knight's, which will show you that his poem is seen in its true light by a young man of allowed parts, Mr. Canning, whom I never saw.'

'Some fainter irritations seem to feel,  
Which o'er its languid fibres gently steal.'—*Knight*.

'Cools the crimp'd cod, to pond-perch pangs imparts.'

Where each spruce nymph, from city competitors free,  
 Sips the froth'd syllabub, or fragrant tea;  
 While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt champagnes,  
 Her 'practise lover soothes his amorous pain;  
 There oft, in well-trimm'd wherry, glide along  
 Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng;  
 Smells the tarr'd rope—with undulation fine,  
 Flaps the loose sail—the silken awnings shine;  
 'Shoot we the bridge!' the vent'rous boatmen cry—  
 'Shoot we the bridge!' th' exulting fare reply.  
 —Down the steep fall the headlong waters go,  
 Curls the white foam, the breakers rear below:  
 The veering helm the dext'rous steersman stops,  
 Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvas drops;  
 Then with closed eyes, cleached hands, and quick-drawn breath  
 Darts nt the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.  
 —Full 'gainst the pier th' unsteady timbers knock,  
 The loose planks starting owa the impetuous shock;  
 The shifted oar, dropt sail, and steadied helm,  
 With angry surge the closing waters overwhelm—  
 Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each fair one's charms  
 That screams and scrambles in his oozy arms.  
 —Drenched each smart garb, and clogged each struggling limb;  
 Far o'er the stream the cocknies sink or swim;  
 Whils each hadged boatman, clinging to his oar,  
 Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs the applauding shore.

The few prose articles contributed by Canning and Frere to the columns of the *Anti-Jacobin* offer but little for remark. They are not reprinted with the poetry in Mr. Edmonds' edition of 1854. We must not, however, pass by one pre-eminent specimen of banter

which is buried among them—a supposed 'Meeting of the Friends of Freedom,' in which the oratory of Erskine was caricatured. It is stated in the recent Memoir of Frere that it proceeded from his pen alone.

Mr. Erskine now arose, in consequence of some allusions which had been made to the trial by jury. He professed himself to be highly flattered by the encomiums which had been lavished upon him; at the same time, he was conscious that he could not, without some degree of reserve, consent to arrogate to himself those qualities which the partiality of his friends had attributed to him. He had on former occasions declared himself to be clothed with the infirmities of man's nature; and he now begged leave, in all humility, to reiterate that confession. He should never cease to consider himself as a feeble, and, with respect to the extent of his faculties, a finite, being; he had ever borne in mind, and he hoped he should ever continue to bear in mind, those words of the inspired penman, 'Thou hast made him less than the angels, to crown him with glory and honour.' These lines were indeed applicable to the state of man in general, but of no man more than himself; they appeared to him pointed and personal, and little less than prophetic; they were always present to his mind; he could wish to wear them in his breast, as a sort of amulet against the enchantment of public applause, and the witcheries of vanity and self-delusion: yet if he were indeed possessed of those superhuman powers—all pretensions to which he again begged leave most earnestly to disclaim—if he were endowed with the eloquence of an angel, and with all those other faculties which we attribute to angelic natures, it would be impossible for him to do justice to the eloquence with which the hon. gentleman who opened the meeting (Mr. Fox) had defended the cause of freedom, identified, as he conceived it to be, with the persons and government of the Directory. In his present terrestrial state he could only address it as a prayer to God, and as counsel to man, that the words which they had heard from that hon. gentleman might work inwardly in their hearts, and in due time produce the fruit of Liberty and Revolution.

The conduct of the Directory, with regard to the exiled deputies, had been objected to by some persons on the score of a pretended rigour. For his part, he should only say

that having been, as he had been, both a soldier and a sailor, if it had been his fortune to have stood in either of those two relations to the Directory—as a Man, and as a major-general, he should not have scrupled to direct his artillery against the national representation; as a naval officer he would undoubtedly have undertaken for the removal of the exiled deputies; admitting the exigency, under all its relations as it appeared to him to exist, and the then circumstances of the times, with all their hearings and dependencies, branching out into an infinity of collateral considerations, and involving in each a variety of objects, political, physical, and moral; and these again under their distinct and separate heads, ramifying into endless subdivisions, which it was foreign to his purpose to consider.

Mr. Erskine concluded by recapitulating in a strain of agonising and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech. He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester School—he had been called by special retainers, during the summer, into many different and distant parts of the country, travelling chiefly in post-chaises. He felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it, at least. He stood here as a man. He stood in the eye, indeed in the hand, of God—to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed. He was of noble, perhaps royal, blood—he had a house at Hampstead—was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical reform—his pamphlets had gone through thirty editions, skipping alternately the odd and even numbers—he loved the constitution, to which he would cling and grapple—and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature!

On another occasion there appeared, under the heading of 'Foreign Intelligence Extraordinary,' a *soi-disant* despatch of Buonaparte, announcing progress and victories of a most unheard-of character. It was professed 'with that priority of intelligence which has ever distinguished our paper' to have been received from a 'correspondent, a currant merchant at Zante—by a neutral ship which arrived in the river last night.

In this, though the irony is not

style frequently displayed in Napoleon's early bulletins is very successfully hit off—so much so, indeed, that, as the editor of the collection of 1799 asserts, another journal using the freedom of the press actually copied the news as authentic information for the eager public!

#### *Head Quarters, Salamis, 18 Prairial.*

Citizen Directors,—The brave soldiers who conferred liberty on Rome have continued to deserve well of their country. Greece has joyfully received her deliverers. The tree of liberty is planted on the Piræus. Thirty thousand Janissaries, the slaves of despotism, had taken possession of the isthmus of Corinth. Two demi-brigades opened us a passage. After ten days' fighting we have driven the Turks from the Morea. The Peloponnese is now free. Every step in my power has been taken to revive the ancient spirit of Sparta. The inhabitants of that celebrated city, seeing the *black broth* of my troops, and the scarcity of specie to which we have been long accustomed, will, I doubt not, soon acquire the frugal virtues of their ancestors. As a proper measure of precaution, I have removed all *Pitt's gold* from the country.

On landing at this island I participated in a scene highly interesting to humanity. A poor fisherman, of the family of Themistocles, attended by his wife, a descendant of the virtuous Phryno, fell at my feet. I received him with the fraternal embrace, and promised him the protection of the Republic. He invited me to supper at his hut; and in gratitude to his deliverer, presented me with a memorable *oyster shell*, inscribed with the name of his illustrious ancestor. As this curious piece of antiquity may be of service to some of the Directory, I have inclosed it in my despatches, together with a marble tablet, containing the proper form for pronouncing the sentence of *Ostracism on Royalist Athenians*. . . .

Baraguay d'Hilliere, with the left wing of the army of Egypt, has fixed his headquarters at Jerusalem. He is charged to restore the Jews to their ancient rights. Citizens Jacob Jacobs, Simon Levi, and Benjamin Solomons, of Amsterdam, have been provisionally appointed Directors. I beg you will ratify a grant which I have made of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra to a society of *Illuminati* from Bavaria. They may be of service in extending our future conquests.

I have received very satisfactory accounts from Desaix, who had been sent, by Berthier,

Europeans. In manners and civilisation it much resembles France, and will soon emulate our virtues. Already does the torrid zone glow with the ardour of freedom. Already has the altar of liberty been reared in the Caffrarian and Equinoctial Republics. Their regenerated inhabitants have sworn eternal amity to us at a civic feast, to which a detachment of our army was invited. This memorable day would have terminated with the utmost harmony, if the Caffrarian Council of Ancients had not devoured the greater part of General Desaix's Etat-Major for their supper. I hope our Ambassador will be instructed to require that civic feasts of this nature be omitted for the future. The Directory of the Equinoctial Republic regret that the scarcity of British cloth in Africa, and the great heat of the climate, prevent them from adopting our *costume*.

We hope soon to liberate the Hottentots, and to drive the perfidious English from the extremities of Africa and of Europe. Asia, too, will soon be free. The three-coloured flag floats on the summit of Caucasus; the Tigrine Republic is established; the Cis and Trans-Euphratean Conventions are assembled; and soon shall Arabia, under the mild influence of French principles, resume her ancient appellation, and be again denominated 'the Happy.' . . .

A broken column will be sent from Carthage: it records the downfall of that commercial city, and is sufficiently large for an inscription (if the Directory should think proper to place it on the banks of the Thames) to inform posterity that it marks the spot where *London once stood*.

Health and fraternity.

BUONAPARTE.

We have abbreviated the above somewhat from the original in No. 33 of the *Anti-Jacobin* (June 25, 1798). The piece was doubtless struck off by Canning alone, as no reference is made to it in the Memoir of Frere.

We now come to 'The Rovers; or, the Double Arrangement;' which by its combination of much broad fun, clever parody, and ludicrous juxtaposition of impossible chronology, approaches, and if further elaborated might have ranked with, the much better known 'Critic' of Sheridan. The leading characteristics of the literary partnership

The subject of attack was the new-born German drama in general, which was peculiarly obnoxious to the Anti-Jacobins by its supposed subversive tendencies. The English press and stage had begun to be flooded with bad translations of some of the least meritorious youthful works of Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue, and lesser German writers, and Frere, Canning, and Ellis again espied a fair target whereat to wing their shafts.

It is curious to note the touchiness of a great German man of letters—Niebuhr, the historian—in reference to this onslaught of the English humourists on the exaggerations which undeniably were to be found in the then immature theatre of his country.

'Canning,' says the great re-constructor of Roman history (*Geschichte des Zeitalters der Revolution*), joined the Society of the anti-Jacobins which defended everything connected with existing institutions. This society published a journal, in which the most honoured names of foreign countries were attacked in the most scandalous manner. German literature was at that time little known in England, and it was associated there with the idea of Jacobinism and revolution. Canning then published in the *Anti-Jacobin* the most shameful pasquinade which was ever written against Germany, under the title of *Matilda Pottingen*. Gottingen is described in it as the sink of all infamy; professors and students as a gang of miscreants. Such was Canning. He was not all events useful—a sort of political Cossack.

It is to be remarked that Niebuhr—who by-the-bye resided in London in 1798, and probably read 'The Rovers' in the *Anti-Jacobin* as it came out—has not even correctly quoted the title of the burlesque over which he somewhat wastes needless indignation.

But few words will be necessary to introduce our extracts; the 'plot' is, as far as it is possible or necessary to state it, thus formed. Casimere, a Polish officer, and bus-



into the 'Double Arrangement,' which gives the second title to the play, and is in mood (like Captain Macheath) to wish it a single one. Let his words from a scene a little way on in the piece explain:

*Casimere.* What a contrast! you are flying to liberty and your home; I, driven from my home by tyranny, am exposed to domestic slavery in a foreign country.

*Becington* (an exiled English nobleman). How, domestic slavery?

*Casimere.* Too true—two wives—(slowly and with a dejected air—then, after a pause)—You knew my Cecilia?

*Becington.* Yes, five years ago.

*Casimere.* Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a lady in Wetteravia—my Matilda was under her protection. Alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the children, in a light blue riding habit. The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me; my heart moved to hers as if by a magnetic sympathy; we wept, embraced, and went home together; she became the mother of my Pautalowsky. But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her Rogero is languishing in captivity if I could restore her to him!

Rogero, it will be discerned, is the other hero of the play. An ardent young student at the University of Gottingen, he first had loved, and not without return, his tutor's daughter—'sweet, sweet, Matilda Pottingen.' But the Herr Doctor Pottingen, on the love affair coming to his knowledge, having apprised Roderic, Count of Saxe-Weimar, Rogero has been by that 'eagninary tyrant' confined in a dungeon of the neighbouring Abbot of Quedlinburgh; its Prior ('very corpulent and cruel') kindly laying himself out to oblige the Count in such manner. The priest, however, does not venture to allow the infliction of a violent death on Rogero, and during his many years of captivity 'his daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of the cavern by

the landlady of the "Golden Eagle" at Weimar.' The Count, by his minister nevertheless, is 'continually endeavouring to corrupt the Waiter to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of Rogero for ever.'

This Waiter, he it observed, is in reality, 'no Waiter, but a Knight Templar,' and is endowed with a flow of 'sentiment' which Joseph Snrface might envy.

The opening scene is at the just-mentioned posting inn at Weimar.

*Enter Matilda.*

*Matilda.* Is it possible that I can have dinner sooner?

*Landlady.* Madam, the Brunswick post-wagon is not yet come in, and the ordinary is never before two o'clock.

*Matilda* (with a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately recomposing herself). Well, then, I must have patience (exit Landlady). Oh, Casimere! How often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation! . . .

*Post-horn blows. Re-enter Landlady.*

*Landlady.* Madam, the post-wagon is just come in, with only a single gentlewoman,

*Matilda.* Then show her up, and let us have dinner instantly.

*Exit Landlady. Enter Cecilia.*

*Matilda.* Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

*Cecilia.* The way was dusty, madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated thro' my soul!

*Matilda* (aside). Thank Heaven! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own. (To Cecilia.) Yes, I understand you; the first pulsation of sentiment, the silver tones upon thy yet unsounded harp.

*Cecilia.* The dawn of life, when this blossom (putting her hand upon her heart) first expanded its petals to the penetrating rays of love!

*Matilda.* Yes, the time, the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another! The blooming hue upon the yet unplucked plum!

*Cecilia.* Your countenance grows animated, my dear madam.

*Matilda.* And yours, too, is glowing with illumination.

*Cecilia.* I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit! My heart was withered, but the beams of yours have re-kindled it.

*Matilda.* A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear an eternal friendship.

*Cecilia.* Let us agree to live together!

*Matilda.* Willingly (*with rapidity and earnestness*).

*Cecilia.* Let us embrace. (*They embrace.*)

*Matilda.* Yes! I, too, have loved! You, too, like me, have been forsaken—(*doubtfully, and as if with a desire to be informed.*)

*Cecilia.* Too true!

*Both.* Ah, these men! These men!

[*Landlady enters and places a leg of mutton on the table, with sour crout and pruin sauce, then a small dish of black puddings. Cecilia and Matilda appear to take no notice of her.*]

*Matilda.* Oh, Casimere!

*Cecilia* (*aside*). Casimere! That name! Oh, my heart, how it is distracted with anxiety!

*Matilda.* Heavens! madam, you turn pale.

*Cecilia.* Nothing—a slight megrim; with your leave, I will retire.

*Matilda.* I will attend you. . . .

[*Scene changes to a subterranean vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh; with coffins, 'scutcheons, death's heads and cross-bones. Toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage. Rogero appears, in chains, in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown, and a cap of grotesque form upon his head.*]

After a long soliloquy, touching upon his severance from the world and his fellowmen, upon his agonising memories of Matilda, and the general cruelties of his captivity—'here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nursing cradle of hell—the suburb of perdition—in a nest of demons, where despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where agony woos the embrace of death; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities; the hapless Rogero endeavours to solace himself with a

song, which, though well known, will bear repetition.

[*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air, with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra.*]

SONO BY ROGERO.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view  
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,  
I think of those companions true  
Who studied with me at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen—  
University of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.*]

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heav'nly blue,  
Which once my love sat knotting in!  
Alas! Matilda then was true,  
At least, I thought so at the U-  
(*Twice*) University of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew  
Her neat post-wagon trotting in;  
You bore Matilda from my view.  
Forlorn I languished at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue,  
This blood my veins is clotting in,  
My years are many—they were few  
When first I entered at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!  
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-  
tor, Law Professor at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in,  
Here doom'd to starve on water gru-  
el,<sup>11</sup> never shall I see the U-  
niversity of Gottingen.

[*During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor, in an agony. The curtain drops—the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*]

In the original weekly number of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which now lies before us, the last stanza (an excellent *finale*) does not appear. Tradition

<sup>11</sup> [Note A.-J.] A manifest error, since it appears from the Waiter's conversation that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water-gruel, but on peas-soup, which is a much better thing. Possibly the length of Rogero's imprisonment had impaired his memory:

reports it to have been added by Pitt, momentarily inspired by the amusement he derived from reading over the song.

'The Rovers,' in its further progress, is enlivened by 'a troubadour' with a song and duet as jovial as Rogero's song is melancholy, and by the whimsical introduction of '*Puddingfield and Beefington, two English noblemen exiled by the tyranny of King John, previous to the signature of Magna Charta.*' 'An objection has been made,' the Prefatory Remarks in the *Anti-Jacobin* state, 'to the names of *Puddingfield and Beefington*, as little likely to have been assigned to English characters by any author of taste and discernment. Our author proceeded, in all probability, on the authority of Goldoni, who though not a German, is an Italian writer of considerable reputation; and who, having heard that the English were distinguished for their love of liberty and beef, has judiciously compounded the two words *Runnymede* and *beef*, and thereby produced an English nobleman, whom he styles *Lord Runnybeef*.'

We find these worthies at the inn at Weimar, sitting at a small deal table, and playing all-fours.

*Beefington* opens an English newspaper.

*Beefington*.—Glorious news, my dear Puddingfield; the Barons are victorious. King John has been defeated; Magna Charta, that venerable immemorial inheritance of Britons, was signed last Friday three weeks, the third of July, Old Style!

*Puddingfield*. I can scarce believe my ears, but let me satisfy my eyes; show me the paragraph.

*Beefington*. Here it is, just above the advertisements.

*Puddingfield* (reads). 'The great demand for Packwood's Razor Strops'—

*Beefington*. Pah! what, ever blundering; you drive me from my patience; see here, at the head of the column.

*Puddingfield* (reads):

'A hireling print, devoted to the Court, Has dared to question our veracity Respecting the events of yesterday:

Appears to have been perfectly correct. The charter of our liberties received The Royal signature at five o'clock, When messengers were instantly dispatched To Cardinal Pandulfo; and their Majesties, After partaking of a cold collation, Returned to Windsor.'—I am satisfied.

*Beefington*. Yet, here again, there are some further particulars (*turns to another part of the paper*)—'Extract of a letter from Egham. My dear friend,—We are all here in high spirits; the interesting event which took place this morning at Runnymede, in the neighbourhood of this town'—

*Puddingfield*. Hah! Runnymede; enough, no more; my doubts are vanished; then are we free indeed!

*Beefington*. I have, besides, a letter in my pocket from our friend the immortal Bacon, who has been appointed Chancellor. Our out-lawry is reversed. What says my friend; shall we return by the next packet?

*Puddingfield*. Instantly! instantly!

*Both*. Liberty! Adelaide! Revenge!

The closing scene of the drama takes place before the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, after we have seen '*Companies of Austrian and Prussian Grenadiers march across the stage confusedly, as if returning from the Seven Years' War.*' Most of the personages of the drama are assembled, and Casimere is addressing them—tired of his 'double arrangement,' and bent now on rescuing the unfortunate Rogero, that he may restore him to his Matilda. Beefington and Puddingfield (whom he had known) have agreed to help in the heroic enterprise. 'Ten bravo men' only are wanted, and an Austrian and a Prussian Grenadier are present. Says Casimere:

I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of freedom. These, with young Pottingen, the waiter, and ourselves, make seven. The Troubadour, with his two attendant minstrels, will complete the ten.

*Beefington*. Now then for the execution (*with enthusiasm*).

*Puddingfield*. Yes, my boys, for the execution! (*clapping them on the back*).

*Waiter*. But hie! we are observed.

*Troubadour*. Let us by a song conceal

[*Recitative, accompanied.*]

After the song, ending with an enthusiastic general chorus:

Let us fly, let us fly,  
Let us help, ere he die!

[*Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.*]

And the Abbey is then taken by storm.

'The Rovers,' though nominally consisting of five acts, has only two filled up; the others are briefly indicated by the description of the plot. Frere and Canning doubtless suspected that they might make the brilliant *jeu d'esprit* too long—yet they might certainly have constructed several other scenes, in which the hapless Rogero, for instance (who does not appear after his one utterance of his woes), and the Waiter, so long his preserver, might have figured, which would have been very effective.

The several parts contributed by Canning and Frere respectively can be described with great exactness, thanks to the 'Memoir of Frere, by his Nephews.'

Of what we have extracted of the play, the greater portion is by Frere. The opening scene, and in fact all the utterances of Cecilia and Matilda, Casimere and the Waiter, also Rogero's soliloquy, are by him. To Canning we are to ascribe the introduction of Puddingfield, Beefington, and Young Pottingen, down to the 'arrival of the news of Magna Charta;' but all the ludicrous rejoicing over that 'interesting event in the neighborhood of Egham' was added by Frere.

Rogero's song was written by Canning, without Frere, but assisted by Ellis; and, as we have said, the final stanza is believed to have been supplied by the great Mr. Pitt himself. The closing scene of the general conspiracy of 'The Rovers' (and it may be remarked that every personage in the play, with the excep-

—is a Rover) and the description of the attack and capture of the Abbey is by Frere.

It is not generally known that in 1811, thirteen years after the appearance of the *Anti-Jacobin*, this famous burlesque was actually put upon the stage, adapted, and with extraneous matter added, by George Colman.

The following was the announcement:

Haymarket Theatre, July 26.

This evening will be produced, as a grand dressed Rehearsal of a Tragico-Comico-Anglo-Germanico-Hippo-Ono-Dramatico-Romance—a new Piece (in Two Acts) called the

Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh;

or,

The Rovers of Weimar.

The ground-work, and some scenes (with alterations) of this drama are extracted from a celebrated and witty periodical publication commenced in London towards the close of the last century and now discontinued.

The peculiar title given to the play in conjunction with the old one is explained by the *hippomania* prevalent at the theatres in 1811, real animals being brought on the stage at Covent Garden; the grand assault on the Abbey of course gave a fine opportunity in the Haymarket performance for burlesque of that innovation, and for rivalry of a piece, 'The Quadrupeds,' at the Lyceum; cavalry were, therefore, introduced, which were 'half man and half basket-work—their appearance and spirit were admirable.'

The 'Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh' had a run, as an afterpiece, of thirty nights. All the characters of the *Anti-Jacobin* were preserved in it. Rogero was played by Liston, Casimere by Munden, the Waiter by Finn, and Beefington and Puddingfield by Shaw and Grove; whilst Mrs. Glover was Matilda and Mrs. Gibbs Cecilia.



The first act went off exceedingly well. The meeting of Matilda Pottingen and Cecilia Mnckenfeldt called forth loud bursts of laughter from all parts of the theatre, and the ensuing song of the captive Rogero had the happiest effect, and closed the scene with universal applause.

The latter part of this romance was less successful. The force of the satire was not always felt, and in some instances its propriety was not acknowledged. The romance concludes with a grand battle, in which the last scene of 'Timour the Tartar' is closely imitated and burlesqued, in the first style of extravagance; a battering-ram is introduced as in 'Timour,' and with similar effect. The 'Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh' is attributed to Messrs. Canning and Colman. It appeared first in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

It is pleasant to view, by the medium of a contemporary Tourist, Canning witnessing his own piece of drollery.

The pale face with *nares acutissimæ* of the ex-minister was pointed out to us in the next box, in company with Lord M.; he laughed very heartily.—*Simond's Tour*, 1811.

We must now conclude this account of Canning and Frere's joint work,—so thoroughly interwoven, as we have seen, that, though the former afterwards far surpassed his friend in the career of politics, their names must ever be inseparable in the story of English literature.

The founders of the *Anti-Jacobin* soon began to be of opinion that the 'satirical spirit to which so much of the success of the serial was due might, in the long run, prove a less manageable and discriminating ally than the party might desire;' so the vehicle of Canning and Frere's wit and humour finished its course, after a succession of only thirty-six weekly numbers, from November 20, 1797, to July 16, 1798, having done much covert service to Pitt's Government, and having afforded infinite merriment to our forefathers.

J. C.



## PRIMARY EDUCATION IN IRELAND.<sup>1</sup>

IT is a happy provision which secures to Ministers a yearly recess during which they may, while in some degree reposing from the fatigue of attendance in Parliament, devote their attention to the quiet consideration of public questions, which, either from their immaturity or the pressure of business, have been postponed to the next session. Perhaps during this season of leisure it may not be inopportune to offer some observations on a subject which is awaiting discussion, and which, although from an Imperial point of view of minor importance, is of essential importance to the public welfare. We refer to elementary education in Ireland.

We purpose in the following paper, briefly as we can, to dwell upon the phases which it presents to us: Firstly, as a matter of national interest; secondly, with respect to the government and maintenance of the schools; and finally to consider more particularly how the condition and efficiency of the teachers may be ameliorated, so as to bring the popular education of Ireland as near as possible to the existing standard in England.

The institution and maintenance of a judicious and efficient system of popular education is a matter of primary importance to the health and vitality of a State. It is to the body politic what suitable regimen is to the natural system. With States as with individuals, knowledge is power; and the history of the world has over and over demonstrated that intelligence will conquer and rule, while the universal fate of ignorance is to hew the wood and draw the water for its masters.

Since the destinies of a community depend so much upon popular education, it must be taken as an axiom that the State has a right to the supreme control of public instruction. In a matter of so much interest to its very existence it can admit of no divided authority. If public peace and national welfare be the objects of civil society, no interest whatsoever is to be permitted to interfere with those of the community. If the State maintains a system of public education, of course it is entitled to the exclusive control of its schools; but we go farther than this, and affirm that, on the principle that no individual interests or opinions should run contrary to the public welfare, the State has a right to supervise or inspect *every* educational establishment no matter by whom established or maintained; and hence we must regard the system of Government inspection, put in operation recently in Germany, as the assertion of a just authority.

If this principle were universally assented to, there would be less trouble and more success in the working of public schools than is at present the case. The supreme authority of the State being allowed and respected, we would extend to sectional and even individual opinion all the latitude compatible with the general weal; but the misfortune is, that on this first principle the different sections who quarrel about it can never be brought to agree. He who warmly espouses any peculiar opinion becomes not alone jealous of its protection, but zealous about its propagation; and as the school is the most powerful engine for its preservation and extension, he will very naturally

struggle to the end for the control of this potent instrument. He honestly believes in his right, and hence his obstinacy in asserting it. We cannot reconcile the claims of all parties; nor can we safely choose between them, favouring this and discouraging or ignoring that.

There is but one course open. The sovereign right of the State can be asserted and exercised in all cases without offering violence to any shade of religious opinion. When it is useless to compromise and impossible to conciliate, it is the wisest and most practicable policy to disregard all parties as such, and, assuming the exclusive control of the public secular instruction, leave every religious sect at perfect liberty to inculcate its doctrines when and how it thinks best. This will be showing no favour, and doing no injustice; for no creed is entitled to more than elbow-room in the community. If it have full freedom, its merits will receive their proper recognition, and in the absence of partiality on the part of the Government there cannot be any just cause of complaint.

But while all practical men recognise in their words and acts the importance of educating the people, there are some theorists who go so far as to say that a state of ignorance is preferable in the multitude. Theirs is very short-sighted reasoning, and indeed their number is so small that it is scarcely worth while to allude to them. All parties being agreed that obedience to the constituted authorities is the first essential to order, the 'obscurantists' contend that the easiest and surest way to secure that necessary virtue is to return to the darkness of the middle ages; and quite overlooking the mental and moral degradation of that period, are filled with admiration of the civil and religious slavery

ties had nothing whatever to do with it. It is precisely intellectual activity which the class of theorists of whom we are speaking fear. Conviction can follow only from enquiry, and a spirit of inquisitiveness is the immediate result of the acquisition of knowledge. But this passion for enquiry, when rightly directed, contributes powerfully to the healthfulness of the moral man. Let the people be properly educated, and the popular thinking wisely directed, and there is little fear of their mental investigations running in a wrong channel. The faith and loyalty which arise from conviction, and are confirmed by every new effort of intelligence, are surely preferable to the ignorant and helpless docility which passively subjected mind and body to the authority of the priest and the prince. To which may be added the very practical consideration that the days of obedience resting on ignorance are, whether we like the fact or not, irretrievably gone by.

But education does not mean rebellion. If the early education of a people has been wisely imparted the chances are a hundred to one that they will prefer order to innovation—become conservative because they want to prosper, which they can only do by the preservation of the time-honoured social institutions which experience has shown to be both the protecting and promoting powers of civilisation.

In the matter of education perhaps more than anything else, no general system can be constructed to adapt itself to the circumstances of different communities. A system of education requires much care in its formation; it must, besides being in harmony with the traditions, habits, and opinions of the people for whom it is designed, be calculated to improve their character, socially and morally. The

usefulness. A wise statesman, therefore, in constructing a system of public instruction, will first make himself thoroughly acquainted with the character of the people on whom it is destined to operate; just as a good farmer studies the nature of the soil before applying to it any system of tillage which he designs to raise good crops for him. Otherwise his labour and capital will be lost, and the value of his land itself deteriorated.

In the case which we purpose to consider in the present paper, this precaution is peculiarly necessary. Where two races are nearly allied by blood and tradition, the influence of a common process of education will rapidly assimilate, and a common interest will fuse them; but an end so desirable is very slow of attainment under other circumstances, although it cannot be pronounced impossible. There is so marked a distinction between the Celtic and Teutonic families, that a fusion of them must be a slow process, although, when we consider the characteristics of each, we cannot help thinking that a permanent mingling of the two races would be highly beneficial to both. But apart from this ulterior object, there is an immediate one which calls for urgent and prudent action. The two races are permanently united as fellow citizens of one state (whatever agitators or visionaries may say); they can as citizens have no separate interests, and it is necessary to the general weal that on all social subjects they should act and think in harmony. Every member of the body politic is bound to contribute to the health and prosperity of the whole. In this respect there must be no collision of interests, no distinction of purposes, no differences of any kind to mar the great object of political society; and all must alike be educated to

that they are fellow citizens of one State.

There are certainly wide differences between the people of England and the Irish, and some endeavour to widen this gulf by continually asserting that a fusion of the two races is impossible, that there exist peculiarities of blood which will forever prevent an admixture. They have never read the history of Ireland, or read it in a very false light, or they would not think so. There are great differences between the two races, certainly; but great as they are, it is an absurdity to affirm that they ever did or ever will impede a fusion. The races are already very largely intermingled—to an extent that ‘nationalists’ find it convenient to ignore. It is not distinction of blood, but difference of opinion, that keeps the two islands apart. Early history—indeed, the experience of the last seven centuries—proves how rapidly and easily the English settlers and the native Irish blended with each other when nothing more than the question of blood was to be considered. ‘*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*’ is a legend very significant in itself. There were early disputes about the possession of the land; but, nevertheless, when native proprietors were displaced, and strangers introduced into their place, these latter quickly attached the people to themselves as closely as they had previously been attached to their native chieftains. When the foreign successors of native chieftains adapted themselves to the habits and character of the people, they soon succeeded in obliterating the footsteps of conquest, and establishing themselves in the popular affection. Witness the Fitzgeralds, the Butlers, Talbots, and a hundred others, who easily made themselves ‘more Irish than the Irish themselves.’

Whatever has been done by



tween the two peoples, another element has been far more potent to create discord, and to maintain it; namely, religious creeds.

From its insulated situation, Ireland was removed from the influences which prepared the way in other countries for the progress of the reformed religion. When the reformed religion came, it came under most unfavourable auspices. It was forced upon the people by strangers. The religion which they attacked was an intensely popular one, which by its forms and ceremonies recommended itself to the Celtic character, and impressed and awed a people by nature highly imaginative. Under such a system, as might be expected, the clergy enjoyed immense influence. The unwise means adopted to propagate the new doctrines created new difficulties. The severe measures which were taken in regard to the exercise of the old religion only attached the people to it the more, and increased the influence of the popular clergy. This influence they used in raising up every obstacle to the advance of the reformed doctrines, and they succeeded in rooting the Church of Rome in the island with a firmness unknown in any other country.

In this question of religion exists all the bitterness that has characterised the estrangement of the English and Irish. Protestantism and England are to the popular mind convertible terms; tell a peasant you are an Englishman and he will at once set you down as a Protestant. From causes which are obvious to everyone the attachment of the Irish to the popular church is strong and deep, and their dislike to the Church of England is, generally speaking, proportionately violent. The 'great grievance' of the Irish Establishment might easily be conceived to furnish in itself

influenced by sentiment. If a Frenchman will fight for an idea, it is just as true to affirm that his friends in Ireland will do the same for a sentiment. The complaint against the Establishment, as long as it lasted, was used to keep up the feeling of bitterness, and when the Church was in the end disestablished many who regretted its fall were willing to console themselves by the hope that now at least the members of both religions would unite as the welfare of their common country required. But they have not so united. Saving in so far as the universal progress of intelligence has been able to influence them, the adherents of the two creeds are just as far asunder as they were before; and it is this disunion—a disunion generative of perpetual distrust and ill-feeling—which is in the main responsible for the present unsatisfactory state of Ireland. It is hard to see, at all events for the present, how the country has been benefited by the disestablishment of the Church.

To diffuse among the Irish people a spirit of greater liberalism in regard to religion should be the chief aim of the statesman who proposes to secure the prosperity of that country on a permanent basis; for until their distrust of the Government and the governing order—a distrust which is derived in a great measure from the source on which we are dwelling—is removed, they will still be led by everybody that possesses prestige or 'blarney' enough to lead them, and will withhold that response which ought naturally to reward ameliorative legislation. While the religious difficulty exists, it is useless to expect contentment and progress; and this difficulty is to be removed, not by legislation, but by a judicious and well-directed system of popular education. Like

year; a slow and steady process must be adopted and persevered in, and if any task ever yet presented itself worthy of the talents of a great statesman it is the final reconciliation of Ireland to a destiny which is the best for herself, and which seems to have been marked out for her when she first emerged from the waters. In short, if the people are to be permanently united in the pursuit of their country's good, it is in the schoolroom it must be accomplished.

But against this beneficent purpose there is a strong party arrayed in Ireland, who wish to see the religions separated in the schools. This party is of course headed and directed by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and it is more than doubtful whether the body of the people whom it most concerns care anything about, or even know the precise meaning of, what is called Denominational education. This party insists on getting the schools into its own hands. We will credit the clerical body with being influenced by a sense of pastoral duty and responsibility in their endeavours to acquire control of the popular education of the country. Most certainly every clergyman is bound to protect the faith and morals of his flock by all the means at his command; but we cannot yield to the ministers of religion the right to exercise the government of schools maintained at the public expense, independently of governmental regulation and supervision, especially where Denominational education is certain to contribute to the confirmation and continuance of a public evil.

Let it be understood distinctly that we do not want to banish religion from the schoolroom. The common religion of Christ certainly supplies a use wide enough for all who are animated by its principles of peace

have absent from the school. Without this we should have had citizens. But can a school not acquire a good moral tone, and exercise a wholesome religious influence, without teaching a particular catechism hand in hand with the grammar? Surely, apart from the political considerations peculiar to the question before us, there is room enough inside the pale of Christianity for all of us to agree. The age of theological controversy is past—the world was well weary of it, and it is unworthy the enlightened age we live in to introduce into our social institutions the illiberality which poisoned the pens of the polemics. It should be the aim of popular education to impart to the people themselves the spirit of toleration and urbanity which characterises the intercourse of men of culture, instead of that narrowness and bigotry which so plainly tend to embitter and disturb human life. Separate children of different religious beliefs in the schoolroom, and it is rarely that the subsequent intercourse of life will be able to obliterate the prejudices, and remove the estrangement, which such a mode of early training produces. The amicable mingling of the two rival creeds is absolutely essential to Ireland's welfare; it is found perfectly practicable in other countries, and it is only hindered in this by clerical bigotry.

The system of education at present existing in Ireland has done much good work, and done it in the face of difficulties of great magnitude. Anyone who is able to contrast the educational status of the Irish people now with what it was thirty or forty years ago, can bear witness to the efficacy of its operation. It substituted for the effete hedge-schools a useful and practical mode of instruction, and has been successful, under wise and moderate adminis-

The National system has been well worked since its establishment, and is now as popular in the country as any general system could be. Its forty years of existence have made it a really national institution; and it would be unwise in the last degree to alter materially a system that has operated, and is operating, so efficiently. Instead of considering revolutionary theories and propositions, it is better to preserve and improve what we have got, and adapt to the altered circumstances of the period institutions which have grown respectable from the prestige of years of good working.

The National system of Ireland requires but few improvements to perfect it, and these are referable to matters of detail rather than to the fundamental principle—which is to impart ‘united secular and separate religious instruction.’ This is, we think, the best principle—indeed, the only one—to be followed in a system of primary education in Ireland. We have already given our reasons for this opinion. It is the only way to introduce a permanent harmony into a country where religious acrimony has been for centuries the bane of the people; for separation of creeds in the school-room could only tend to keep alive the recollection of past conflicts which it were better for all parties to have buried for ever out of sight.

As far as the administration and management of the National schools are concerned, we cannot see what the Denominationalists want, unless it be absolute power. The system is administered by twenty Commissioners, one half of whom are Roman Catholics, and all of them gentlemen of high position and influence; the resident or managing Commissioner being also a

Roman Catholic, who has raised himself through the grades of the service to the honourable position which he now occupies. There is little fear of injustice to Catholics under a Board so constituted. The case of the Rev. Mr. O’Keeffe, of Callan, is a significant proof of how little the Roman Catholic party have to fear at the hands of the Board. It has been, and we believe is still practically, the rule of action with the Commissioners that a clergyman who is degraded by his ecclesiastical superiors is *ipso facto* disqualified for the management of a National school; and although, under the pressure of Parliamentary action, the Board have rescinded or modified this rule, we have no reason to think that its operation will be discontinued. In Mr. O’Keeffe’s case, although the Board’s inspector (a Roman Catholic, too, as we happen to know, of strong religious feelings) is said to have reported most favourably of that gentleman’s management of his schools, still a majority of the Commissioners decided against his restoration to his former position. We allude to these circumstances, not for the purpose of calling in question the action of the Commissioners in such cases, but to show how little the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have to apprehend from the administration of such a body.<sup>2</sup> We believe the great view which the Commissioners of Education have in all their acts is to improve the working of the primary schools throughout the country, which they could not do if involved in disputes with the ecclesiastical authorities.

The great majority of the National schools of Ireland are under clerical management. Whatever objections anybody may have to

<sup>2</sup> Notwithstanding all this, the feeling of distrust is so strong that the Roman Catholic managers in a body refused to sign in 1872 a form of contract with their

this, it has been a necessity, for the schools have been in most cases erected by parochial subscriptions or otherwise secured by the parochial clergy, and in every such case the latter have been recognised as the managers. The rule of the Board is, that they recognise as manager the party who first applies to have the school placed in connection with them; and on the decease or removal of a parish priest his successor *ipso facto* becomes invested with the management of the schools which had been under the control of the former. Here certainly is security enough for the faith and morals of the children, and it is absurd to say that anything more is wanted.

In a mixed system, of education the matter of religious instruction is the *quæstio vexata*, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to satisfy all parties on the subject. The Commissioners of National Education have from time to time altered or modified the rules in this respect, and even still they are unsatisfactory. We will here give the substance of the fundamental regulations on the subject. We may first state that in the Model schools the rules regarding religious instruction are exactly the same as in other National schools, free access being afforded to the clergy of every church to attend for the religious teaching of the pupils belonging to that church during the time set apart for that purpose.

In the regulations on this subject the Commissioners state:

2. Religious instruction must be so arranged that each school shall be open to children of all communions; that due regard be had to parental right and authority; that, accordingly, no child shall receive or be present at any religious instruction of which his parents or guardians disapprove, and that the time for giving it be so fixed that no child shall be thereby, in effect, excluded, directly or indirectly, from the other advantages which the school affords.

are vested in trustees for the purposes of national education, or which are vested in the Commissioners in their corporate capacity, such pasture or other persons shall be approved of by the parents or guardians of the children respectively, shall have access to them *in the schoolroom*, for the purpose of giving them religious instruction there, at times convenient for that purpose, that is, at times so appointed as not to interfere unduly with the other arrangements of the school.

9. In schools not vested, and which receive no other aid than salary and books, it is for the patrons and managers to determine whether any, and, if any, what religious instruction shall be given *in the schoolroom*; but, if they do not permit it to be given in the school-room, the children, whose parents or guardians so desire, must be allowed to absent themselves from the school, at reasonable times, for the purpose of receiving such instruction elsewhere.

These extracts embody the spirit of the National system in regard to religious teaching; but as the rules on the subject were sometimes found to work unpleasantly, new modifications were made a few years ago, and these are still in force. To show more clearly the existing regulations, we shall, before proceeding farther, quote them here. The first paragraph, we believe, was framed by Lord O'Hagan, and passed into law by the Board, but the proviso was soon after added.

15. No pupil who is registered by its parents or guardians as a Protestant is to be permitted to remain in attendance during the time of religious instruction, in case the teacher giving such instruction is a Roman Catholic; and no pupil who is registered by its parents or guardians as a Roman Catholic is to be permitted to remain in attendance during the time of religious instruction, in case the teacher giving such instruction is not a Roman Catholic. And, further, no pupil is to be permitted to remain in attendance during the time of any religious instruction to which its parents or guardians object.

Provided, however, that in case any parent or guardian shall express his desire that his child should receive any particular religious instruction, and shall record such desire in a book to be provided in the school, when necessary for that purpose, this prohibition shall not apply to the time



On examination of these regulations, it will be seen that in every case parental authority is rigidly respected, and every danger to faith carefully guarded against. A merely superficial inspection of the rules is sufficient to reveal the anxiety with which the Commissioners have framed them; and so strictly is the system worked in accordance with them that we believe a case seldom or never arises in which they are contravened. In localities where parochial Denominational schools are not convenient, and in numerous instances where it is otherwise, Protestant parents unhesitatingly send their children to National schools where the teachers are Roman Catholics and the managers Roman Catholic clergymen. It cannot be doubted that parents of the Protestant communion are just as jealous of their children's faith as Catholics are, and it is no small proof of confidence in the system of primary education when they trust them to schools in this manner.

There is only one feature in the rules which looks badly. Perhaps it seldom arises in practice that a parent will require his children to be instructed in religion by a teacher who belongs to a different creed; but wherever the practice is adopted it can hardly produce any very desirable moral effect on either teacher or pupil, and it were better the 'proviso' were struck out altogether, and the mode and practice of religious instruction carried out in accordance with the preceding paragraph. There is a sound tone of morality in the rule which forbids any child to be present at religious instruction given by a teacher of a different and perhaps hostile communion. Formerly, a pupil on his first admission to a National school attended the religious instruction irrespective of the teacher's creed, and the duty of the latter simply consisted in for-

course, the teaching was in accordance with the tenets of the body of the children; and to remedy this anomalous state of things the Commissioners framed the regulations which are at present in operation.

We consider we have said enough to show how little reason those who lead or represent the Denominational party have for their agitation. While so many safeguards are provided for the faith of every child we would never assent to an alteration of the system. One is tempted to think that it must be an irrepressible spirit of agitation, or else a characteristic thirst for power, that animates the hierarchy in this matter. If their demands were granted, it would result in immense injury to the country; but we trust the day is far off when Parliament will be so blind to the real interests of the empire as to accede to what this party require. Education, according to religious denomination, would certainly be one of the first fruits of the labours of an Irish Parliament, governed, as it would be, by ecclesiastical influence; and we think that every reasonable and thoughtful man must see plainly what evils would be perpetuated and increased by such a course of policy.

It must now be stated that, while preserving its principles intact, as essential to the common weal, a great part of the machinery of the management and maintenance of the Irish National schools requires to be reconstructed. The inadequate pay of the teachers is at present rather prominently before the public. The system was first established, and grants of public money originally made, on the understanding that local support was to be forthcoming for the same purpose. Local support there has been extremely little, and many a Rip Van Winkle in Ireland stared about him in astonishment at a re-

sioners are simply subscribers to the support of the schools. The money paid by the Commissioners being almost the only payment the teachers receive, people grew to think that the onus of maintaining the National schools rested altogether on the Board, and that they themselves fulfilled their part by sending their children to the schools; and the result has been, and is, that the teachers are miserably paid. Parliament should have made its grants conditional on their being adequately supplemented from local resources. The Commissioners have actually a rule regarding the support they require for a school previous to granting their aid, but this rule is never acted on. Generally speaking, the Imperial grant is the sole maintenance the National schools possess, and this is egregiously wrong.

As the success of any system of education must, after all, depend on its teachers, these ought, certainly to be placed in a position that will ensure their capability and diligence. A teacher requires many qualifications to suit him to his office; but beyond and above all, he must be decided on making teaching the profession of his life. It will not do to have his aspirations directed to other channels of preferment. This should be understood once for all; the man's whole energies and talents should be addressed to the labour before him, without a thought to bestow elsewhere. A discontented teacher cannot possibly be a good or even a middling one. He is disgusted with his work, and his work soon reciprocates his feelings by growing tired of him.

As far as lay in their power, the Commissioners have laboured to secure the services of good teachers; but they have been working against tide. It is not and ought not to be easy to procure the services of a good workman at a bad rate of

and if the Commissioners have good teachers in their service it is because these men know not what else to turn to. The annual grant from Parliament is insufficient to enable them to offer suitable remuneration to good men, and in the absence of local aid they have nothing else to offer them.

It cannot be denied that the professional character of the body of Irish National teachers, and the efficiency of the schools conducted by them, are much inferior to the average of Great Britain. Insufficient training, in most cases no training at all, is the main cause of this. Perhaps there is no office for which a more careful course of preparation is requisite than that of a teacher. The extent of his literary acquirements is but a small portion of the sum-total of his qualifications. To the possession of the necessary amount of information, he must add the power of communicating it, and this can only be acquired by much special training. By far the greater number of the Irish teachers have never received any preliminary training for their office. A small proportion of them have undergone a course in the Normal establishment of the Commissioners; but whatever improvement four and a half months' drilling in Dublin may effect, the great majority are debarred from this by their clerical superiors. It is well known that the Roman Catholic hierarchy have interdicted all recourse to the training schools by teachers of their Church, and thus the latter are deprived—and really without the least cause—from partaking of the advantages afforded by the Normal School. This is another of the real and practical evils arising from this senseless agitation; a multitude of unfortunate teachers must suffer from no fault of theirs or of the institu-

thus obstructed and thwarted in a matter of vital interest to its success. There is no doubt the body of the teachers work hard, but they would realise greater results by much less work if they better knew how to perform it. We have no fault to find with the teachers, who do as much as they can; but we have every fault to find with a body of men so selfish and uncharitable in their ambition as to withhold, out of pure obstinacy, from the body of the Irish schoolmasters, the means of improving themselves in their business, and to deprive the country of most important advantages which stand ready provided for it.

As we have already said, it is not the system of education itself which is at fault. It is in the undue respect given to the local status of each school that the mischief chiefly lies. It is with the schools themselves *scritim* the reformation must commence; and until the National schools of Ireland are (speaking generally) locally handled in a way far different from the present, it would be idle to incur a penny expense in providing additional means for the preparation of teachers, or to expect in any case the services of really good hands.

We conceive these to be the principal questions demanding immediate consideration, viz.: (1) the local government of the school; (2) local subscriptions to their maintenance; (3) pupils' attendance; and (4) the status and qualifications of the teachers.

1. The great majority of the pupils attending the Irish National schools are Roman Catholics; the numbers (for 1873) being—Roman Catholics, 811,295; Presbyterians, 114,821; Protestant Episcopalians, 85,919; and other denominations, 8,395. Of course, the majority of schools are managed by Catholic

pointment, or rather recognition, and we believe it is the same with those clergymen of other persuasions who are managers or patrons of National schools. To the management of schools in Roman Catholic localities, where the attendance is nearly or altogether of the same denomination, being vested in the clergyman, there is *prima facie* no serious objection; but when it is considered that the absolute subjection of the clergy to their ecclesiastical superiors is liable to hamper the freedom of their choice in appointing teachers, or otherwise restrict and control them, a grave question arises as to the propriety of leaving the government of public schools entirely in their hands. We imply no offence to the clerical body in Ireland, many of whom are undoubtedly gentlemen of refinement and liberality; but, on the principle which has been laid down, and taking into consideration the evils arising from the existing mode of management, we do object to their possessing the exclusive control of the schools.

No doubt any attempt to circumscribe the social or political power of the national clergy would be the occasion of a brisk outcry. The great misfortune of Ireland is the chronic predominance of sentiment over sense, whereby talents and energies are in every generation spilt away uselessly which, if directed to the solid amelioration of the people's condition, would soon leave Ireland without much to complain of. The standing indictment against Parliament, that it is indifferent to Irish questions, is but an outgrowth of the same national disease: Parliament has shown itself willing to devote its labour session after session to the affairs of Ireland, and it cannot always be expected to shelve the interests of Great Britain to indulge the prolific eccentricities of

Teutonic sense—a benefit which there is only one way of conferring on it, and this is by the maintenance of proper machinery for educating the people to a true appreciation of their real interests.

To commence, then, with the re-arrangement of local control on an efficient basis, the system of individual clerical management must be at once abolished. This will remove the great evil already pointed out, besides another evil not less deleterious in its practical effects. The latter we shall point out hereafter. For the present managerial institution must be substituted another, which should assume a corporate form. That is to say, local School Boards should be established, either by election or otherwise, in whom the entire management of the school should be vested; and, to avoid the idea of total *secularisation* in the matter, the parochial clergy, of whatever persuasion, ought to be *ex-officio* members of that body. This is, generally, what we would suggest as the best remedy for the existing state of things, and a plan which we are sure would prove satisfactory to the country at large.

2. It has already been stated that the poverty of the teacher is due in great measure to the absence of local support, and to the same cause is to be attributed the general apathy of the people in regard to the welfare of the schools. The subscription of Parliament constitutes something about 90 per cent. of the teacher's income in Ireland, while in Great Britain it amounts to, we believe, between 30 and 40 per cent. Such a state of things is notoriously unjust, and the figures pretty well represent (inversely) the merits of the schools in each country. Why should not Ireland be made to pay for its schools in the same way as England? If this were so, the schools themselves would occupy a

of school pence, which at present exhausts local subscriptions, is only a nominal step in the direction to which we are inviting attention. The local gentry and landed proprietors, with just a few honourable exceptions, are totally indifferent to the educational interests of the people amongst whom they live—a fact that is much to the discredit of many of them.

The local School Boards should have power, like the Poor Law guardians, to impose upon the locality such a rate as will be adequate to the maintenance of the schools; a sufficient proportion of this impost to be allocated for the purpose of repairs, &c., on the schoolroom or such other incidental expenses, and the residue to be set apart for the purpose of supplementing the income of the teacher. It would be very lightly felt, and would impart an importance to the school in the popular estimation which it sadly wants at present. Until the country itself takes an interest in supporting popular education, it will never be successful; and there is not the least use in expecting the people ever to be interested in anything of the kind which does not come home to their pockets.

3. Another and most important result of the evil we have just been speaking of is the irregularity with which the schools are attended. Out of a million pupils on the rolls in all the National schools of Ireland it appears the average attendance is only 373,371, or little more than one-third of the total number. This is a bad state of things; and the excessive irregularity of the attendance can only be remedied by power of compulsion in the hands of the local authority. When parents are negligent or indifferent regarding the education of their children, it is right that the State should step in, as in England, *in loco parentis*,



ference of numbers of parents in this respect is lamentable and in fact dangerous, and it is only the terrors of a penalty that will induce them to discharge the duty towards their offspring which God and man impose upon them.

4. The remaining point is the status and qualifications of the teachers. Both are lower than anyone having the slightest interest in the popular education of Ireland could be satisfied to witness. Injurious to themselves and their office, these drawbacks are much to be regretted; and it is only by the adoption of some such system of local management and support that they can be mended. Indifference, approaching to contempt, is easily transferred from the man to the situation he fills.

In the first place, the teacher at present holds his office by a tenure too precarious to make it valuable to him. Until 1873 he had been absolutely dependent on the manager, and could be dismissed peremptorily at any moment by the latter—a situation of things which the earnest agitation of the teachers recently has shown to be extensively distressing. To remedy this to some extent, the payment of results in last year was made to depend on a form of agreement to be signed between managers and teachers, which, in cases where a teacher might be wrongfully dismissed, constituted the Commissioners a court of appeal. This the managers refused to sign, and at the eleventh hour another form of contract was presented to them with more success. This leaves the teacher liable to dismissal at three months' notice. Now, there is a manifest injustice in the case of a hard-working man, with perhaps, a large family depending on him, being liable to be thus thrown out of his place by an individual who never pays him any-

teacher, apart from discharging his duties in the school, must teach in the place of worship on Sundays and holydays, and perform the various duties of a parish clerk—all as a matter of course, and without recompense. Such hardships of mind and body incapacitate the man for his proper work, and disgust him with his situation.

If School Boards were instituted, all this could be easily remedied. These bodies should have the power of appointing the teachers, but not the power of dismissing them—which ought to be reserved to the Commissioners of Education on sufficient cause being shown. If the teachers were wedded to their profession by adequate encouragement to remain in it, it is probable few cases would arise to necessitate dismissal.

However, it will be vain to expect respectable results from the Irish National schools till more highly-trained teachers are in charge of them. No doubt, in the main, the teachers are zealous and intelligent, but it is quite impossible to expect that they can be equal to instructors of youth who are well trained to their business. There is a Normal training establishment in Dublin, as has been said, where teachers receive about four and a half months' instruction, but at best so limited a time is totally inadequate to the necessities of the case; and *the clerical managers are forbidden by their superiors to allow anyone trained there to hold charge of a school under them.* It is puzzling to know what objection the bishops have to the Dublin school; probably, if the question were pressed, they have no presentable objection at all; but the consequence is the same—the educational progress of the people is obstructed, and the interests of the teachers are depressed, and all because the absolute

hierarchy. Besides the Normal institution, there are twenty-six district Model schools in operation. Except that these schools are under the control of the Commissioners, they are practically the same in every respect as the ordinary National schools—subject to the same rules, and restricted alike in the matters of religious instruction. Every clergyman has free access to these schools, to superintend the religious education of children of his persuasion during the time for that purpose. In these establishments there is provision made for the training of youths for the business of teaching; the course extends, perhaps, over a couple of years, and the pupil-teachers are maintained in them at the expense of the Commissioners. Besides their training they receive the valuable advantages of a sound education, and perhaps the most intelligent and successful teachers in Ireland have come out of these provincial Model schools. *But they are under the same ecclesiastical interdict as the one in Dublin*, and thus every avenue to a thorough knowledge of their business is closed against the majority of Irish teachers by those who, if they had the interests of their country truly at heart, would be the first to promote every means for securing the services of skilled instructors for the people.

He who seeks for the expression of the wants and wishes of the Irish people from the popular press or platform will be gravely mistaken. There is no public opinion in Ireland, and can possibly be none till the people are taught to think for themselves, instead of following those 'leaders' who are always so ready to refresh them by the discovery of a new grievance. The demagogues tell them they are slaves—an exhilarating reflection for any spirited people—and so they

are slaves; but they are the slaves of those unprincipled and unpurposed men who tell them so. There are few countries in the world possessing the elements of prosperity in a greater degree than Ireland; but its people neglect their true interests while they listen with abused ears to the declamations of their real tyrants.

The system of education which the Irish people possess is a popular and a good one. It only requires a few improvements to make it as good as such a thing can be. But, above all, the principle which animates it must be preserved; no matter for the outcry of a section of the press or of any clique of public speakers. We repeat, there is no settled public opinion in the country; what is represented as such is simply the agitation of a restless body of selfish men, who exist solely through the passive indifference of the people. On this question of Denominational education there is no feeling among the general population, who scarcely know what the thing means, and hardly care to know. The movement is altogether supported by ecclesiastical influence, and by the class of politicians whose public prosperity is dependent on that influence. The chief ingredient in Irish politics is insincerity. Temporising and accommodating themselves to every new change in the programme of the predominant party, those who profess to be leaders of public opinion in the country are only themselves the obsequious slaves of every nod from the body on whose favour their political existence depends. If Parliament does its duty to Ireland and the empire, it must do it fearlessly, by adhering to the common-sense view of Ireland's wants, and disregarding the vapouring of selfish, ambitious, and venal agitators, whether laic or clerical.

## THE ETHICS OF JESUS CHRIST.

THE persistent neglect with which Christian writers have treated the literature that is contemporary with the Gospels is not creditable either to the learning, or to the love of truth, of the present day. The narratives of the Evangelists are full of references to the faith, the opinions, and the practices of their fellow-countrymen. Expressions which were familiarly used by them are now confessedly so unintelligible, that a recent writer has proposed to remove one very definite mark of date<sup>1</sup> from the canonical text. We have spared no pains to reconstruct, not from imagination, but from exhaustive research, the Athens of the time of Pericles, in order to clear up the most perplexed phrases of the Greek dramatic writers; but we have never yet applied the same method to gain a truthful view of the Jerusalem of the time of Tiberius, in order fully to understand the words of Jesus Christ.

The question is not one of apocryphal Gospels, or of books written, like the *Toldoth Jesu*, in direct depreciation of Christianity. We confine our remarks, at present, to the ethical teaching of Christ, as very fully detailed in the Sermon on the Mount, and other well-known passages of the first Gospel. The precepts and counsels therein contained refer directly to the precriptions of the Jewish Law, as well written as oral. The narrative which contains them, together with those attributed to Mark and to Luke, forms but a very small portion of the doctrinal literature of the period. Many points, on which the very gist of the teaching depends, are but slightly referred to by the Evangelists (as being perfectly familiar to those whom they

addressed); while they are fully and minutely discussed in the Mishna. The *mischnaioth*, or distinct *sententiæ*, composing this ancient code of jurisprudence, are so referred to a known succession of famous teachers, as to be as distinct in date as they are precise and exhaustive in system. Without knowledge of their contents, the Pentateuch is not intelligible, as a rule either of morals or of ritual. Still less is it possible to understand the meaning which the language of the Evangelists must have conveyed to their contemporaries, in the absence of this necessary study.

The reason why that mode of procedure which is now universally admitted to be the only means of arriving at truth has never yet been adequately attempted with regard to the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament, is to be found in the blind intolerance which may be said to distinguish formal from true religion. In their mutual hatred, the Christian and the Jew have reinforced their respective contempt for the arguments of their opponents, by steadily ignoring any facts but those which seemed favourable to their own. Each has found, in his study of history, only so much as might be adduced in support of his own view. That species of patient investigation, by means of which unstable opinion is displaced by positive acquaintance with truth, has thus been rendered impossible. Each disputant has had fair reason, from the evident ignorance shown by his adversary of facts known to himself, for undervaluing the knowledge which that opponent actually possessed. Mutual abuse might be pardoned; but mutual ignorance is invincible.

It thus comes to pass that the Christian theologians of the nineteenth century know so much less of the Jerusalem of the time of Herod than they do of the Athens of the time of Pericles. Forming their opinions from a selection made from the existing evidence, they hold them with a tenacity which is a usual accompaniment of partial knowledge. In condemning the Jew as an obstinate misbeliever, they have never yet investigated, as seeking for truth rather than for victory, the actual relation that exists between the ethical doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount, that of the contemporary schools of Hillel and of Shamai, and that of the great giver of the ancient Law, the venerated Moses.

In approaching a question of such magnitude, it will only now be possible to indicate some of the most salient points. These, however, should be examined with precision. It will be obviously proper to consider each record apart, and not to attribute to the plain language of any chronicler a non-natural meaning, in order to bring it into harmony with views we derive from, or attribute to, other writers. Looking, then, at the first Gospel, the first question that arises is, What was the actual doctrine of Jesus Christ as to the authority of the Law of Moses?

A primary and central element of the Jewish Faith is the belief in the absolute immutability of the Divine Law, as given by Moses. This article of religion is based, as is the belief in the unity of the Divine Being, and in the revelation of His Will, on the express words of the Pentateuch. It pervades the entire body of Jewish literature; and has been expressed by the Prophet Isaiah in words more than once cited in the New Testament: 'The heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll'—and, 'as one of

earth shall pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law.' All the controversies raised among the doctors of the law accepted this primary doctrine; and it was carefully explained, that it was not the Law itself, but only its explanation, that admitted of question; and even the fullest and most consistent explanation might be questioned. By the time of Christ, the chief divisions amongst the teachers of the Law—distinguishing the exegetical doctrine from the association of the various sects—had become reduced to that between the disciples of the two great schools of Hillel and Shamai. The constant opposition of these two schools, on the most minute points of detail, is such as proves hard of comprehension to the mind of any Western people. But the two general ideas of either, on the one hand, 'aggravating,' as it was called, that is to say, fulfilling, or enhancing the severity of the Law; or, on the other hand, 'loosening,' or lightening its pressure; are apparent throughout the endless controversy. On this point Jesus Christ spoke without hesitation. Not only did He use the most comprehensive and emphatic phrases regarding the obligation of the Law, but He taught, in express terms, that He did not come to alleviate, but to enhance the duty of its observance. 'I am not come to loosen, but to complete.' To break, and to teach men to break, one of the least of the precepts of the Law, was to be the characteristic of the least in the Kingdom of Heaven. The slightest observances, even the payment of tithe on such minute garden herbs as those which are translated mint, anise, and cummin, were by no means to be neglected; because they came within the express specification of the oral law, that whatever grew within a garden, was cultivated, and was eaten, was



and faith, the three religions virtues, were declared at the same time to be the very essence of the Law.

Connected with this unswerving reverence for the Law of Moses, oral as well as written, we find the express injunction to respect the legislative authority of the nation, the great Sanhedrin, that 'sat in Moses' seat.'

It will be found by the student who takes the pains of referring each distinct ethical precept contained, either in the Sermon on the Mount or the other ethical portions of the first Gospel, to its corresponding place in the Mishna, that in no single instance does the Evangelist represent Jesus as impugning or questioning any Halacha, or Synhedral decision, which had been given by His time. The points on which He denounced, now the hypocritical practice, now the actual dogma, of the Pharisees or of the Sadducees, are precisely those which were in dispute at the period, and which were not authoritatively determined until a later date. But He insisted that that observance of the Law, which was to qualify the righteous man for entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven, was to be accurate, minute, and absolute.

It should also be borne in mind that the teaching of Jesus Christ, like that of all great prophets and teachers of the Semitic race, is characterised by a constant reference to those who had gone before Him, to the prophets of His people, and, above all, to the Divine Law. It is generally due to want of research, or of familiarity with the Bible, rather than to any other cause, that we fail to trace the direct filiation of the language recorded by the Synoptic Evangelists with that employed by Moses and the prophets. In the summary of the Divine Law, as comprised in the two branches of the fear of

which emanates from the teaching of Jesus Christ, is that which regards the extension of the brotherhood of race to the general area of humanity. The same idea is present in the reference to the weightier matters of the Law that may be found in the earlier prophets. The 'instruction of Wisdom,' in the first of the three books of Solomon, is said to be justice, and judgment, and equity. 'Let not mercy and truth forsake thee.' 'Mercy and truth preserve the king; and his throne is upheld by mercy.' When asked which was the great commandment of the Law, Christ replied by citing the words of the Shema, or morning prayer, which are placed at the commencement of the Mishna, and form the argument of its first treatise. No reply would he in more exact accordance with Jewish orthodoxy. The citation of the two hundredth positive precept, as the compendium of human duty, or rather of duty towards mankind, is equally in harmony with the teaching of the most famous doctors of the time. When a Gentile asked the elder Hillel, as we learn in the note by Maimonides on the first Mishna of the treatise *de Angulo* (the second part of the Talmud), 'Teach me a compendium of your law,' he replied, it is this, 'Do no ill to your neighbour.' These words are quoted *verbatim* by the disciple of Rabbi Gamaliel, the son of Hillel: 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbour, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.'

In so far, then, as we accept with honesty that record of the teaching of Christ which is most distinct and detailed, we must admit that the very basis of His ethical doctrine is the declaration of the authority and immutability of the Divine Law as given by Moses. This is a question of *aye* or *no*, on which no middle course was possible to a Jewish teacher. The language of the Penta-

to human speech to be. Two negative precepts are enunciated as included in the words (Dent. xii. 32), 'What thing soever I command yon, observe to do it: thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it.' This primary element of both religion and morality—for with the Jew they were the same—was not only accepted by Jesus, but reiterated by Him in the most positive terms. It is neither a true nor an honest account of His ethical teaching, that leaves in obscurity its first elements, the unity of God and the immutability of His revealed law. What any other teachers or other books may add or diminish, this is the plain outcome of the Gospel of St. Matthew.

So far, then, as the discourses recorded in the first Gospel bear witness, the proper mode of regarding the ethical teaching of Jesus Christ is, that it was not against, but within the Law of Moses. The main distinctions between His doctrines and those of the Mishnic doctors were two. First, Christ appealed to the spirit rather than to the letter of the Law. But, in so doing, He was careful to cite the very words either of Moses himself, or of the authoritative prophetic books of Scripture. Secondly, He gave a broader and wider significance to all the merciful and tender provisions of the Law than did the teachers of his time. It is to be remarked, however, that this extension of the brotherhood of humanity to include even the Samaritans (who, as least easily distinguishable from the Jews by the outer world, were most cordial in their mutual hatred) is far more clearly brought out by the third than by the first Evangelist. It is St. Luke who gives the very *magna charta* of this doctrine, the parable of the Good Samaritan. In St. Matthew we find a prohibition to the apostles to enter any Samaritan city. The difference may pos-

in neither Gospel do we find any distinct inclusion of the *Gom*, or heathen, in the promise of the world to come.

It must further be remembered that the word enemy, used by St. Matthew, had a distinct legal meaning to the Jew. We are accustomed to use it as a general term, including foes to our nation or our religion, as well as personal unfriends. But the oral Law defined the meaning of the word, and did so in the necessary interests of justice. The testimony of an enemy was only of doubtful weight, or was altogether to be rejected by the judges. It was therefore necessary to define what an enemy was. He was one with whom a person had not spoken for three consecutive days, on the ground of personal hatred. Thus the four descriptions of enemies, cited in the Sermon on the Mount, all come under the general injunction of the Law as to bearing no grudge against a brother.

Great weight, however, has been attached to the antitheses of this chapter. The expression translated 'by them of old time' is one of the formulæ by which the Jewish doctors were accustomed to cite the Pentateuch itself. With the one exception of the phrase 'Whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment,' all the precepts thus cited by the Evangelist are to be found in the Pentateuch; until we come to the phrase 'Thou shalt hate thine enemy,' which requires a special examination. It has been argued from this chapter that the expression 'But I say unto yon' implies the assertion by the teacher of his own authority, as superior to, and even subversive of, that of Moses himself.

Such an interpretation, however, is impossible to anyone who is acquainted either with the care devoted by the pious Jews to what was called the fencing of the Law,

the Divine Law, as given by Moses, was the life-blood of Judaism. It was based on the most positive injunctions of the Law itself. While teaching that, from time to time, indications of the Divine Will might be expected to be given by prophets, and thus that the Word of God was not to be silent after his own departure, Moses gave the most special injunctions, that no miracle, no accomplishment of prediction, no warrant or excuse of any nature whatever, should be held to justify any permanent modification of the Law. It is with reference to idolatry that the language of the Pentateuch is most precise in this respect; but the detailed jurisprudence of the oral Law brings any attempt to impugn the constitutions of Mount Sinai under the same sanction. The case of a false prophet was one of those expressly reserved for the supreme tribunal of the Sanhedrin. And the proof of any man having given counsel to depart from any precept of the law, unless it were in the case of a temporary suspension for definite purposes, and authenticated by certain proofs, entailed upon him the doom of lapidation. No discretion was allowed in this matter to the judges. It is therefore certain, whether we regard the plain language of the Bible, or the outcome of the entire Hebrew literature, that no prophet or teacher venturing to oppose his own authority to that of Moses could have escaped the sharp and rapid action prescribed by the laws of the nation in such a case.

Even apart from the legal or judicial aspect of the case, it is not conceivable that a teacher who admitted, in such precise and unqualified terms, the obligation to obey the great national tribunal, those who 'sit in Moses' seat,' should, on other occasions, question the very fountain of that authority. It arises

solely from our acquaintance with the habits of thought and language of the day that an opinion so erroneous should ever have been seriously entertained.

The true explanation of the antithetical phraseology here employed, in a manner much in favour with the Mishnic doctors, is that which applies to all similar modes of teaching. The key is to be found in the Mishnic phrase, 'the fence of the Law.' 'The prophets and teachers of each generation,' to quote the words of one of the foremost Oriental scholars of the present century, the Abbé Chiarini,<sup>2</sup> 'endeavoured to make a fence for the Mosaic Law, by forbidding things licit, in order to inspire greater horror for those which were illicit.' In other words, they framed new sanctions, or prescriptions, which, as intended to prevent the possibility of inadvertent breach of positive precepts, have been called the fences of the Law. This is the Jewish method of regarding those supplementary injunctions which are not found in the Pentateuch, but which, from time to time, were added, under the sanction of the Senate, in order to strengthen the force of that rule of life.

To our Western modes of thought, it is more convenient to explain the distinction as being similar to that which exists between a command and a counsel. The first is an imperative rule. The second is a wise suggestion, tending to prevent the infringement of that rule. Thus the command to do no murder is an integral portion of the Law. The counsel to check unnecessary anger is a wise advice; which, if followed, will obviate the danger of being hurried, by passion, into the commission of the crime.

These wise and salutary counsels, however, must be regarded chiefly with reference to their professed

object, that of ensuring a perfect obedience to a definite code of law. If isolated from the conditions under which they were given, it may be that their force will fail, together with their fitness. Thus the counsel to agree quickly with the adversary, was most salutary under the laws regulating contentions. For when the case was once brought before the tribunal, compromise would become impossible. The judges were bound to exact the full legal penalty. Again, with regard to the question of divorce, we must bear in mind that among the Jews at the time of Christ, celibacy was regarded as a positive breach of the Divine Law, except in the sole case of physical incapacity for marriage. Even in the case of the holiest prophet, who might desire to dedicate himself undisturbedly to Divine meditation, it was deduced from the example of Moses, that it was not lawful for him to live alone, until his wife had borne him at least two children. The number of wives which was contemplated as probable, by the provisions of the laws of dower, was four; as under the Mohammedan law at the present day. The dismissal of one of these for the slightest caprice (which the school of Shamai upheld to be at the discretion of the husband) was an offence against justice, no less than against mercy.

To draw an inference of what is or is not advisable, under such a totally different state of law and of opinion as that which prevails amongst ourselves, from a counsel or a command given under the Jewish laws of marriage, is to attribute to language a sense which it was never intended to convey. It is to adhere to the letter of a phrase, when the spirit has entirely evaporated.

We referred to the citation, in the Sermon on the Mount, of certain Rabbinical doctrines under the

same formula that is confined, in the Mishna, to the quotation of the Bible. In the treatise Sanhedrin, the most important judiciary section of the Mishna, occurs the remarkable expression, 'It is more grave (to disregard) the words of the Scribes than the words of the Law.' We have not space to enter into the explanation of the technical origin and force of this expression, which refers, not to the abstract breach of the Law, but to the special procedure proper in the case of a 'refractory elder,' or, in other words, a teacher of new doctrine. Three courts, of ascending dignity, took cognisance of the case of any teacher who disobeyed the edict of the Senate. The primary law on the case was taken from the Pentateuch (Deut. xvii. 8, 13). If a teacher said, 'I infer such a meaning from the sacred text, my companions such another,' the case was brought before the court of first instance, which sat at the gate of the mountain of the Temple.<sup>3</sup> If the statement were then held to be accordant with tradition, it was confirmed by this court. If otherwise, the case was referred to the second court, which sat at the gate of the Court of Israel. If it proved too grave to be here decided, it was referred to the Senate, or supreme court, which sat in the conclave of hewn stone, within the peristyle of the Court of Israel. If then it became known that the teacher opposed his own opinion to that of the Senate, he was to be put to death by strangulation; 'and all the people shall hear, and fear, and do no more presumptuously.' The existence of this ancient and comprehensive law is at once admitted and illustrated by the exhortation of Jesus to obey the Synbedral decisions, both in assent and in act: 'All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, observe and do.'<sup>4</sup>



Who are thus led, first by the fact that no sentence is ascribed to Christ by either of the Synoptic Evangelists, that is discordant with any Synhedral decision of date earlier than His time; and then by the distinct assertion of the right of the Sanhedrin to legislate for the people, to the conviction of the extreme untruth of representing His teaching as openly opposed to any portion of the Law of Moses. But there is a passage in the Gospel of St. Matthew, the literary significance of which has been, so far as we are aware, entirely overlooked, in which the Mishna is directly cited.

It is well known that Rahhi Jndah the Saint, who arranged the sixty-eight treatises of the Mishna in their present form, died about A.D. 189. What we may call the publication of the work, at all events its definite completion as an accessible record, is attributed to the need of placing the tradition beyond risk of loss, after the failure of the second revolt of the Jews. Long before that time, however, it is the opinion of the Jewish doctors, the distinct Mischnaioth, or paragraphs of the Oral Law, existed in a written form; each great Rahhi having written down the language from the lips of his own teacher, in order to transmit it, in its integrity, to those who came after him. This view of the case is fully supported by the passage of the Gospel to which we refer.<sup>5</sup> Christ is represented as saying, 'Have ye not read in the Law how that on the Sabbath day the priests in the Temple profane the Sabbath, and are blameless?' No expression of the kind is to be found in the Written Law. But the treatise Sabbath of the Mishna is devoted to the discussion of the subject. In the Book of Numbers the additional offering of the Sabbath is mentioned. But it is from the Oral Law alone that it is possible to form any just idea of

what was, and what was not, lawful on the Sabbath. Thus if one of the reptiles mentioned in the Law as unclean, was found within the enclosures of the Temple on the Sabbath, it was unlawful to cast it forth. That would have been a breach of the prohibition of carrying from one demesne to another on that day. It was provided that the animal should be covered over, where it was found, with a large vessel called the Pesactar, and removed only after sunset.

In the Mishna this question of the supersession of the Sabbath is treated with the requisite fulness and clearness. Public sacrifices, of which the time was defined by the Law, were masters of, or superseded, the Sabbath. Private sacrifices, or those of which the time was not fixed, did not. Circumcision superseded the Sabbath if the boy had been born before sunset on the sixth day of the week, but not if he had been born in the night. Again, in order to give notice of the commencement of the months Nisan and Tisri, it was allowable for the messengers to profane the Sabbath by travelling. On the four other occasions on which messengers were sent to announce the commencement of the month it was not lawful so to do. Thus the reference to reading in the Law as to the blameless profanation of the Sabbath, is a formal recognition of the authority of the Mishna, and an evidence of its existence, in writing, at the time of Christ.

It is evident from the foregoing considerations, that it is a plain contradiction of the truth to represent that the Sermon on the Mount, and the other portions of the ethical teaching of Christ contained in the first Gospel, were intended in any way to invalidate the force and venerable authority of the Law of Moses. The speaker spoke, and the hearers listened, in full acceptance

of the first three articles of the Jewish creed. We are not left to inference alone, conclusive as that argument is. The great doctrines of the unity of God, of His utterance of the Law by Moses, and of the immutability of that Law, are stated by Jesus Himself as distinctly, as they are, on the one hand, in the Pentateuch, and, on the other hand, in the Symbol of Maimonides. Nay, further, as between the tendency of the school of Hillel, which was in most cases to loosen or alleviate the Law, and that of the school of Shamai, to fill up, or aggravate the incidence of its precepts, the distinct statement of Christ is, that He is in favour of the latter: 'I am not come to loosen, but to fill up.'<sup>6</sup> In those cases where the Law, either Written or Oral, is cited, with an antithetical 'But I say unto you,' the result of the counsel given is, in each case, the fencing of the Law; or the rendering its wilful breach impossible. The man who represses causeless anger is in no danger of committing murder. The man who restrains his glances, according to the very minute provisions of the Mishna, is in no danger of that breach of the seventh commandment which, under the facile provisions of the law of divorce, must have been a wanton offence. The man who avoided rash vows, was in no danger of coming under the condemnation so minutely discussed by the Jewish casuists. The man who resisted not violence, and who was ready to serve even one who hated him, attained a perfection which was held to be fully within the reach of the diligent observer of the Law.

It may be the case that such an interpretation of the language found in the pages of the Gospel is not in accordance with our conventional acceptance of its import. But the question is, can we, when we know what was the faith and practice of

at the time, honestly attribute to the words of the Great Teacher a meaning which could never have for a moment occurred to one of His hearers? Is it intelligent, is it honest, to reflect upon the plain teaching of obedience to the Divine Law, the coloured light of the Greek scholastic subtlety, or the Roman systematised orthodoxy? Is any man authorised to say that, in enjoining his hearers to fulfil the Law, even to the payment of tithe upon the meanest garden vegetable, Christ really meant that they were to disregard it? No attack on the dignity and grandeur of the character of Jesus of Nazareth can be more dishonouring than to attribute to Him so self-contradictory a line of conduct.

The truth is, that we have much to reconsider as to our conventional views of the meaning of the New Testament writers. We read their language from the standpoint of Western civilisation and of Latin Christianity, instead of endeavouring to appreciate their Semitic habits of thought, and their reverence, as Jews, for their Divine Law. It is to this want of due preliminary study that that unreality of which so many men complain in the exhortations of the pulpit may be, in great measure, traced. Certain points are held up, as commands of Christ, for the normal rules of Christian life, which are not the practical rules of human conduct. The discrepancy is thrown on the broad back of human sinfulness. Such may be the true explanation; but is it not possible that the sin may lie at the door of those who do not hesitate to teach, with authority, without having taken the preliminary trouble of making at least as careful a study of the books they undertake to interpret, as any classical scholar now thinks necessary in the case of a Greek play?

F. R. C.

ONE who undertakes to contrast ancient and modern history seems bound not to omit such contrasts as may be observed between forms of government denominated alike, as between ancient and modern despotisms, ancient and modern oligarchies, ancient and modern democracies. A difficulty is here encountered from the insufficiency of nomenclature, and from the great diversity, alike in ancient and in modern times, between two forms of government which bear the same name. If we define despotism to mean the rule of one person, irresponsible to law, we see at once that the results of such a Government change prodigiously with the person, even over the same nation and in the same country. Over different nations also the result is different; indeed in some the ruler is held in check by the popular spirit, however absolute he may be in legal theory. Imperial sway which is without constitutional check is naturally far more scrupulous and forbearing towards the ruling race, than towards subject races. A military oligarchy like that of the old Roman patricians, differs naturally from the mercantile oligarchy of Venice: to explain the differences, we need not refer to ancient or modern world-wide tendencies. When we alight on two forms of government that can fairly be identified, the likeness of results so prevails that the differences are seldom to be called *contrasts*.

Despotism, or personal rule, can rarely continue good, except by careful *election* of the sovereign; which election will generally be made, perhaps from the royal family, whether by the chief selecting his successor, or by a compact of the collective family, providing for its

own stability; or else by choice of the nobles. The first method—in fact, *adoption*—gave to the Roman empire almost its only good emperors, never actual *sons* of the reigning emperors; as Tiberius Cæsar, Trajan, and his three successors. The second has been practised by the Russian, and sometimes by the Austrian dynasty. The third was followed by the Tartars, when their empire was most powerful. But alike in ancient and modern times despotisms have been prone to decay, from the absence of ruling qualities in the ruler. Perhaps India was never better governed than under Achar and his immediate successors; but we know that the general tendency of Indian despotism has been towards imbecile and fatuous princes. The degeneracy of the successors of the great Darins in ancient Persia is comparable to the degeneracy of the Ottoman dynasty, after it had received severe military checks. The decay of the Spanish monarchy and empire has a family likeness to the decay of the French monarchy, yet has its own peculiarity, religious bigotry being still more efficient in its ruin; this bigotry may be treated as the modern contrast. But the fanaticism which was fatal to Spain and gravely damaged France, did not harm the Austrian dynasty so fundamentally, because the subject peoples were more successful in their insurrections, and the despotism never became complete.

Russia, perhaps, ought to be accepted as our modern type of personal rule. She is in truth by far the latest born. Her peoples are outside of Roman Christendom. Little or nothing in her institutions is traditional from the old world, or

even from the middle ages. Her vigorous organisation is of a date later than the birth of modern national science; and out of her sagaciously importing every mechanical invention or adaptation of physics for imperial use, her rapid aggrandisement has sprung. In Russia we see not only an elaborate imperial organisation, but a population ever increasing on a soil of vast extent and capable of indefinite improvement. Probably never before did an imperial power rest on a nation of forty-five millions of homogeneous people as its nucleus. All the subject races increase steadily, and none are lost by emigration. The depression of the peasants is said to have been a bequest of the Tartars; accustomed to their violent rule, despotism seemed to the people natural when they were expelled. Under different sovereigns the dynasty has shown a different face. The tales of Ivan the Cruel are frightful; but it is little to the purpose to go back earlier than Peter the Great; indeed, we are chiefly concerned with this century. Even under the amiable Alexander I., whose talk and theory was that of a constitutional monarch, the eternal spying and terrible power of the fixed officials was a constant alarm to the aristocracy; but under the severe Nicolas,<sup>1</sup> who was for turning all into soldiers and making parade perpetual, the nobility and gentry had a truly painful time. No one seemed to breathe freely until the accession of Alexander II., and, alas! he instantly fell into deadly feud with Poland, and consummated the ruin of that unhappy nation. The religious persecution of the Poles under Nicolas was cruel, far beyond what might seem possible in the nineteenth century, and the rigorous punishment still inflicted on dissent from the

Established Church, is the chief mark that Russia is far behind the age. The collision of ecclesiastical opinion between the Russian Church and the Church of the Cossacks may yet lead to convulsion; possibly may win religious freedom by the approved routine of martyrdoms. Yet it is rather to be hoped that the dynasty will learn wisdom from the experience of the rest of Europe, and by the influence of educated Russians. In other respects the rule is favourably contrasted with the known despotic empires of antiquity. The recent emancipation of the serfs, who were not cast out of relations to their masters to become landless proletarians, but received definite rights in the soil, is a solid guarantee of steady improvement. Each great Government, under which the monarchy is organised, is destined to take a rank similar to the States of the American Union, with powers of local administration, as soon as a powerful and intelligent middle class is formed. At present, it seems, the dynasty is so much strengthened by its enfranchisement of the peasants, who have little political thought, that it can afford to despise the wishes of the nobility and gentry, to whom the administration by irresponsible, perhaps low-born, officials is necessarily offensive. The great Russian nation is as ambitious and as resolute to continue one and undivided as the French; indeed, the continuous plain from Berlin to the Ural Mountains makes it a certainty of the future, that, come what may in political strife, European Russia will hold together as one. The great fact of modern times is the *increase and diffusion of knowledge*; nor can Russia be excluded from this, especially when the dynasty is so forward to promote geographical, chemical, astronomical, and geolo-



gical science. The first curb on the caprices of personal rule comes from precedent and fixed proceedings, which make experienced ministers and lawyers needful. Open law-courts and incorruptible judges are an immense second step. It is reported that in these matters Russia has much to improve and develop; but if one interpret her present Government at the worst, it appears far preferable to any of the Mussulman Governments whose tradition is from the middle ages, and to any of the great ancient empires known to us. The Russian power, on a greater scale, has something in common with that of Prussia, viz. the vigorous organisation from which its eminence has arisen is strictly the work of the dynasty itself. In other cases, free towns and legally organised monarchies have wrought out a prosperity which despotism has turned to its own purposes, expended lavishly, and ultimately destroyed. In these two cases the dynasties themselves had an organising and creative instinct which, in spite of wasteful ambition, studies on the whole the material welfare of the millions. The harshness of despotism is not likely to last long over a notoriously loyal people, nor will liberty, won by Russians for themselves, be withheld from Cossacks and other tribes ripe for the rule of law.

In some respects the despotic rule of England in India reminds one of the Roman empire; and it is natural to collate them, in a comparison of the ancient and the modern. Yet the comparison to the monarchy of Rome is unfair; for the British administration in India is not directed by a *personal rule*. The East India Company was an oligarchy of merchants, which could not control its own agents. It was itself soon overruled through the 'Board of Control,' which was

doubt, our administration and laws are despotic; but so they are, and have always been, to the peasants of England itself, who yet are not at all the more liable to the evils of a mere personal rule. The Indian administration is never, in its consciousness, irresponsible. It sees behind it the ministers of England, accustomed to dread national criticism, and anxious to make the despotism in India as little despotic as may be. Though on the whole the Indian Civil Service has its own way, the Governor-General is sure to be imbued with purely English notions of rule. From this complication we have in India some developments of freedom which Russia would not endure; such as a newspaper press, free to criticise the acts of Government; also free utterance at public meetings. This freedom was justified by Sir Charles Metcalfe as essential to our safety, because it warns us of native disaffection, and hinders secret conspiracy. So too we have a Government Budget, published for universal criticism. Law courts are at least open, whatever their other weaknesses; nor does anyone fear arrest on political grounds, short of offence which in England would make him amenable to the law. Further, the chief Judges are not only appointed by England, but are irremovable by the Governor-General and his Council. Even where a political principle, as the freedom of the press, is concerned, their decisions cannot be reversed by the will of the Government. It is to be lamented that the native princes have no refuge in our law courts against purely political decisions, which may strip them of fortune, rank, and power; yet private citizens among the natives have long been accustomed, with full confidence of obtaining justice, to bring civil actions against the Govern-

paralleled in form, equally as in circumstances.

Perhaps if we would ascertain what are the phenomena which will henceforth distinguish European despotisms from those of ancient times, we may find them in the counsel vainly urged upon the Pope by the Emperor Napoleon III. for the improvement of his government in Italy. Of course he intended to recommend the continuance of personal rule, and had no thought of popular freedom; yet he especially urged publicity of law courts, publication of Government expenses and income, and (I think) security against arbitrary arrest. Prussia and Austria, both of which, until of late, we must decidedly class with despotic powers, have long yielded so much to publicity. Moreover, energetic rules have kept their armies subject to civil functionaries, so as to guard against the excesses of Prætorians and Janizaries; nor were soldiers ever used, as in the scandalous Roman system, to execute violence without sentence of law. It must be expected that in the future all rule, even the most despotic, will be carried out by the instrumentality of a civil Board; in short, monarchy will be a *bureaucracy*, and never will assume the high-handed form of military execution. Hereto must be added, that, more and more, as government becomes complex, and as miscellaneous science is called into its service, superior training and accomplishments are needed by a bureau, especially by all the heads of departments; which, in a widespread system, tends at once to bridle the caprices of personal rule and to infuse humane precautions.

So much as to modern *despotism*. As for ancient *constitutional* monarchy, perhaps we can only find it in the great kingdoms where *castes* were established, especially in

tional and sacerdotal: at least, its intimate union with religion engenders this; but, after it became an empire over men of foreign race, and rested on a large army, it is believed that the king felt no restraint on his general government. Egypt is known to us only in her decadence. She was already a wreck when the Greek Herodotus, father of history, visited her. Most of the accounts of her institutions are traditionary, nor can we wholly trust their echoes of the past. Unless machinery is seen at work, it is not possible to judge of its results accurately: just so, it is hard to judge of the operation of the Egyptian regimen from the dry statements of archaeology. Still shorter glimpses of India come to us through the window which was opened for a moment between West and East by Alexander's expedition into the Punjab; yet its institutions were living when they were reported, and the reporters are intelligent Greeks, accustomed to political variety; not low caste interpreters, or proud, but fallen priests, bent on enhancing the greatness of the past. Nevertheless, there are leading facts on which we can hardly be mistaken. In both countries a steady development of national wealth, superior art, intellect, and population took place, when nearly all Europe was in barbarism. Their arts and their literature, their laws and constitution were homesprung; and although, from knowing Egypt only since her political downfall, we are apt to think of her state as implying total stagnation of mind, it is evident that such was not always the case. In spite of monstrously erratic religion, the system, taken as a whole, obtained for her people through a long succession of centuries so much of security and order as to allow of progressive cultivation of mind, and to generate a well-

Portuguese *casta*, and signifies race. Since each caste ordinarily intermarried with its own members, the tendency of the institution is to generate as many races as there are castes, and thus to justify the appellation. The castes in Egypt are said to have derived their names from the occupations of their members, as agriculturists, herdsmen, fishermen, interpreters, warriors, &c. None of the details, if we could trust them, here concern us, but only the relation of the system to constitutional royalty.

Wherever wealth exists in superfluity sufficient to enable a chieftain to maintain an army—that is, in all the world, some dreary districts alone excepted—the first great political problem is, to secure that the chief who enforces the laws on others shall himself obey the law. The difficulty does not press much while anarchy is the chief danger, for to get one tyrant instead of a thousand is an admirable bargain; but when anarchy is past, when industry is steady and wealth increases, the powers of the prince and the dangers from him multiply still faster, if no special precautions have been taken. In an illiterate people, custom supplies the place of law, but without organisations to transmit and attest the customs, there is no fixedness. It cannot be doubted that every union of trades or professions defended their own customary rights, stood up with more or less boldness to support an injured member, and helped the executive Government in punishing their members when disorderly and guilty. They were also an organ for collecting the taxes, and for publishing edicts of State. Out of special trades and occupations, as above said, rose actual castes, of which the most honoured in 'the sacerdotal' kingdoms was that of *the learned*, who were all esteemed

was the military, whose chief was the king. Every king of Egypt was adopted into the priestly order immediately on his accession. The priests had the high function of watching over and expounding the laws of the land, and included among themselves judges, lawyers, councillors, secretaries, in short, all civil officials of high rank. To say that the priesthood held the supreme power, was *then* equivalent to saying that military force had become weaker than civil authority, and that the king himself was obedient to the law. It is even stated, that on the death of a king he could not be hurried in the royal sepulchres without solemn sanction from the priesthood; so that by withholding the permission they might degrade one whose malversations they had failed to arrest. The fear of such a disgrace may have sensibly influenced the kings; indeed, it would seem that the royal power never became despotic and unconstitutional. A general equilibrium was sustained. The common people were undoubtedly very poor, as well as very industrious; but as the necessities of life were marvellously abundant, and the ease of feeding a family quite remarkable, while in such a climate men have few wants, all classes for many generations were contented with the national institutions. Such a nation does not criticise its laws and customs (*we* criticise them, from our very different point of view): and as long as it can escape hostile invasion and the exhaustion of war, it may flourish, in spite of very much which we regard as unjust, unkind, unwise, or despicable.

Our European monarchs in the middle age were restrained by proud armed barons, by many an insurrection, and occasional dethronements. This constant drawing of the sword to control princes

hood,' i.e. a civil bureaucracy which was fundamentally *independent of the king*. Here lies the point of contrast. After wealth began to accumulate all over Europe, and royal marriages aggrandised especially the House of Austria, and standing armies arose, the civil barriers were swept away by royal perjury and violence. In England, which, being an island, needed no great army of defence, and could not use an army for encroachment, the dynasty failed in its attempt to imitate foreign usurpation. We are proud of our representative Government, as that which saved our freedom; but the Parliament did not succeed by mere civilisation, they had to fight bloody battles for it. We cannot then boast, as apparently the Egyptians could, that their civil wisdom saved their institutions from their monarchs. It is apparent that the king ought never to have been recognised as head, *both* of the military *and* of the civil Government, an arrangement which makes it impossible to act legally against illegalities or treason of the king, or call him to account without arresting the whole administration. In consequence, we have had to reduce royalty to a state which makes it little else than an expensive and cumbrous ornament, not allowed to do us good, lest it do greater harm. The royal chief, alone in the realm, is not permitted even to tell the nation what is his opinion on any political question.

The representative or Parliamentary system is regarded as the great peculiarity of modern times; and some have wondered that the ancients never alighted upon it, and never were aware of its importance. Guizot remarks, in his lectures on European civilisation, that when Honorius and Theodosius the younger, joint sovereigns of Rome, wrote in the year 418 of the Christian era to

year in the city of Arles, the people refused the proffered boon, regarding it as an infliction. The Emperor Augustus was the first to allow the votes of every Italian municipality to be given on the spot, whereas formerly those who had the Roman franchise needed to travel to Rome if they desired to use their vote. This innovation might have led to new developments, for the Senate was understood to be elected by the Roman citizens, who elected the magistrates; and the Senate consisted chiefly of ex-magistrates. But the first act of Tiberius was to extinguish the popular elections, which Augustus had anxiously made of less and less importance. In Greek history we read of various congresses, which might have been Parliaments; but all laboured under the same difficulty as the German Parliament of 1848. It was unarmed, while armed princes watched its proceedings. Our English boroughs in early days, thought it more of a burden than a privilege to send representatives to Parliament. A purely civil body can ill resist military and executive power; and although the English House of Commons was strengthened by the knights of the shires, who represented the smaller nobility, it would very rarely in those days venture direct opposition to any but a very weak and highly unpopular monarch. Henry VIII. was terrible even to his nobility, when they no longer brought armed retinues with them; though he had no standing army, and often had barely a hundred soldiers at hand. When Charles I. endeavoured to arrest the five members, Parliament felt its danger very great, and interpreted the crisis as already civil war; though they needed to dissemble their perception of it until a Parliamentary army could be raised. So large a part of the richer classes were conscious of



over royal usurpation: hence the nation had to fight a very hard and doubtful battle, their leaders of nobler birth seldom being faithful. Dr. Arnold has said that if the profligate Buckingham had been a Marlborough—if, in consequence, the English arms on the Continent had been brilliantly victorious instead of signally disgraced—it would have entailed ruin to the liberties of England. No unarmed Parliament can ever control an armed executive, except where it is notorious that a national uprising and the deposition of the prince will follow the attempt to violate the constitution. Two rebellions, of which the latter ejected the Stuart family for ever, proved necessary in England. The Hungarians count twenty civil wars against their usurping kings of the House of Austria, who were armed from their other kingdoms. In Spain, in France, and everywhere on the Continent, the same tale is told, the same moral is learned. We may then cease to marvel at the stupidity of ancient nations, who could not expect a few hundred of men in the garb of peace to act independently of a man who sat at their side, with 20,000 trained troops at his disposal. The movements of an energetic Government are swift, and its preparations stealthy. Ancient nations were very slow in learning facts, being without our newspaper press and other publicity, or rapid transmission of letters. Thus, in short, the representative system, so valued by us, is not at all a main point of contrast between us and them. Many other material appliances, of which they were destitute, underlie its utility to us; and after all, we cannot claim for it truly, that it is a power to restrain the violence of the armed hand.

If, laying aside our patriotic self-admiration, we review as with the

the civil wars concerning succession to the throne, the encroachment of the landlords (who were our warrior caste) on the traditional permanence of the cultivators, and their self-exemption by self-sanctioned laws from their hereditary State service, after the nation had won its battles against the dynasty; finally, when we consider our masses of pauperism, misery, and criminality, we shall perhaps speak in humbler tones of our political wisdom, and of its actual achievements. The king, whom the Egyptian civilians kept subject to the law, was not only head of the warrior caste, but through many reigns chief of a great empire, extending on several sides beyond his native realm. One point of their regulation was like ours. The king's household was formed of noble persons, and he was daily waited on by gentlemen. But, perhaps, this is everywhere the case, except in usurped military rule.

It remains to contrast the *Republics* of the ancient and the modern world. It is to be regretted that our acquaintance with ancient republics is so imperfect. We reckon them as Phœnician and Carthaginian, Greek, Etruscan, and Latin; for of Sicilian, Gaulish, Spanish, Celtiberian we know almost nothing; indeed, when we go beyond Rome and the chief Greek states, our knowledge is quite fragmentary. Yet some general facts are of interest. Intestine war was the habitual state of the Greek republics, which ordinarily coalesced under *leaderships*, but never under stable *federations*. The less known and smaller Italian republics had federations,—as the Latin, which at last fell into Rome, one and indivisible. The Etruscan appear to have been federated, though no central power was energetic enough, nor does any fixed centre appear; but Etruscans never appear at war.

but in general were free from such war; indeed, the great superiority of Carthage to every other, made her a fixed centre of inevitable attraction. They also had a federation consolidated under legal forms. Finally, their kinsmen in Phœnicia itself were in like case mutually independent, except so far as their federation joined them; but the union seems less close, except of three cities, called by the Greeks Tripolis. Perhaps all these ancient republics were originally monarchies, as, we know certainly, many of them were. Each separate State rested on a very narrow area, though the Punic colonies ranged far by sea, and spread wide on land among the Libyans. In general all ancient republics were chary of communicating the right of citizenship, except while they were weak and very immature: none of them accounted birth on their soil to convey the franchise. Foreigners permanently resident often received a half-citizenship, coupled probably with the liability to serve in the national army. Rome, the greatest of these republics, became great by conquest only; her homogeneous primitive population occupied barely the small district called Latium; and as she expanded, she dealt out the rights of citizenship systematically, but warily. Under her sway the entire population was divided into Romans, Latins, Italians, Foreigners, Freedmen, and Slaves; six classes, of which each had different rights. All Italians at last gained Roman rank, but only when the republic was about to perish. Many of these States (in fact, most of those best known to us) passed from a royal to an aristocratic regimen, and only in process of time became more democratic. The prevalent Greek routine was, for a demagogue to stand up against the aristocracy, and fraudulently make

then, on his overthrow, a democratic republic followed. In Greece the internal contests of rich and poor were bitter and unrelenting, as were the violences of the tyrants. In Rome the struggle against the patricians was lingering and painful, but by no means mutually atrocious in its earlier stages, in which the legal supremacy of democracy was won; only after Rome had become the victorious plunderer of the world, the battles between two sections of its aristocracy were ferocious and bloody. The demagogue Cæsar, who ended as a usurper, acted the part of the Greek *tyrannus* quite later in time and differently in circumstance. From his victories the republic had its death-blow. Carthage had two difficult struggles against the attempts of usurpers, but we do not know that either Etruscans or Phœnicians suffered any civil convulsions so terrible as Greece and Rome.

Against these ancient republics we have to set those of Italy, of Holland, of Switzerland, and of recent America. The Italian republics, except Venice, belong to the middle age, and greatly bear the traditional stamp of old Italy, in their better and worse features. That with powerful monarchs—their eternal enemies—watching them on every side, they should engage in mutual wars, and furious domestic factions, belongs to the morbid infatuation of old Greeks. Venice was a most anomalous power, beginning with men who fled from tyranny almost into the sea, who in time grew wealthy and powerful by merchandise, until they formed a naval empire, over which a mere oligarchy reigned. Nothing so singular appears in antiquity, and we know not with what to compare it. To turn our eye to Holland is more to the purpose here.

Holland, like Venice, was largely

prosperity, which it was hard to defend from the attacks of neighbouring feudal counts. These claimed allegiance, not because their defence was needed, but because they were able to lay waste and rob. Thus it is uncertain how early we may call the towns republican. Falling under the House of Austria through the marriage of Mary of Burgundy, Holland was involved in the frightful struggle against the bigotry of Charles V. and his son Philip; and, after that lingering war was ended, had to encounter the attempts of France to subdue her. No republic of antiquity ever stood out against such unfair odds, and came out triumphant. The United Provinces do not seem to have found the problem of federation at all difficult. Strong common sense and desire of justice sufficed for their laws and administration, except so far as the fanaticism of creeds, which has poisoned the veins of all Romish Christendom except Hungary, occasionally led them astray. But on the whole they have avoided internal convulsions, even in the crisis at which they returned to monarchy. The maritime empire of Holland for a while made this small confederation rank with the greater European powers.

Switzerland appears to yet greater advantage, because it is easier to compare her with the ancient republics. Her early contest for freedom against the far greater power of Austria cannot but move admiration; her sagacious institutions and firm patriotism show her to be worthy of the freedom which she won. Though the religious schism painfully and dangerously divided her, and two languages prevail as well as two religions, she has known how to meet the difficulties and do justice to all. Each canton has its own reasonable freedom, yet the Federal power has the energy re-

protection of all, and needful also for its own permanence against local wilfulness. Switzerland has undergone no such terrible religious struggle as the forty years' war of Holland, but having more of Catholicism left within her, she is more severely 'strained by the intrigues of the Papacy and the pressure of Catholic powers. Her excellent system of popular, not professional soldiery—which is only that of old England adapted to these times and perfected—gives her a force which the great military monarchies cannot but respect. In their wars she maintains her own neutrality with a strong hand, as we recently saw. So self-confident of strength is she, that she shelters political exiles from the bitter hatred of her mighty neighbours: no ancient power would thus run risks for a beaten party or a persecuted individual. Switzerland is sheltered by her mountains, but is also impoverished by them. The Alps, horrid with ice, with crags, and with torrents, were a disgust and terror to Romans, but the Swiss, like the Hollanders, have conquered the elements. The mountains of Greece are grand, yet do not compare with the Alps. When did the Greeks—or the Romans after the conquest of Greece—make such roads as Switzerland displays? What state of Greece or Italy ever made so just a distribution of the soil and timber for the benefit of the mass of the community, as is made in Switzerland? In this republic foreigners are pre-eminently welcome. When the neighbouring kingdoms harassed travellers for passports, Switzerland had no such jealousy. So poor a country, which has to be disproportionally armed and to sustain roads at great expense, cannot be eminent in art and science; nevertheless, she is in many ways eminent for a just and able policy.

eclipsed in magnitude by those of America, which are our best contrast to the ancients. Not that we can dwell on those which rose from the dependencies of Spain; for they inherited great weakness from Spanish ignorance and bigotry, and bad, besides, a predominance of native American blood, with no previous culture from the past of Europe. Mexico and the South American Republics have had a sixty years' initiatory turmoil, which is comparable to that of early Attica or Etruria. Their institutions are scarcely adult, and we cannot yet judge of their fruits. But the North American Union is far more mature. All its bases were firmly laid centuries ago, when the States were English colonies. Our literature, our history, and our law have been their property also; and they have expanded into a first-rate power, which may multiply its population fourfold or tenfold without any need to alter its forms or its principles. To every republic in the world this is now the chief example: this therefore is the typical polity, which we ought chiefly to contrast with the ancient republics. Its enormous magnitude is the first great contrast. Aristotle did not believe that a free polity could subsist, with so many as a hundred thousand citizens—women and children of course he did not count. This republic has a population of nearly forty millions, and expects to double it before the century is ended. The Phœnician Confederacy was larger than any Greek republic, but its area would only be a fraction of some single State of the American Union. The Roman republic, after the enfranchisement of the Italian municipalities, did not spread over the towns of Italy;—the country was prevalently a wilderness, over which a few slaves tended cattle; and

American continent. A hundred years ago anyone who had asserted that so vast an area might be a free country under republican institutions, would have seemed to Edmund Burke a wild dreamer. A second wonderful contrast to antiquity is found in the thorough *miscellaneousness* of the democracy. Their greediness for citizens may seem to be a marvel. If a foreigner merely profess that he *intends* to become a citizen as soon as the law will allow him, he is instantly an object of interest and favour. Whatever his race or language—at least if he come from Europe—matters not: of late the Chinese have been ill-treated, because they work for less wages, and thus tend to depress native wages; but this is illegal violence, not approved law. When the slaves of African race were enfranchised, American principle was put to a severe trial. Should they accept these as their political equals? But it was felt that without their vote, the North had few loyal citizens in the South; and those loyal citizens declared that neither their fortunes nor their lives would be safe, unless protected by the negro vote. Moreover, it was felt unendurable by the republic to have in its heart a population of four millions disfranchised, which would prepare materials for all the disorders of old Europe. With a noble faith that adherence to principle would justify itself, negro-suffrage was decided on by a vast majority.

The celebrated words of the original Declaration of Independence—that all men are naturally equal—was directed against the claims of royal descent and aristocratic blood. Of course it did not mean that all individuals have the same natural strength or the same natural talent, but that all must be treated as equal by the law. This sentence at once condemned a system of sla-



men who upheld slavery will soon rejoice in its extinction. South Carolina, the State where slave-owners were most virulent, is now the State where the black race has earliest risen into high office. Prejudice has not yet died out, and more or less severe struggles remain; but sagacious liberality wins the day. Much inconvenience is endured by the immigration of Irishmen, illiterate and Catholic; but the republic educates their children, and in the next generation they display new and valuable qualities. Popular education is that on which the Union relies for hindering the dangers of democracy, for suppressing crimes, and moulding foreign immigrants into the type of American citizens. No sum seems to be grudged for education; and the totals expended on it are immense. Athens lavished public money on the dresses of tragic actors and dancers; the American Union spends not only to lay a foundation in reading, writing, and arithmetic, but to teach geography and political statistics, the powers of the States, and the rights and laws of the Union; that the citizens may know well about what they are voting. Zeal for education pervades also the negro race. When General Sherman made his famous march through Georgia, and reached South Carolina, he had not been many hours in Charleston before the negroes held a public meeting, the leaders being men who had bought their freedom from their masters,—a meeting for what object? To establish schools for instructing the coloured people: and for this purpose a considerable sum was subscribed on the spot. New York, the State to which Irish emigration is chiefly directed, is dissatisfied to find so many citizens remaining uninstructed, in spite of the munificently provided free schools; it has, in consequence,

pulsory education. Whether it will be possible to execute it against the influence of the Catholic clergy, is a question of much interest, which time will soon answer; but the law itself displays the resolute policy which New York holds in common with the rest that were lately called the 'Free' States. Until public education is given to all the negroes and to the poor whites of the South, the North feels that the republic is not safe, nor can its institutions produce their right fruit. No democratic republic of antiquity had a particle of zeal for the education of poor citizens. It cannot be doubted that the all-pervading contrast between the future and the past will lie in *Publicity*, in active *Public Opinion*, and in *Public Education* to make it intelligent.

Another eminent peculiarity of this great republic is seen in its treatment of public land. On this very matter a great scandal rests on the old Roman patricians—as, indeed, on the English barons and their successors,—for their conversion of public land held conditionally into private land held unconditionally, and then claiming to eject tenants. Rome, in the fulness of her power, holding vast and valuable tracts of public land, was satisfied to leave them to slaves and cattle, as do Scottish highland lairds. But the American Union desires nothing so much as to people the wastes with independent cultivators, accounting that the strength of a nation lies in the number of its stout-hearted rustics. The first step was to discard the English system of making large grants of land to favourites, and to sell all at a very moderate fixed price, yet taxing it by an acreage so as to secure that it should be bought for immediate cultivation, not as a mere speculation for the future. The second great step was the Homestead Law, passed as soon

Northern votes supreme in the Congress. By this law any citizen or any immigrant receives 160 acres of cultivable land for the mere office fees, on undertaking to cultivate it in a limited time. In order to encourage railways, an indiscreet quantity of public land on each side of a rail has been voted to them. This (it is beginning to be felt) was overdone; but as the railways cannot serve their own interests better than by putting cultivators on it, and cannot screw up prices while so much public land is free, the general aim of the policy will perhaps be attained. Still wiser, in the opinion of some, it would have been, not wholly to alienate the land from the State, but to sell it for a hundred years, conceding to the tenants all buildings and fixtures as their own. But to us here the notable thing is, that the republic holds as a fixed policy to shun pauperism, proletarians, dependent cultivators, and town-rabble, equally as serfs or slaves. The Roman aristocrats scorned and despised town-rabble,—‘the dregs of Romulus’—but never had the heart to plant them out into the country, as freeholders, on the public land; nay, a mob of senators, with clubs made from the broken benches, murdered Tiberius Gracchus for proposing it. They had, in fact, the hearts of slave-owners, as slave-owners in general they were.

But the land eye tem suggests to contrast the army system, which closely touches the other. The Romans did sometimes plant colonies, Latin or even Roman; but the Consul's sergeant, year by year, picked off all the strong youths for the army, so that when the era of conquest was begun, the demand for soldiers emptied the country. Under the merciless conscription the rustic Romans and Italians perished on every shore of the Mediterranean,

army. Freed men and needy citizens flocked into the chief towns, which swelled continually in population. But the army could not be fed by volunteers; the discipline was too merciless; rigorous conscription continued even after the democracy was strongest. On the contrary, the great modern republic has employed conscription only in her severest strain, and then most reluctantly. In general there has been no compulsory service, and so small a Federal army that it may be called a mere nucleus of officers, and a skeleton. Each State has had its separate trained bands of volunteers, whose services cannot be commanded by the President; thus there is no danger of his using national troops for the purpose of usurpation. As to exhausting the military population, the terrible slaughter of the late civil war was more than retrieved by the natural increase. Another such war, so wasteful of life, there is no present reason to apprehend.

Again, in the treatment of conquered rebels, the modern State shows a wonderful contrast to ancient, and even to all European powers. The Athenians, when the revolt of Mitylene had been suppressed, were persuaded by the impetuous demagogue Cleon to account the whole State guilty and command the military execution of the entire people, including the democratic friends of Athens. Having slept off their rage, they repented, and with difficulty rescinded the blunder; yet a thousand Mitylenians of the opposite party were slain in cold blood, and this in comparison seemed merciful. The Latin colony of Fregellæ had been foremost in brave resolve against Hannibal; and, proud of its fame and loyalty to Rome, indulged in free and spirited complaint on some minor matters. Words were retaliated by deeds of

destroyed both the citizens and the town, and is extolled for it by Cicero as patriotic. Put in contrast the dealings of the American Union with her rebels, who, solely because they were outvoted, had broken oaths of office and oaths of Congress, and had used their official powers under the Republic to make war on the State to which they had sworn allegiance. After victory no one was punished. General Lee, the worst antagonist, received sympathy and almost honour. Jefferson Davis, President of the rebels, responsible for most cruel treatment of the Northern prisoners, after short detention was contemptuously set at large. Nor is this attributable to the spirit of the nineteenth century. Russia sends her Polish nobility, captured in an honourable national war, to work as criminals in the Ural mines, or in Siberia. Austria hanged the Hungarian generals, who, one after another, had surrendered to Russia, enticed by honourable reception. In the Indian rebellion, an English officer allured two sons of the King of Delhi by fair words to surrender themselves, and presently shot both with his own hand, lest they should be recaptured by the people. He received no censure from our authorities. Nay, the humane Lord Canning sent their aged father, the Great Mogul—under whom, as *suzerain*, the East India Company held legitimate authority to collect Indian taxes—to labour in the garb of a felon, among felons, in the Andaman Islands; and when the last spirited Indian leader, Tantia Topee, was yielded to our demand from a neighbouring State, he was instantly hanged, though the war and the danger were past. No remonstrance or reproof for any of these deeds came from our Parliament. Hence the widely different conduct of the American Union is

weakness. Though smarting under bloodshed, taxes, and debt, they were ambitious to show to the world that in abhorring tyranny they will not be tyrants themselves. This is a very new form of ambition, and one of excellent omen.

Something also is imputable to the magnitude of the republic, to its proud sense of stability, and to its wise coveting of the affections of the Southern whites. A little State of antiquity might so easily be revolutionised, whatever the form of government, that it was prone to an intense jealousy; which made tyrannies and aristocracies more cruel, democracies more furious. But in a vast community the mass cannot be overawed by force, all changes of opinion are the work of time, no formidable preparation of military power can be secret. Great moral results flow out of this magnitude of territory, with a sea-coast on opposite oceans. In no war but a necessary war of justice can California and Georgia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts have common interest and sympathy; hence, so long as all the States have full proportionate power over the national policy, the more widely the republic spreads, so much the stronger is our guarantee of its peacefulness. That, like the English in India, it has an 'earth-linngering,' cannot be denied: indeed, the recent purchase of Russian America remarkably attests it. Perhaps they were glad to shut out Russia from any future claims on their continent; or perhaps they thought that it would conduce to an ultimate coalition of the British possessions on the Pacific with their Union. A willing annexation would gratify them; but they desire hearty fellow-citizens, not reluctant subjects. In the long run, amalgamation is the winning principle, when neighbour States talk the same language, and

flexible and so just that local liberty is not lost in becoming members of a larger community, all feel that their grandeur, their safety, and their comfort are promoted by fusion. A central power which represents them to the outer world, protects them the better, the mightier it is; and, at the same time, the more effectively does it guarantee them from civil war, and constrain each separate State to legality. Moreover, each man is in sentiment a citizen of the Union, and not of one State only. Internal custom-houses are forbidden by the constitution: goods, as well as persons, have perfectly free transit. Wherever a citizen travels he feels himself always with his own people, as much as we do whether in Cornwall or in Yorkshire: thus for a *homogeneous* population, however large, the problem of *federative* republicanism is now solved, provided that the people have a free active spirit and habits of political organisation. Indeed, it is wonderful with how little disturbance heterogeneous and refractory elements are digested and assimilated in this political chemistry. Germans, Dutch, Norwegians, of foreign tongue, Irish Roman Catholics with very uncongenial sentiment—immigrants, however inconvenient temporarily—are soon moulded into as much of congeniality as is needed for democratic fellowship. No shock is endured by the nation as a whole, which is able to take in the material strength of the new comers without risking an upturn of institutions. Most probably then, in the future, the Dominion of Canada and the great republic are destined to coalesce for mutual benefit. At present the honour of England and

the high republican taxes occasioned by the war-debt forbid the thought; but neither obstacle will last very long.

If now we ask what has conferred on the great republic institutions so successful, the reply is on the surface: it is, because, reversing English practice, she has studied to do *everything on principle, nothing by compromise*—nothing by inconsistent regulation, by half measures, or by temporary expedient, which shall ensure after-quarrel or need successive patchings. The only exception was in the matter of slavery; there, in English fashion, dissimulation and compromise were used, with a truly frightful punishment. With a generous confidence in broad principles, laws are enacted which, if at the moment inconvenient, are sure in the long run to conduce to justice and contentment. The regulations of all the franchises are self-acting, so that if population in different parts expand unequally, no injustice shall arise to the more populous, and no need of Acts to amend Acts. Looking on jurisprudence as a science, they have sought to give to its practice the breadth and stability of science; believing that when men are unripe for public duty and honour, to call them to duty and honour is the way to ripen them. They cast on the State itself, as a parent, the task of educating its citizens; and to stingy or timid rich men they say, 'Educate the poor well, lest they be dangerous to you.' England has feebly entered this course: Prussia and America lead the van of the movement. Probably it is the great distinction of the modern world, our chief contrast to antiquity.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.





## LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM THE PLANET VENUS.

**I**T may be reckoned among those things not generally known that within a short time direct telescopic communication, by means of signals, has been established between the earth and the planet Venus, and that at certain stations regular interchange of intelligence is now carried on. The results have hitherto been kept secret, partly, it is said, owing to the disappointment of the astronomers at finding in the new country but a mirror of our own, with an hereditary constitutional monarchy, two Houses, a civilisation in about the same stage of advancement as ours, and political and social institutions generally similar. The single remarkable difference presented to their notice is one they are loth to reveal, for fear, we believe, of the family discords it might possibly excite at home, and we are the first to acquaint our readers with the curious fact that in the planet Venus, though the present sovereign happens to be a king, all political business, electoral and parliamentary, is allotted to the women. Women only have the right to vote or to sit in the House of Commons, and the Upper House is formed of the eldest daughters of deceased Peers. Politics, therefore, are included among the usual branches of ladies' education, but except in this respect their social condition presents no unusual features.

This monopoly by women of political power is as old as their system of government, and until a few years ago no one dreamt of complaining or of questioning its wisdom. But a pamphlet advocating the enfranchisement of males has lately been published by a clever female agitator, and caused a considerable stir. It is not pretended that a majority of the sex ask or even desire the

expedienoy, and, the cry once sounded, arguments are not wanting, petitions flow in, idle men have taken the matter up and find supporters among the younger women, and last night a member of the Government redeemed the pledge made to her constituents last election, to bring forward a bill for removing the electoral disabilities of men. She has no lack of supporters, some sincere, some interested. Her greatest difficulty was in persuading the House to treat the measure seriously. The notion of admitting young cornets, cricketers, and fops of the Dandreary pattern to a share in the legislation, the prospect of Parliamentary benches recruited from the racecourse, the hunting field, and the billiard-room was a picture that proved too much for the gravity of the Commons. A division, however, was insisted upon by the original proposer. At this juncture the leader of the Opposition, a lady as distinguished by her personal attractions as by her intelligence, moderation, common sense, and experience, arose, and made the following forcible speech, which we transcribe for the benefit of all such as it may, directly or indirectly, concern:

'Madam,—Before proceeding to state my opinions on this question, or my reasons for holding them, I wish to impress on you a sense of the importance of the measure just brought forward, that it may at least obtain from you the attention it deserves. I must urge you not to allow party or personal motives to blind you to its nature and bearings. The supporters of Male Suffrage are seeking not only to introduce a startling innovation into a system of government that has

with the foundations of society, and in a blind cry for equality and suppositions justice ignore the most elementary laws of nature. The question is not a political, it is a scientific and physiological one. About the equality of the sexes we may go on disputing for ever, but with regard to their identity there can be no manner of doubt. No one has ever ventured to assert it. Each sex has its special sphere—mission—call it what you will, originally assigned to it by nature, appropriated by custom. What now are the special and distinguishing natural characteristics of the male sex? Assuredly muscular strength and development. With less quickness of instinct, flexibility, and patience than women, men are decidedly our superiors in physical power. Look at individuals, men of all classes—mark their capability for, nay their enjoyment of, exertion and exposure. If these do not naturally fall to their lot they find artificial employment for their faculties in violent games and athletic exercises; some indeed go as far as to seek it in the distant hunting grounds and prairies of uncivilised continents. This quality of theirs has its proper outlet in the active professions. To man, therefore, war and navigation, engineering and commerce, agriculture and trade, their perils and toils, their laurels and gains; to man, in short, all those callings in which his peculiar endowment of greater physical force and endurance of physical hardships is a main and necessary element. Those with superior mental gifts will turn to such scientific pursuits as specially demand courage, exposure, and rough labour. It is most essential that their energies should not be diverted from these channels. We should then have had soldiers, bad hips, bad machines, bad artisans. Government, on the other

claims much honest thought and watchfulness. Either, then, the manly professions will suffer, or else—and this is the worse danger of the two—the suffrage will be carelessly exercised, and the mass of new voters, without leisure to think and judge for themselves, will be swayed by a few wire-pullers, unprincipled adventurers, who, seeking only to feather their own nests, will not hesitate to turn to account the ignorance and preoccupation of the electors.

‘Now turn to the woman. Her organisation no less clearly defines her sphere. With finer natural perceptions than man, less ungovernable in her emotions, quicker and clearer in intellect, physically better fitted for sedentary life, more inclined to study and thought, everything seems to qualify her specially for legislation. For the judicious application of general rules to particular cases, peculiar delicacy of instinct is required, and in no capacity have any but women been known to approach the ideal of government—that perfect rule—all-efficient, yet unfelt.

‘Take the family as a rough type of the nation. To whom, at home, is naturally allotted the government of young children? To the mother. To whom that of the domestic household? To the mistress. Widowers and bachelors are proverbially the slaves and victims of spoilt children and ill-trained servants. In all such home matters the husband defers to his wife, and would as soon expect to have to instruct her in them as she to teach him fortification, boxing, or mechanics. Little time or thought, indeed, has the professional man to spare for household superintendence; how much less for matters requiring such careful study as the government of a nation. The clergyman, wearied with his day’s

rounds; the merchant or tradesman overwhelmed with business; what they require when their daily toil is over is rest, relaxation, not to be set down to work out complex social and political problems, to study the arguments for and against the several measures to which members offer to pledge themselves, and to form a judgment on the merits of respective candidates. What time or opportunity have they for qualifying themselves to do so? But the wives of these men, on the other hand, have lives comparatively unoccupied, and of physical and intellectual leisure enough and to spare. Here, then, is a commodity; there a demand and a field for it, and this surplus, so to speak, of time, strength, and attention with us has been always applied to the science of government, nor do I see how a happier or more judicious arrangement could have been made.

'I will proceed now to enumerate a few of the dangers to which the enfranchisement of men would inevitably expose us. Male voters will view each political question in a narrow professional light, irrespective of its justice or general expediency. Large proprietors will stand up for the game laws, eldest sons for primogeniture. Publicans, brewers, and railway directors will exercise a baneful, blind, one-sided influence on our counsels. An impartial debate or decision will soon become a thing of the past, fairness sink into the shade, and a majority of direct pecuniary interest turn the scale in all cases.

'Again, the bulk of the national property being in the hands of the men, the openings and temptations to bribery would be enormously increased. Few women have the power, had they the will, to offer bribes sufficient to suborn a constituency, but when millionaires

elections bought and sold, and going, like other wares, to the highest bidder.

'But there is a more alarming danger still. The muscular force of the community being male, an opportunity would be afforded for an amount of intimidation it would shock us now even to contemplate. Right has ever been might in our land. Shall we reverse our motto? Shall we, who have ever taken pride in the fact that our counsels are swayed by reason and judgment alone—a fact from which men have benefited at least as much as women—invite the fatal indefensible element of force to enter in and meddle with our elections, and let the hustings become the scene of such struggles and riots as in certain countries where, by a singular distortion of judgment, the management of political affairs is thrust entirely on the men? Supposing that the suffrage were irrespective of sex, and supposing it to happen that the men in a wrong cause were arrayed against and outvoted by the women in a right, would they not, as they could, use force to compel the women to submit? And here we are threatened with a relapse into barbarism from which the present constitution of our State affords so admirable a guarantee. And that something of the sort would ensue I have little doubt. Probably the next step would be to oust women altogether from the legislature—the standard of female education would then decline, and woman would sink lower and lower both in fact and in the estimation of men. Being physically weak, she must always, among the rough and uneducated classes, be especially exposed to ill-treatment. Of this in our country, I am happy to say, there are but rare instances, nevertheless. But there are lands where men monopolise the suffrage, and

upper and civilised orders do not realise it, for their apathy would otherwise be monstrous—which if widely and thoroughly known would be recognised as the darkest page of modern history, something to which a parallel must be sought in the worst days of legalised slavery. Penal laws have utterly failed as a remedy, and it is obvious that they must always do so. What has been our guard against this particular evil? Is it not that point in our social system which raises woman's position, both actually and in the eyes of the men of her class, by entrusting to her functions of general importance, which she is at least as well qualified by nature to fill as man, and which we take care that her education shall fit her for, as a man's, necessarily unequal, semi-professional, and engrossing, can never do? Thus men have an irksome, thankless, exacting, life-long labour taken off their hands, which are left free to work out their fame and fortune; educated women their faculties turned to the best account; while among the lower orders, the artificial superiority conferred on the female sex by its privilege of the suffrage, raising the woman's status in fact and in the eyes of her husband, acts as an effectual check on domestic tyranny of the worst sort, and the nation has the advantage of being governed by that section of the community whose organisation, habits, and condition best enable them to study political science.

'That any wrong is done to men by the existing arrangement, I entirely deny. Most of them are married, and it is so seldom that a wife's political opinions differ materially from her husband's, that

the vote of the former may fairly be said to represent both. The effect on the sex itself would be most undesirable. It is a fatal mistake to try to turn men into women, to shut them up indoors, and set them to study blue-books and reports in their intervals of business, to enforce on them an amount of thought, seclusion, and inaction so manifestly uncongenial to their physical constitution, which points so plainly to the field, the deck, the workshop, as the proper theatre for their activity. The best men are those who are most earnest and laborious in their professions, and do not trouble themselves with politics. Already they have sufficient subjects to study—special studies imperatively necessary for their respective occupations. Do not let us put another weight on the shoulders of those who, from the cradle to the grave, have so much less leisure than ourselves for reflection and acquiring political knowledge, or else, let us look no more for calm and judicious elections, but to see candidates supported from the lowest motives, and members returned by a majority of intimidation, bribery, private interest, or at best by chance, all through the ill-advised enfranchisement of an enormous body of muscular indeed, but necessarily prejudiced, ignorant, preoccupied members of society.'

The honorable member here resumed her seat amid loud cheers. On a division being taken, the motion was rejected by an overwhelming majority, and the question of Male Suffrage may be considered shelved for the present in the planet Venne.

B. T.



## THE AGRICULTURAL STRIKES.

**I**T is one of the misfortunes of the agricultural disputes at present existing in the south-east counties that they tend to give fresh strength to that already too current notion that the interests of the farmer and labourer are distinct and opposite, and that the welfare of the one can only be obtained at the expense of the other. Neither in political economy nor in common sense is the smallest foundation for such a doctrine to be found. Political economists have again and again pointed out that the cost of labour to the employer is not the mere money value of the sum he pays the labourer, but also in a very high degree is ruled by the efficiency the labourer can display, and the amount and quality of the work he can perform. And if it were not so in political economy, it would be abundantly clear from common sense that it could never be to the farmer's interest when rightly understood, to have an inefficient, ill-fed, degraded labourer, any more than it could be to have his horse starved, his cattle poor and thin, and the other machinery of his farm in a broken and half-useless condition. If, in any case, the duty and the interest of an employer are one, and the interests of the two contracting parties bound up together, surely it must be in an employment such as agriculture, where much must be entrusted to the care and discretion of the employed, and where the result must depend in no small degree on the good feeling and animus he displays. In this, at least, a half-bodied or a half-hearted service can never under any circumstances be cheap, and it must above all things be important, not only that the labour should be done, but that it be done efficiently and in proper

amount of wholesome food; he must, in an English climate, be well and warmly clad, and have the means of decently housing and bringing up his family; and the farmer who has to depend on his strong arm for the cultivation of the soil, and to entrust his valuable herds and flocks to his care, can have not the very smallest interest that it should be otherwise. Their interests are, as I have said, the same, and in the bargain which they make as contracting parties, what is good for the one is good for the other.

This being admitted, and it would seem that it cannot be denied, the only question that remains is who is to decide at any given time whether the wage which the labourer receives is insufficient to perform its office, and maintain him in the conditions I have described? It cannot be the farmer alone, for he is the other contracting party, and may naturally fancy himself interested in keeping the wage at as low a point as he can, though this is not his real interest; nor can it be the landlord, inasmuch as having a monopoly of that without which the farmer's capital and the labourer's strength would be useless, the share which they allot to him for the use of his land might possibly have to be reduced if it were shown that that of the labourer has to be increased. It is evident that the decision ought to rest mainly with the labourer himself; and it must be to the disadvantage and discredit of any country to have a large class within it in such a condition of ignorance and degradation as not to know when the wage which they receive is insufficient for their wants, and, knowing this, not to be able to devise a remedy. And

the other, are not necessarily mischievous agitators, worthy only of the horsepond, but, if they fulfil their mission temperately and wisely, true benefactors of their country, whom those that they have assisted to independence, in happier and brighter days will not forget. If rightly used it will be no misfortune that the crisis has arisen, for it has not arisen without a cause; a cause which it is far better for all parties to have investigated and disclosed, so that a proper remedy may be applied. And if that cause be over-population—a surplus of labour for the present requirements of those particular districts now disturbed—the fact should be boldly faced, because it has been abundantly proved that no class have such a tendency to rapid increase as those who are hopeless of the future, and have little or nothing in the present to lose. It is an evil which cannot cure itself, but is sure to gather fresh and more fatal force by time.

I do not wish in these remarks for one moment to bear hardly on the farmer, or to seem to ignore the difficulties of his position. It is at best, when compared with others, but a poor trade; and the small returns it for the most part makes are only gathered by an unremitting toil. The capital it employs is turned at most but once a year, and even then capricious seasons and capricious markets may cause it to be turned at a loss. Large fortunes, as we know, are seldom, perhaps never made, and it is the exception rather than the rule to find a farmer who is able to purchase an estate himself, and till his own land. The very fact that there is a fascination in the pursuit which chains him, as it were, to the soil increases the difficulties he has to encounter. Others feel the fascination too. His sons marry and want farms themselves. Gen-

be a pleasant way of employing spare hours, and rush to take farms at exorbitant and impossible rents. We know how rapidly under the influence of such competition rents can rise, and when to high rents are added heavy rates, bad seasons, dear coals, it is not difficult to see that the farmer may well be anxious not to add to his other difficulties that of scarce and high-priced labour.

But without in any way wishing to make light of the farmer's side of the question, or to deny that that side exists, it may be useful to point out to him that there is a certain minimum beyond which, nay, to which, it is not desirable even for himself that the wages of the labourer should sink, and to ask him calmly and temperately to consider whether during the last ten years that minimum has not been reached. And if it be absolutely impossible that from his present profits the rate of their wages be increased, then he will have further to consider whether a more efficient labour at a higher wage might not be more conducive to his interest, and whether there may not be something in his own tenure of the land which is capable of being amended or improved. For we may be certain if that minimum has been reached he will receive no sympathy from any in his persistent endeavour to keep things as they are; because he has at least always a landlord to fall back upon, and if wages can rise in no other way, then rents must fall, while the labourer has nothing behind him on which to lean but the dolo of an uncertain charity, which demoralises too often even while it relieves. And that that, at best, minimum of wages had been reached when the present agricultural disturbance began there is only too little reason to doubt. The action

in England—a barren trade when it has to do with a well-fed, contented people.

But even if the labourers had taken no action in the matter, there was abundant evidence of the fact that they lacked the common necessities of human life. The whole tenor of the evidence of the Commissioners appointed by Lord Derby's Government to inspect the agricultural districts points in one direction—that throughout most of the southern counties the position of the labourer was deplorable. Again and again they speak of low wages and scanty diet, and houses deficient in every requisite of decency and health, and this not in isolated cases here and there, but as a general rule. And Mr. Fawcett, whom no one will suspect of rash and unguarded statements, and who has courage equal to the clearness of his insight and the soundness of his judgment, in the last edition of his *Political Economy* asserts of the labourers that 'they are so miserably poor that if they were converted into slaves to-morrow it would be for the interest of their owners to feed them far better than they are fed at the present time.' It cannot then, I think, be denied that there has been a cause for the crisis that has arisen.

For it has not been always so in England with the labourer, nor is it equally so in all parts now. The crisis is confined to some of the southern and midland counties, and it has arisen here because the supply of labour has increased more rapidly than the demand for it. All the causes that stimulate over-population have been working together to the same end. It is sometimes argued that small properties and the compulsory subdivision of them among the whole family leads to a too rapid increase of population.

That cause men to be reckless in this respect—it is want and despair.

The causes that brought about the state of things existing now are not of recent date, and they have been fostered by foolish laws foolishly administered. The long war in which this country was engaged at the beginning of the present century, by compelling it to feed its population on its own resources, coupled with the fact that the suspension of cash payments and the unlimited issue of paper money gave a stimulus to inflated prices, created a temporary and unsound prosperity in agriculture, which when those causes ceased was succeeded by a depression far greater in degree than the previous inflation. From 1819, the year in which Sir Robert Peel's measure for the resumption of cash payments was framed, scarcely a year elapses without a proposal in the House of Commons for a committee to enquire into the causes of agricultural distress. That measure undoubtedly produced a temporary pressure, but the state of things to which it put an end could have continued only at the cost of national bankruptcy. A drunken man might be happy if he could be always drunk; it is the periods of awakening that bring headache and remorse. So in false finance a day of retribution came. And when it came, instead of boldly grappling with the difficulty in the only way in which it could be grappled with, the agricultural community, led away by foolish landlords, endeavoured to prop itself up by trying to return to the paper money from which it had been delivered, and by foolish laws prohibiting the importation of foreign corn except at a certain price. The Legislature was to fix the price at which farmers could grow their crops. But it

could not prevent had seasons; it could not prevent speculators at such times buying up the supplies of food, and raising still higher to the consumer prices already at famine point. The prices, indeed, varied to a ruinous degree, even for the farmer, and far more rapidly than the rate of wage could even attempt to follow. Both tenants and labourers suffered, and both sought relief from means that only made them suffer more. The tenants still clung to protective duties. The labourers were encouraged to look to the scanty dole of the poor law as their ultimate resource from low wages, while the action of that law at the same time prevented them removing to where they might be better off. They had to struggle on when they were on a miserable wage (liable at any moment to be made yet more miserable by a sudden rise in the price of corn) as long as they could, and then they might throw themselves upon the parish, to linger on in wretchedness till death relieved them from their cares.

A blessed prospect,  
To slave while there is strength, in age  
the workhouse,  
A parish shell at last, and the little bell  
Toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!

They knew no better themselves, and those who should have taught them led them to trust only in delusive remedies that made their condition worse. They were completely at their masters' mercy. The worst form of tenancy is undoubtedly that of a rack-rented tenant at will; and so the most degrading form of servitude is that of low-priced labour liable to be withdrawn altogether at a week's notice. Can we wonder that such men, feeling that their lot could not be lighter, that no ray of hope had ever burst across their path, can we wonder that in careless, reck-

What chance had they of bettering their lot? The smaller properties which might have been within the compass of the only capital they could ever have hoped to save, disappeared before the difficulties by which agriculture was beset. The large capitalists with funds at command were able to buy up all the lesser farms, and the class of small proprietors cultivating their own acres—the freeholders of the counties—to whom we owed that liberal feeling which prevailed in them during the eighteenth century, vanished in the unequal contest they had to wage. Unfortunately for themselves and us, they left too soon and took with them an independence and freedom from control which has sometimes been too much wanting in the tenant farmers that took their place, which we may trust that the ballot will do something to restore. Wordsworth's description of the 'statesmen' of the north living in 'a perfect republic of shepherds and agriculturists, proprietors for the most part of the lands which they occupied and cultivated'—is too well known to need quotation. In the district to which he referred such, perhaps, are still more numerous than elsewhere, but over the whole country there can be no dispute that unequal competition and bad laws drove them from their fields, and could they but have waited for better days and the wholesome rule of free-trade, there would have been little occasion for them to go.

This is one of the means by which the peasantry of this country have been divorced from the soil. But another system has been at work in the same direction. In the century and a half that preceded the Enclosure Act of 1845, five millions of acres had been enclosed, too often with but the scantiest



with none at all, and though that Act and its amending Acts have placed the matter under some control, the process has still proceeded at only too fast a pace. And even if full compensation for such rights be made, it is clear that when they are held in common, and are transferable only as a joint act, they are much less likely to be alienated from those who hold them, and that when they are divided and can be exchanged for a consideration, it will be much easier to dispose of them at any moment to meet a pressing and temporary want. And this is another second cause that has been at work to divorce the labourers from their interest in the soil.

To sum up, then—a long period of agricultural depression—the result of previous speculation, intensified by foolish remedies, foolishly applied; the maladministration of outdoor relief; the complete separation of the labourer from the soil he tills—the result of the conversion of small farms into large ones, and the indiscriminate enclosure of waste land; his entire dependence on his master, and his master's entire dependence, for the most part, on his landlord—all these things have combined to keep the labourer at a low level in the social scale, and to shut him out from almost all chance of rising. His education has been, and still is, of the most meagre and wretched sort, and his children's labour is too valuable in eking out the parent's wage to allow us soon to hope for much amendment on this head.

Can we wonder that our labourers welcome the appearance of the agitator? To whom are they to look? Not, it would seem, to the landlord, whose anxiety too often is to keep both tenant and labourer in humble dependence upon himself, and who is afraid at present to stir any

keep the tenant farmer contented, and on his side, lest those other matters lurking already near the surface come in view. One man, indeed, there is in every parish whose peculiar mission it would seem to be to succour the humble and sustain the poor; but he too has only too often shown that his sympathy lies on the other side, and that not to him must the labourer turn in his hour of need. It need be matter of no surprise that the professional agitator has made the situation his own; and the only matter of regret in regard to his action is, that he is somewhat unwise in proposing his remedies—too apt sometimes to lead his patients to depend altogether on legislation for that which they can do far better for themselves—a course which only leads to further discontent, when they awake to find that paradises are not made to order by any Act of Parliament. That will be the wisest legislation which removes most hindrance to the united and healthy action of strong arms and honest wills. That sometimes, indeed, legislation is wise in interfering with free contract, it is impossible to deny, but the seldomer the better, and in the case of the labourer I believe such interference will be found to be very little needed. Legislators may give things a leaning to his welfare, but they cannot secure it to him by law. The only chains by which he can bind it to him are honest labour, independence, and self-respect.

I shall now proceed to consider in what directions the labourer must look for the amelioration of his condition, and the prevention of its relapse into evil. I do not propose to enter into the means whereby the present over-population is to be reduced, but to indicate rather the position which those who remain behind must labour to secure for

first point I name is the propriety of longer hirings. This is recommended both by simple considerations of common sense, and by the fact that where it is practised it has been found to be thoroughly satisfactory in its effect. The hirings (yearly or half-yearly) taking place on one appointed day, the whole body of masters and men meet together, and are able on the spot to define their relative position. The requirements of the labour market in the district are thus accurately gauged, and those who are super-numerary are obliged to go elsewhere, knowing that if they remain, their employment is likely to be only of a temporary and precarious character. And this would probably have been the only form of hiring if it had not been for the action of the poor-law, which enabled the landholders to adopt the short-sighted policy of throwing the labourer on the rates for his support, whenever for a time he found he did not require his service, with the notion, too, that while wages once raised could not again be lowered, alms might be withheld when temporary causes of distress should cease. Outdoor relief thus administered becomes a direct stimulus to improvidence and want of thrift, and its effects grow more enervating and enfeebling at every turn; nor will they cease until it is recognised that the true principle of its administration is to give it to those who have shown they have been able to do something to help themselves, and that it is intended as a reward for the industrious and the careful, and not an encouragement to the improvident to step further into the mire into which they have already gone too far.

Another point to be insisted on is that the labourer receive his wages in money, and not in money eked out by beer, and it is a point that

wage into drink instead of carrying it home to his wife and family are large enough already, and too large; and it is quite unnecessary that the master should assist in performing the operation for him. And yet one ground why the farmers of the very counties now disturbed demanded with such unanimity the repeal of the Malt Tax was the amount of taxes which they paid on beer so used as wages for their men. I trust, however, that when their Conservative friends find themselves in a position to accede to their demand it will not be forgotten that the sum they so save will belong to the wage receivers and not to the wage payers, and that cheaper beer certainly must mean higher wage. Unless they act thus, they must think that wages at present are too high. But undoubtedly the wisest course is to abolish such payments altogether, and to give the wife and family a fair chance of obtaining their proper share of the value of the breadwinner's toil. The only form that payment in kind, if made at all, should take, is that of a bit of land on which to grow potatoes or grass to feed a cow.

And this reminds me of what I have already alluded to—the importance of watching carefully the working of Enclosure Acts, and of seeing, as far as possible, that the advantages which they bring to the labouring classes shall not be bought up by wealthier neighbours. A great difficulty which the former experience in country districts is that of procuring milk for their families, and a right of common where a cow may feed, brings health and comfort to the present and to future generations, which would ill be exchanged even for a sum of money in excess of its immediate market value. If they are to be enclosed at all, it is well worth enquiry whether the enclo-

division into small farms which would require a capital that it would be within the power of a thrifty labourer to save. It seems only the merest act of justice that something should be placed before him in the future to tempt him to economy and care, and that his only prospect in the race of life should not be, as it too often is, a pauper's pittance and a pauper's grave. How can we expect men's resources to be brought forth when there is nothing to be gained by all their toil, when they see no chance of making their lot better, and yet know that it can hardly be worse? Those who see no reason to believe that they will ever be able to make their future brighter, easily become the most reckless and improvident of mankind. And in the labourer's case it is difficult to see how a better prospect could be opened to him than by giving him the chance of acquiring the possession, either as tenant on lease, or owner, of a few acres of his own, or how the State could better exercise the control it has over commons and waste land than by securing it to him.

For ownership, however small it be,  
Breeds diligence, content, and loyalty,  
And tirelessly compels the rudest field,  
Inch after inch, its very most to yield.  
Wealth might its true prerogatives retain;  
And no man loss, and all men greatly gain.<sup>1</sup>

I know a strong prejudice exists in many minds against small farms, and that it is often affirmed that they cannot in these days avail themselves of the machinery by which successful farming can alone be carried on; that their produce is not so large; that they encourage indolence in those who hold them; while the examples of Ireland and France are quoted in doleful accents to point the moral and adorn this tale. See then, they say, the results of peasant proprietorship and the

endless division of property under the sanction of the law! Such will do well to read Mr. Thornton's work, *A Plea for Peasant Proprietors*; and having done so they will at least be willing to admit that there is a good deal to be said upon the other side. The former wretchedness of Ireland, indeed, no one can deny, but the vast majority of holdings there were of rack-rented tenants at will in the hands for the most part of middle-men. Any system of agriculture under such conditions must have failed. In France, again, it would apparently be extremely difficult to prove that the condition of the peasant proprietors is in our time growing worse, while it is certain it has enormously improved from what it was in the year that preceded the Revolution at the close of the last century. Even then, before the enactment of the law of subdivision, they were very numerous, and their cultivation undoubtedly extremely bad; but not because they were small, but because they held the land on terms which would render futile the labour of the best farmer that ever lived. I extract the account from Mr. Thornton's book:

The taxes, besides being onerous, were not even of fixed amount. The rates were altered from year to year at the discretion of the intendants and their deputies, who, in assessing districts or parishes, professed to be guided by the appearance of the crops, and, in assessing individuals, by the stock upon the farms. It was the interest, therefore, of every farmer to appear to have as little stock as possible, and consequently to employ as little as possible in its cultivation, and none in its improvement. The game laws were still more outrageous than their relation to the cultivation of the soil. There were numerous edicts which prohibited weeding and hosing, lest the young partridges should be disturbed; stepping used, lest it should injure their health; manuring with night-soil, lest their flavour should be spoiled by their feeding on the corn so

treated; before any before a certain time, or removing stubble, lest the birds should be deprived of shelter. Add to this the forced labour imposed by Government and the fines and services arbitrarily exacted by lords of manors, and it need not again be asked why they were miserable farmers.

It certainly need not; nor why there was a Revolution, nor why the name of Napoleon, indissolubly connected with that Revolution, should still, with all its odour of carnage, be a potent spell in the country districts of France.

It is clear, at any rate, that in speaking of peasant proprietors we must be careful to distinguish the evils which are their natural result from those which are due to other and quite different causes; and if we do so, it will be difficult, on a fair survey of the whole case, to avoid admitting that they must more frequently succeed than fail. They may not be able to employ so much machinery, but their size does not require it; their produce per acre is certainly much greater than that of larger farms, and those who till them, instead of degenerating into idle and improvident habits, are for the most part among the most industrious and careful of men. So far from the tendency among them being to have large families and parcel out their property among the whole, they are careful in respect of marrying, and anxious to secure for those of their children whom the land will not fairly maintain a decent maintenance elsewhere. And their families, having known in youth what comfort is, are cautious to avoid taking steps that will prevent them attaining it themselves. To such to subsist on the charity of others, except in case of actual necessity, would be disgrace. One other fact there is which seems to speak conclusively in favour of such properties, and that is, that for the most part they command, when let, a higher rent, and when sold

of those countries where they exist and are found to be in a high degree conducive to the prosperity of the people—as Norway, Flanders, Gascony, Jersey—it is impossible to deny that those who advocate them have a strong case.

Nay, there is perhaps reason to think that more is to be feared from a universal prevalence of very large properties, and Pliny tells us, '*Latifundia perdidere Italiam*' (overgrown estates have been the ruin of Italy), while we find Cicero in the same spirit deploring the '*solitudo*,' the deserted condition of the country districts when the fields were tilled by gangs of slaves, and the free population had either become slaves themselves or gone to subsist on the precarious doles of city charity. The fact probably is, that it is most to be desired to have a fair admixture of farms of all sizes, and while any compulsory legislation for the manufacture of small farms is much to be deprecated, we may reasonably demand of the Legislature to remove any hindrances that exist to their maintenance and formation, and also to consider whether it might not be possible for the State to set an example by dealing in this spirit with some of the waste lands at its disposal.

The hindrances which it might fairly be asked to do away with are the law of primogeniture, whereby the State gives its sanction and support to a wrong principle; the law of entail, which sacrifices the interests of the present to those of a future generation, and keeps the soil in the hands of needy owners who have neither the power nor the will to aid in its improvement; and the heavy charges which now attend the transfer of property, and are felt more heavily on small than large estates. These are all hindrances to free trade in land, and prevent the application



How different very often is the picture now! The owner of the estate has got into debt and mortgaged it deeply, if his ancestors have not been kind enough to do it for him: he lets it to farmers without adequate capital, or who, if they have it, dare not expend it on the land, which continues from year to year unimproved. No additional employment is thus provided for the unlucky labourers, who are ever increasing in number, and, as they do so, by natural laws their wages gradually fall to the very lowest point at which the spark of life can be maintained.

It is indeed of the utmost importance to all classes—to the consumer as well as the tenant and his labourers—that there should be every inducement held out to men to lay out capital on land, to leave no stone unturned to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. It is a matter which in these days of rapidly increasing prices we cannot afford to neglect. And this leads me to the last point I wish to maintain—that it is for the tenant farmers now to consider whether there is not something in their tenure of the land which is capable of being amended, and which would improve both their own position and that of the labourers that serve them. They may rest assured that the community will not be content for them to face their difficulties by merely resorting, as some seem to be doing, to cheaper and more inefficient modes of tillage, which must lessen instead of increase the land's productive power. They must consider whether they would not act more wisely to demand some greater security for the capital they expend upon the soil, and by showing that that demand could be conceded without in the smallest degree interfering with the landlord's right. For him, it is surely quite feasible to re-

of putting an end to any tenancy he may choose, provided only he be compelled to settle fairly with the tenant for any improvement that he, by the outlay of his capital and skill, has effected in the land. The object is to induce the tenant to farm his very best up to the close of the natural or enforced termination of his tenancy, and the system that does this most effectually will be best for both the parties and the country too. And it is just in this view of the question that the lease fails to provide the security required. It holds out no inducement to the tenant to persevere in high farming to the conclusion of his occupation. On the contrary, he is compelled, in order to realise at the end of the term what he sunk at the commencement, to endeavour to get out of the land the money he has spent, and this he does at the cost of the exhaustion of the soil.

It is, indeed, asserted, and may be true, that there are many occupiers who feel as secure as if the very soil itself belonged to them, and are able to place unlimited confidence in the justice of their landlord, and it is said that such kindly, confidential relations are of mutual benefit to both. But the tenants' skill and capital are things indispensable to the landlord to the enjoyment of his property, and it is questionable whether the tenants, in placing them at his disposal, ought to be entirely thrown upon the generosity of the owner of the soil, and whether they ought not rather to be able to say at the conclusion of the tenancy: 'This is the capital we have invested in your land: these are the improvements we have effected: its value to you is increased: you are required to give us such a sum as shall be considered fairly to represent that increase of value, and recompense us for the capital we have spent and the skill we have bestowed.' This, I believe, will be the ultimate

it comes I doubt not that landlords will find that what they have denounced and decried in this, as in many another case, has really been to their own advantage and profit. And this demand of the tenant-farmers for tenant-right—this demand that in their favour there should be an interference with the right of free contract—a demand which it is allowed by many who are competent to judge is perfectly legitimate and fair, ought to make them look with some tenderness on the case which is urged in favour of the labourers against themselves. The farmers demand the interference of the State because, as they justly allege, the land of this country is in few hands, and that those who hold it are able, owing to the immense competition for it, to settle too arbitrarily the terms on which it may be had, and to do so to a degree which is injurious to the community at large. And nearly in the same way it is urged on behalf of the labourers, that having become too numerous in certain places from the action of bad laws, and sunk into too dependent a position, they have thus been placed too much in the power of the farmers, and that wages have so fallen to a point which is absolutely injurious to the well-being of the State of which they are the citizens.

Such are some of the points it would seem to be well for the farmers of the disturbed districts to take into careful consideration, and, instead of foolishly denouncing unions, which, even if crushed and beaten now, will only reemerge again and again as long as the causes that promote them remain, to see if they cannot, by union among themselves and the exercise of that judgment which their superior position and intelligence should give them, devise some remedies for a state of things which cannot really be satisfactory for any of them to contemplate. These re-

medies will most surely be found in the paths where remedies for similar evils have been found before. For unless the farmer can prove that the condition of the labourer is satisfactory, it is clear that some remedy must be applied. Would it not be well, before prolonged strife brings greater bitterness, temperately to consider what that remedy must be?

It is not the first time in the history of this country that agitations of a similar character have occurred, and whenever they have occurred there have always been two modes of dealing with them proposed. The one has been to attempt to stifle and repress them—to use every influence to force them back—to denounce them loudly as unfounded and unfair as the mere outcome of a communistic radicalism which harboured designs dangerous and threatening to the common weal. There is no instance, so far as I know, of this plan in the long-run having proved successful. The other plan is calmly and dispassionately to consider the causes from which the agitation springs, and how far they rise from natural sources, and to concede so far as is just and right before the days come when concession is a mark of weakness, and you may concede without conciliating. On this principle a thousand agitations in the years that are past have been laid to rest, and for the most part it has been found, when the end came, that what the one side claimed could be granted without inflicting injury on the other; that in most cases the real interests of the two striving parties were the same, and were reached by a common road; and that St. Paul was the exponent not only of Christianity but of social truth when he advised, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' R. A. A.

## THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.<sup>1</sup>

ALL diaries have a family likeness, and possess a particular attraction for readers; more especially when they treat of public men and public events whilst they were going on, and before they had become petrified into historical transactions.

Many of us are old enough to recollect the events and occurrences spoken of in these volumes, as they appeared to those on the outside of them, and now we are taken behind the scenes, and are shown the machinery and told the manner of men who took part in the course and conduct of the affairs of the world and of England from 1818 to 1838; and what adds to interest is, that we are living in that future which was prepared by the events of those days.

The human element of life and breath still lingers in these records; the tones and voices of the speakers have scarcely ceased to be articulate; and yet all is as utterly past and gone as if they had belonged to the times summed up in the old familiar formula, 'And all the rest of his acts that he did, and all his wars, and the times that went over him, are they not written'—in books that have passed away likewise? We are feeling the consequences of what happened; yet we are also in a changed world, where Mr. Greville would find himself already a stranger.

The late Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville was the eldest son of Charles Greville (grandson to the fifth Lord Warwick); his mother was Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of the third Duke of Portland. He was born on April

2, 1794. His early youth was chiefly spent in that magnificent ducal place Bulstrode, the glories of which are told in the letters of Mrs. Montague, and in the pages of the Life of Mrs. Delaney. He was born to the purple and fine linen of this world, and lived in them all his days. A more prosperous fine gentleman it would be hard to meet in a long summer day. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and before he was twenty Lord Bathurst appointed him his private secretary. The Duke of Portland obtained for him, whilst yet in early life, the Secretaryship of Jamaica, with a deputy to do all the work, and also the reversion of the Clerkship of the Council, which fell to him in 1821, and he held it forty years. For the last twenty years of his life he lived in a suite of rooms under the roof of Earl Granville, and there he painlessly expired in his sleep on the 18th of January, 1865, leaving these diaries and journals to be printed as soon as his friend and executor Mr. Henry Reeve should think it expedient, and with a recommendation that the delay should not be long.

The tradition he has left of himself amongst those who remember him is that of a very vain but rather amiable dandy, with a great devotion to great people. Indeed, he never seems willingly to have visited any but the *sommités* of society. In the one or two instances recorded in these volumes where he found himself amongst people who did not belong to the great world, he speaks of them with mild toleration, but making it evident that it was not

<sup>1</sup> *A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV.* By the late

an experience to be repeated for pleasure. He was a gentleman in his instincts, and whatever these journals may be they are not vulgar, though his interviews with Batchelor, valet to George IV., with the avowed intention of getting at all the gossip he could about his master, must be taken to qualify this praise. Neither his heart, which was amiable, nor his intellect, which was intelligent, seemed to excite in him, so far as these volumes show, a single spark of emotion or enthusiasm for any of the great political or social movements in the midst of which he lived, nor is there one original or suggestive reflection from beginning to end. His opinions and judgment of the remarkable men of all parties with whom he associated seems to have been less the result of his own insight and judgment than the acceptance of the opinions and sentiments current in the society in which he lived; he gathered them up, reflected and repeated them, but not one clear incisive speech or token of insight into either things or people is here recorded. One would almost say he was dull of sight for all that did not lie on the surface. He was very quick to mark and disapprove of every breach of conventional or social decorum. His opinions vary from time to time about the same people, according as circumstances and the disposition he was in made them more or less congenial. Lord Brougham he always detested, and the Duke of Wellington he generally disliked. There is nothing in these volumes generous, or noble, or high-minded; there are velleities towards better things, regrets for idleness and misuse of his life, a dim sense that he might and ought to have been something better; there is good feeling evinced in

whole made of the knowledge of the gossip and scandal which must have come to his knowledge, and which he has abstained from reporting except when it concerned kings or kings' mistresses. With all his care, however, and in spite of the discretion of his editor, Mr. Reeve, there is a great deal that will pain many people now living, from the light and casual mention of those they have loved and respected. This could scarcely have been avoided unless all colour had been taken out of the book; still the delay of a few more years would have done away with this source of pain to living people.

Mr. Greville was a great authority on horses, and on all matters connected with the turf. His contempt for George IV. was increased by the royal ignorance and pretence to know all about racing and race-horses; but we shall come to George IV. later on. We may as well begin at the beginning, and give a glance at things as they were in 1818, after the war and the Holy Alliance had, as they thought, put back all things as they were before, and set 'Humpty Dumpty up again.' Here is a glance at old Queen Charlotte:

The Queen was so ill on Friday evening that they expected she would die; she had a severe spasm. The Queen's illness was occasioned by information she had received of the Duchesses of Cumberland and Cambridge having met and embraced. She was in such a rage that the spasm was brought on and she was very near dying.

Queen Charlotte, who was ugly and not amiable, treated the Duchess of Cambridge with great consideration, and exerted herself to make the contrast between her position and that of the Duchess of Cumberland as vivid as possible. She hated the Duchess of Cumberland vehemently (she had a talent



seen about her court, so the peace made between the two ladies was one of those injuries that are never forgiven, and indeed nobody knows how hard it is to forgive people who vex us—till they try!

As we have said, Mr. Greville takes us into the very best society; it is quite as grand as anything to be met with in Mr. Disraeli's novels. The pictures of Oatlands, the seat of the Duke of York, might furnish a story of *les splendeurs et les misères* of royalty.

There was a large party of fine, very fine, people one Saturday early in August 1818. They played at whist till four in the morning. On the Sunday they amused themselves with eating fruit in the garden, shooting at a mark with pistols, and playing with the monkeys. Mr. Greville added to these pastimes bathing in the cold bath in the grotto, which he says 'was as clear as crystal and as cold as ice.' After which he remarks that 'Oatlands is the worst managed establishment in England; there are a great many servants, and nobody waits on you; a vast number of horses, but none to ride or drive.' The reason of there being no available horses is explained by the fact that the Duchess of York 'was very tenacious of her authority at Oatlands'—'one of her few foibles,' says Mr. Greville—and this tenacity was chiefly exercised in the stable, where there were always eight or ten carriage horses which hardly ever did any work; but none might use them without the permission of the Duchess, which it was difficult to obtain. One day, when one of the Duke's aides-de-camp expressed at breakfast a desire to drive one of the other guests over to Hampton Court, the Duke immediately desired him to take a curricle and a pair of Spanish horses which had been given to him

curricle, with the Duke's two Spanish horses, came round, and the gentlemen were about to mount, a servant came from the Duchess and told the coachman that her Royal Highness knew nothing of the matter, and desired he would drive back to the stables. The Duchess of York was born Princess Royal of Prussia, and so considered herself above the rules and restraints of everything except her inclinations.

But people liked to go there, and the Duchess herself was liked *quand même*. Every week there was a party, and a large party for the Egham races; and the visit extended over a fortnight, the Duchess herself inviting the guests, the Duke only remaining the week-end from Saturday till Monday. The dinner usually lasted from eight o'clock till eleven; after that tables were laid for cards, and the Duke sat down to whist—five-pound points and twenty-five pounds on the rubber. He played so long as anyone would play with him, politely ceasing when they showed themselves weary.

The Duke was an early riser, and always went to church on Sunday. On Monday he returned to town. He was quite indifferent about going to bed, as he could sleep equally well in a carriage. As for the Duchess, she was a whimsical fine lady. She seldom went to bed, but when inclined to sleep lay down dressed as she was, first in one room, then in another, as it might happen, the windows always open. She walked out late at night. At three in the day she dressed and had her breakfast, and afterwards walked out with her dogs, of which she had a great number. She was passionately fond of animals. She never appeared to her guests until dinner-time. At night, when unable

to have been clever and well-informed; she disliked form and ceremony, but always expected to be treated *en grande princesse*; she never forgot the fact herself, nor ever allowed others to forget it. Mr. Greville says that though her own conversation was not indelicate, she delighted to listen to indelicate stories and jests of indecent tendency. As for the Duke himself, for whom Mr. Greville professes to have had a high regard, we are told that he delighted in jokes full of coarseness and indecency, that the men with whom he was most intimate 'were *très-polissons*,' and '*la polissonnerie* was the tone of his society.'

One year later there comes the following entry:

August 30, 1819.—I am just returned from Oatlands; we had an immense party, the most numerous ever known there. The Duchess wished it to have been prolonged, *but there were no funds*. The distress they are in is inconceivable. When the Duchess came down there was no water in the house. She asked the reason, and was informed that the water came by pipes from St. George's Hill, which were stopped up with sand; and as the workmen were never paid, they would not clean them out. The Duchess ordered the pipes to be cleaned and the bills brought to her, which was done. On Thursday there was a great distress, as the steward had no money to pay the tradespeople, and the Duke was prevailed on with great difficulty to produce a small sum for the purpose. The house is nearly in ruins.

As we are among royalty we may as well keep in such gracious company a little longer, and turn to politics and public events later on.

January 20, 1820. Poor old George III. died, and the new King lay desperately ill at Brighton. He had been bled so fearfully that Halford left orders with Sir Wm. Knighton, the private physician, not to bleed him any more, but the inflammation increased so much that

'heroic practice' he recovered and lived to be for ten years longer our most gracious sovereign lord, George IV. The scandal about Queen Caroline began at once. The Ministers wished to insert her name in the Liturgy, and a Cabinet Council sat till two in the morning, but the King peremptorily refused, and no persuasion could move him. Ministers resigned because they could not make him hear reason on the subject. Mr. Greville tells us that the King treated Lord Liverpool very coarsely, and ordered him out of the room, and asked if he knew to whom he was speaking; to which Lord Liverpool replied, 'Sir, I know that I am speaking to my Sovereign, and I believe I am addressing him as becomes a loyal subject to do.' To the Chancellor the King said, 'My Lord, I know your conscience always interferes except where your interest is concerned.' His most gracious Majesty afterwards sent for Lord Liverpool, who at first refused to go, but on the message being reiterated he went, and the King said, 'We have both been too hasty.' Mr. Greville, who has reported this anecdote, adds, 'This is probably all false, but it is very true that they offered to resign.' Mr. Greville's diaries consist mainly of the gossip current in the 'best-informed circles,' but it would not serve as a work of authentic history.

In June the King went down to his Cottage at Windsor, and appeared at the races every day. He rode on the course, and the ladies came in carriages, and the King was greatly cheered. Only one man called out, 'Where's the Queen?' If Queen Caroline was not there, Vice-Queen Conyngham was. The Duke of Dorset, who was one of the guests at the Cottage, told Mr. Greville it was exceedingly agreeable there. They kept early hours. The King always

in the morning, her complexion being so fine.' One of the days she declared herself bored with the races, and she would not go; on which the King said he would not go either, and sent word to say he should not be there. It was supposed that Lady Conyngham's family set their faces against her connection with the King, but her son was at the Cottage and her brother at the levee, and well received. Kings have had mistresses before George IV., so that Lady Conyngham is not exactly the first phenomenon of the kind, but the special infamy of her case is that she endeavoured to keep up a figment and fiction of respectability at the expense of her daughter, whom she introduced into the circle of the King's intimates. When the King went down to Brighton Lady Conyngham lived in one of the houses in Marlbro' Row. All the members of her family were continually there, and were supplied with horses and carriages from the King's stables. 'She always,' says Mr. Greville, 'rides with her daughter, but never with the King, who always rides with one of his gentlemen. They never appear in public together. She dines there every day. Before the King comes into the room she and Lady Elizabeth join him in another room, and he always walks in with one on each arm. She comports herself entirely as mistress of the house, but never suffers her daughter to leave her. She has received magnificent presents, and Lady Elizabeth the same. The mother particularly has received strings of pearls of enormous value.' Madame de Lieven, who had seen the pearls of the Grand Duchesses and the Prussian Princesses, declared they were not to be compared with those of Lady Conyngham. One night we are told that, on the pretext that Lady Bath was coming

lighted, which was a work of some trouble, as it was lighted by several hundred wax candles. She told the King what she had done, and he tenderly replied, 'Thank you, thank you, my dear; you always do what is right; you cannot please me so much as by doing everything which pleases you, everything to show that you are mistress here!'

The detestable, cowardly hypocrisy of exposing a young girl to such companionship, by way of giving herself a semblance of countenance, was infinitely worse than any personal breach of morality on the part of the mother. But Mr. Greville has no word of reprobation, only a cynical shrug of the shoulders, at this infamy. We have another sight of Lady Conyngham at a grand dinner and ball at Devonshire House, where the King was present, and the lady wore on her head a magnificent sapphire which had belonged to the Stuarts, and which, on the death of the Princess Charlotte, had been claimed from Prince Leopold as 'a Crown jewel.' Here is a picture of a royal interior. Mr. Greville, as Clerk of the Council, had gone down to Brighton for a Cabinet council; he was advanced to the glory of being lodged in the Pavilion and of dining with the King.

The gaudy splendour of the place amused me for a little and then bored me. The dinner was cold, and the evening dull beyond dullness. The King was in good looks and good spirits, and after dinner cut his jokes with all the coarse merriment which is his characteristic.

I saw nothing very particular in the King's manner to Lady Conyngham. He sat by her on the couch almost all the evening, playing at patience, and he took her in to dinner; but Madame de Lieven and Lady Cowper were there, and he seemed equally civil to all of them. I was curious to see the Pavilion, and the life they lead there, and now I only hope I may never go there again.

This seems to be the cheerful

and intimate circle of life at court, no matter in what country that court may be.

Kings and princes have such an enormous leverage over their circumstances and surroundings by the mere fact of their position, that it would need a double portion of the energy and faculty divine merely to fill out and live adequately up to their material advantages; so they mostly resign themselves '*de représenter noblement et avec grâce*,' instead of being the *realities* which should underlie the appearances.

I pity kings whom worship waits upon,  
Obsequious from the cradle to the throne.

Whom education stiffens into state,  
And death awakens from that dream too late.

Meanwhile Queen Caroline had returned to England. Mr. Greville rode as far as Greenwich to meet her. She travelled in an open landau, with

Lord Hood for a man, for a maid Lady Ann,  
And Alderman Wood for a bean!

Carriages, carts, and horsemen followed, preceded, and surrounded her coach.

Mr. Greville says that 'the Queen looked exactly as when she left England, neither dispirited nor dismayed;' but he is dreadfully shocked, and expresses himself strongly on the want of etiquette which allowed Alderman Wood to sit beside the Queen, whilst the daughter of the Duke of Hamilton was sitting backwards in the carriage. He gives a vivid account of the sensation caused by her return.

'Nobody either blames or approves her sudden return, but all ask, What will be done next? How will it end?

On the whole he seems to consider

Great sums of money have been won and lost on the Queen's return, for there was much betting at the clubs.

Immediately after this entry there is another:

There was some indiscipline manifested in a battalion of the 3rd Guards yesterday. They were dissatisfied with the severity of the duty, and at some allowance that had been taken from them, and on coming off guard they refused to give up their ball-cartridges. They were ordered off to Plymouth, and marched at four yesterday morning. Many people went from the ball at Devonshire House to see them march away. Plymouth was afterwards changed for Portsmouth, in consequence of their good behaviour. Worcester met many of them drunk at Brentford, crying out, 'God save Queen Caroline!' There was some disturbance last night in consequence of the mob assembling round the King's Mews, where the rest of the battalion that had marched to Portsmouth still remained.

The mob was very active in those days, and seems to have had a good deal its own way.

Mr. Greville expresses himself like the fine gentleman he was about the Queen, and complains that—

The discussion of the Queen's business is now become an intolerable nuisance in society; no other subject is ever talked of. All persons express themselves tired of the subject, yet none talk or think of any other. It is a great evil when a single subject of interest takes possession of society; conversation loses all its interest and variety.

A few days later there is another entry:

The military in London have shown alarming symptoms of dissatisfaction, so much so that it seems doubtful how far the Guards can be counted upon in case of any disturbance arising out of the subject. Luttrell says that 'the extinguisher is taking fire.'

Of the effect produced by Brougham's speech on the Queen's trial, in October 1821, Mr. Greville says it was—

The most magnificent display of argument and oratory that has been heard for years: even his most violent opponents (in-



Turniag hack a few pages, there is an entry in the diary to the effect that 'the attack on Brougham in the *Quarterly* was at the time deemed so successful by the Ministerial party that they thought he would not be able to lift up his head again.' That article was on 'The Report of Mr. Brougham's Committee on the Education of the People,' written by Dr. Monk, and 'picked out,' as coachmakers say, with jokes by Canuuing.

Mr. Greville had great advantages in hearing remarkable anecdotes told by the remarkable people concerned in them. One story told to him by the Duke of Wellington himself, whilst they were detained in the house of Sir Philip Brookes by rain, is too curious and characteristic not to be told; it is like the foreshadowing of events still recent.

The Duke said that, during the time of the occupation of Paris, Blücher was determined to destroy the Bridge of Jena. The Duke spoke to Müffling, Governor of Paris, and desired him to persuade Blücher to abandon his design. However, Blücher was quite determined. He said that the French had destroyed the pillar at Rossbach and other things, and that they merited retaliation. He also said that the English had destroyed Washington, and he did not see why he was not to destroy the bridge. Müffling, however, concerted with the Duke that English sentinels should be placed on the bridge, and if any Prussian soldiers should approach to injure it, they should fire. This was to gain time by obliging Blücher to apply to the Duke to withdraw the English sentinels. This was of no avail; the Prussians arrived, mined the arches, and attempted to blow up the bridge, sentinels, and all. They were, however, frustrated, and the bridge received no injury. At

that the bridge should be spared and the column in the Place Vendôme should be destroyed in its stead. 'I saw,' said the Duke, 'I had got out of the frying-pan into the fire.' Fortunately, at this moment the King of Prussia arrived, and he ordered that no injury should be done to either.

On another occasion Blücher announced his intention of levying a contribution on the city of Paris of a hundred millions (whether francs or livres we are not told). To this the Duke objected that the raising such enormous contributions could only be done by common consent, and must be a matter of general arrangement. Blücher said, 'Oh, I don't mean to be the only party who is to levy anything. You may levy as much for yourselves, and depend upon it, if you do, it will all be paid; there will be no difficulty whatever.'

The Duke also told Mr. Greville that 'the two invasions cost the French two hundred millions sterling. The Allies had 1,200,000 men clothed entirely at their expense, at sixty francs a man; the army was entirely maintained. Then there were contributions, besides the towns and villages destroyed and the country laid waste.

Speaking of the death of Lord Castlereagh (Lord Londonderry), Mr. Greville declares himself 'expressly provoked' 'because he met several people who had all assumed an air of melancholy.' 'I,' says he, 'had hardly any acquaintance with Lord Londonderry, and therefore am not in the slightest degree affected by his death.' The occurrence, as he describes it, was very pitiful, and might make anyone sorry, even for Castlereagh. Of him it might be said that 'he had been set in slippery places.' He had been put in a grand posi-

dazzled by the kings and the emperors, and intoxicated with their flattery, which blinded what insight he had into his own duties. He could not discern what was for the good of England; he was vain, and wished to make her like the great nations of the Continent. But after the glare and blaze of a great successful war men were too dazed and dazzled to understand the interest of peace, and when Castlereagh returned to England after the final overthrow of Bonaparte, he had a passing splendour of personal success which befitted a popular idol. The King gave him a Blue Riband, and when he made his first appearance the whole House of Commons rose and cheered him as he entered. In a little while the splendour disappeared, and the consequences of what he had done were bitterly summed up by Mr. Greville.

We have associated ourselves with the members of the Holy Alliance, and countenanced the acts of ambition and despotism in such a manner as to have drawn on ourselves the detestation of the nations of the Continent.

Castlereagh did much to make his name hated; but those who had most cause to hate him, and who had suffered from him the most, would not have exchanged their lot for his could they have known the horror and fear and black darkness that spread over his life.

Canning was proposed as Castlereagh's successor as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Greville gives the following story as explaining the great dislike shown to him by George IV., told on the authority of Lord George Bentinck:

There was a dispute between the King and his Ministers concerning the payment of the expenses of the Milan commission. The Ministers wished the King to pay the expenses himself, and he wished them to be

of the other Ministers, that the money should be paid by Government, but with money ostensibly appropriated to other purposes. This Canning could not endure, and resigned.

George IV. yielded at last as an act of special grace and favour to the Duke of Wellington, and Lady Conyngham said 'that she did hope, now that the King had yielded his own inclination to the wishes and advice of his Ministers, they would behave to him better than they had done.'

In almost every page of these volumes there is something worth gleaning for the interest it has as seen by the light of later days, or as illustrating the condition of things before they broke out into events.

Before we go on to English matters we must give what the Duke of Wellington says of Spain in 1823, which, word for word, with change of names, is true in 1874.

There is no statesman in Spain. There are some eloquent men in the Cortes, particularly Torreno and Arquelles. Torreno is the ablest man, but he has injured his character by speculation. The state of Spain is such that the most violent and turbulent possess the greatest share of influence. Portugal is in a state of greater intellectual improvement. But Spain is not only deficient in men of education and talent to direct her councils, but she has no army, and not one officer of capacity.

In 1826 the Duke of York was dangerously ill, and the King, we are told, 'has been very much annoyed about the Duke, cried a great deal when he heard how bad he was, and has been twice to see him.' The Duke died in January 1827. Mr. Greville speaks of him with much feeling; he was the manager of the Duke's stables and racing stud, and he says:

I have been the minister and associate of his pleasures and amusements for some years. I have lived in his intimacy and experienced his kindness, and I am glad that I was present at this last sad occasion

George IV. showed himself to some advantage on this occasion, and may he allowed the benefit of it.

The King ordered that the funeral should be public and magnificent; all the details of the ceremonial were arranged by himself. He showed great feeling about his brother, and exceeding kindness in providing for his servants, whom the Duke himself was unable to provide for. He gave six thousand pounds to pay immediate expenses, and took many of the old servants into his own service.

The funeral which was to have been so magnificent was very ill managed. The weather was piercingly cold; the Bishop of Lincoln died of it. Canning fell dangerously ill, and, in fact, got his death there. The Dukes of Wellington and Montrose were both seriously ill, and the King was very angry.

The death of Lord Liverpool in 1827 necessitated a change of Ministry, and, in spite of much repugnance on the part of the King, Canning was nominated Prime Minister. Sir William Knighton, the King's private physician, had the credit of persuading him.

Greville says:

No man ever took office under more humiliating circumstances. Canning, disliked by the King, opposed by the aristocracy and the nation, and unsupported by Parliament, is appointed Prime Minister.

Canning's desire to carry Catholic emancipation was one chief reason of the King's dislike to him. If George IV. were ever sincere in any one thing, it certainly was in his opposition to the Catholic claims. It was not on religious grounds, but he seems to have had a personal dread of what the consequences to himself might be.

Sir W. Knighton, his physician, who had made him accept Canning after the united entreaties and remonstrances of all his Ministers had failed, seems to have

good deal to do in making history. One feels some curiosity as to what the 'word of power' was by which he compelled the obedience of his master, who hated and feared him. Lord Francis Conyngham told Mr. Greville that the doctor governed everything about the house.

When he is there he has constant access to the King at all times, and whenever he pleases. He is on bad terms with Mount Charles [Lady Conyngham's son, who had been made the King's private secretary]. He bullies Lord Conyngham, and he is barely civil to Lady C—. I was more struck with one word which dropped from him than with all he told me of Sir W. Knighton. Whilst the Tyrolese were dancing and singing, and there was a sort of gay uproar going on, with which the King was greatly delighted, he said, 'I would give ten guineas to see Knighton walk into the room now.' It was as if it were some master who was absent, and who should suddenly return and find all his family merry-making.

On the 9th of August Canning died. There is a good deal of curious gossip about the difficulties of getting Lord Goderich's Ministry under weigh. But in all complications and difficulties the character of the Duke of Wellington comes out in these diaries as a thoroughly honest man, if his actions were not always the wisest or most judicious. Common honesty tells weightily in all times of national crisis; and England, in the stormy times of the great religious and political changes which were now beginning, escaped the crash of a revolution, because the leaders of the movement, both those who advanced and those who opposed, were honest and conscientious in their convictions. This is made evident even under the kaleidoscope of the passing events of these diaries. The account of the struggle upon the question of Catholic emancipation gives a vivid idea of the difficulties of the under-

and thought 'is so much more free to ask questions which would then have been considered the height of irreverence, that it is difficult now, for those who do not remember, to realise the wild conflict of opinions, prejudices, speculations, and fears of that period. The whole story of the progress of the measures for the relief of Catholic disabilities, as told day by day in these diaries, has an interest to which the present aspect of the Roman Catholic Church in England gives a special emphasis. The Duke of Wellington spoke of himself as on a field of battle which he must fight out in his own way. Much obloquy and hatred fell to his lot; but that lavished on Sir Robert Peel was expected to hurry him alive, and with no hope of ever rising from the ruins of his political character. George IV. behaved as ill as was possible, even for him—which is saying something—and his treachery to his Ministers, his foolishness and stupidity, would have broken the heart of anybody but 'the Iron Duke.'

The King died the following year. Mr. Greville was out of the country, travelling in Italy. On his return, one of the first entries in his diary is:

*July 18.*—King George had not been dead three days before everybody discovered that he was no loss, and King William a great gain.

The new King began very well.

But William IV. was not a king after Mr. Greville's idea of what a king ought to be; he almost preferred George IV., who could at least put on fine manners upon occasion. His whole estimate of William IV. seems founded on the King's lack of conventional dignity. William IV. was not a very wise man, and he was not a refined man, but he had, even on Mr. Greville's

straightforward and said what he meant, though with more emphasis than was needful, and in terms far from euphemistic; and he did not *gêner* himself, but made himself quite at home on the throne. But the bitterness and insolence with which Mr. Greville speaks of him throughout is neither in good taste as from a gentleman nor loyal as from a Clerk of the Privy Council. He tells many things the public could not have known unless he had held that position. George IV. feared ridicule above all things in heaven or earth; William IV. had not an idea what ridicule meant. Here is a specimen:

Yesterday he went to the House of Lords, and was admirably received. I can fancy nothing like his delight at finding himself in the state-coach surrounded by all his pomp. He delivered his speech very well, they say. He did not wear his crown, which was carried by Lord Hastings. Etiquette is a thing he cannot comprehend. He wanted to take the King of Wurtemberg with him in his coach, till he was told it was out of the question. Yesterday, after the House of Lords, he drove all over the town in an open *calèche*, with the Queen, the Princess Augusta, and the King of Wurtemberg, and coming home he set down the King (*dropped him*, as he calls it) at Grillon's Hotel. The King of England dropping another king at a tavern!

Shocking indeed! Mr. Greville can stand anything save a breach of conventionality, but that the change of kings was for the better he himself is obliged to confess. Here is Windsor Castle under the new régime:

On Friday we dined at the Castle; each day the King asked a crowd of people from the neighbourhood. About forty people at dinner, for which the room is not nearly large enough; the dinner was not bad, but the room was insufferably hot. The whole thing is exceedingly magnificent, and the manner of life does not appear to be very formal, and need not be disagreeable, but for the bore of never dining without twenty strangers. What a *changement de décoration*: no longer George IV., capricious.



but a plain, vulgar, hospitable gentleman, opening his doors to all the world . . . and no toad-eaters at all.

William IV. paid 300*l.*, all that remained due of the Duke of York's debts at Newmarket.

One of the most interesting points in these diaries is to mark the first appearance of men who have since governed the country and made themselves names in history, and to see the small, modest beginnings of Peel, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, &c., &c., and the scanty words of commendation bestowed on them as promising young men.

The struggle of the Reform Bill soon began, and brought many rising young men to the front. The terrible commercial distress and the disturbed state of the country is not yet forgotten, and the whole atmosphere was charged with anxiety, distress, and expectation, 'men's hearts failing them for fear.' The Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform had driven men, friends and foes alike, almost wild.

I hear that nothing can exceed the general excitement and terror that prevails, everybody feeling they hardly know what. In Downing Street we met George Dawson, who told us the funds had fallen three per cent. and that the panic was tremendous, so that they were not without alarm lest there should be a run on the Bank for gold.

In almost every page of these diaries there are incidents and anecdotes on which one might write an article. The Greville judgment is very finite both on men and things, and his estimates may be taken for what they are—the records written by a man who saw much, heard much, was behind the scenes of the drama, and who wrote all he heard and saw down in his diary, which to us is like a magic glass turned backwards, reflecting the Past instead of the

tics, at home and abroad, with bits of Court scandal and fashionable gossip, succeed, and into these we cannot now enter. But we must record our protest against the way in which Mr. Greville permits himself to speak of Queen Adelaide. It reflects on his own character. He seems to have detested her because he did not like her manners, and thought she was as ugly in her person as his own dislike to her made her seem. Of her excellence and sterling goodness he had no appreciation. She has, however, left a memory behind her which Mr. Greville's coarse fine-gentleman successors have not been able to touch.

The diaries come down to the death of William IV. in 1837, and conclude with a charming account of the Queen's first appearance, which seems to have warmed even the heart of the cynical Clerk of the Council.

*June 21.*—The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the impression she produced. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. . . . The two Royal Dukes, the two Archbishops, the Chancellor, and Lord Melbourne accompanied the President of the Council to the presence of the young girl, now become the Queen. She received them in the adjoining room alone. When they returned the proclamation was read, and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, audible voice, without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed in mourning. . . . When the two old men, her uncles the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and

reach her. . . . She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne when she had any doubt, which hardly ever occurred, with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done she retired as she had entered, and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room.

Peel declared himself amazed at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. 'She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted.' The Duke of Wellington declared 'that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.'

And here we must conclude. The

impression left by these volumes is that of a deep sense of thankfulness to the Providence which has guided this country through so many and great dangers; and of pride as well as thankfulness for the honourable and honest men of all parties and politics who have in their turn taken the lead, and acquitted themselves devotedly and unselfishly of the high task of guiding the councils of England. All the ignorances, and negligences, and mistakes, and strife of tongues, have passed by; but the one quality which stands out strong and permanent in the midst of all struggles and changes is the earnest desire each one showed *to do his duty* to the best of his knowledge and ability.

G. J.



## BULWER AS POLITICIAN AND SPEAKER.

THE character in which the fame of Bulwer will descend to posterity may be regarded as definitely fixed. There is no reason, we believe, that any new light which may be thrown on his many-sided nature, or the varied achievements of his indefatigable career, will induce succeeding generations to change, or to enlarge, their estimate of the claims on which his title for remembrance depends. He played in his time many parts, some admirably, none discreditably. He was the most accomplished and industrious man of letters of his age, the most polished of novelists, and the only dramatist of his generation whose name can be mentioned in the same breath as Sheridan. As one reads the narrative of Bulwer's energy in the various rôles that he essayed, one is reminded of the Horatian ode, which paints the picture of the predestined votary of the Muses. Just as he whom Melpomene has marked for her own will neither win the laurels of the conqueror nor the glory of the statesman, nor vanquish his rivals in the palaestra, so, by a similar fatalism, was the heritage of distinction reserved for Bulwer purely and entirely literary. He won his spurs in politics; he proved the possession of genuine political abilities. In the private relations of life, in the management of his Knebworth estates, he showed administrative powers which might have secured him honours as the model of country gentlemen. But when a man does much, he is remembered not for all that he does well, but for the one thing which he does best; and he does best that to which the *benigna vena ingeni* most favourably disposes him.

Bulwer was a student of books

of human nature not in its details and *minutiae*, like Dickens or Thackeray, but in its broader effects—its picturesque and general interplay of light and shadow. Reading and meditation had suggested to him certain types of character, different rather delicate varieties of human ideals. Guided by observation of men and women, and of the features of the national life of this country first, and of Continental countries afterwards, he somewhat modified his purely imaginative conceptions, and an Audley Egerton, a Parson Dale, a Keelm Chillingly, a Gustave Ramcau, was the result. Thus Bulwer is correctly to be called a romancist rather than a novelist. In the case of each of the more prominent of his *dramatis personæ* one-half is a generalisation from what he actually met his view in the world. The other is a projection from his own reflective fancy.

Bulwer is the most lettered in the sense that he is the least original of all writers. Dickens owed nothing to books; Bulwer owed everything. His greatest productions may all of them be referred to the initiative of some master mind. His writings, one and all, belong rather to that which De Quincey has called the literature of knowledge than to the literature of power. It was the achievements of Byron which drove him into verse; it was the inspiration of Sterne and Fielding, of Goldsmith and Scott, which caused him to essay the rôle of novelist. As a poet Bulwer must be held comparatively to have failed. He wrote, indeed, immeasurably better verse than nine-tenths of that mob of gentlemen who rhyme with ease. But none of his metrical attempts exceed the merits of skill.

lines in his *New Timon* which will probably do duty, as a hack quotation, so long as parliamentary government exists in England. But that is an exception, and the composition as a whole, in which the extract occurs, does not bear the imprimatur of vitality. Bulwer will be remembered, and deservedly remembered, as novelist and dramatist. In close observance of the idiosyncrasies of individual character he is far below either the author of *David Copperfield* or of *Vanity Fair*; in the mastery of those graver problems which ruffle the surface of conventional existence he does not approach George Eliot. But to a quick and facile perception of superficial traits, and of the genius of social life, no writer has ever brought so graceful a gift of expression, and so well and appropriately stored a mind. Character is not a thing which the writer of *The Cartons* and *My Novel* could sketch in the same way that it was sketched by other members of that illustrious fraternity among whom he may fairly claim a place. There is thrown over them all the glamour of a charming unreality. They, indeed, contain Bulwer's 'ideal.' But they show a broad and generous appreciation of our national system. They are admirable efforts to introduce the reader to human life in general, and to English life in particular, from its most exalted side. The Bulwerian theory of existence pervades the whole series.

If it is this national note which is most distinctive in all Bulwer's writings, national is certainly the epithet that his politics deserve. He is scarcely to be identified, with any school of statesmanship; he is certainly not to be attached to the ranks of any one party. Philanthropist and patriot, he was never a partisan. Though the political aspect

for the reader, or on which his son will probably dwell at the greatest length in the biography that he promises in the 'Prefatory Memoir,' by which the recently published speeches and addresses of his distinguished father are introduced, it will be as well to glance at the successive points at which, in his character of member of Parliament, he came in contact with the public events of his time. Till within quite a recent period an idea used to prevail at Oxford and Cambridge that the leaders of her Majesty's Government and Opposition kept a vigilant eye upon the Debating Societies of each University. We were confidently informed of Treasury whips watching the progress of the mimic discussion from a concealed nook, and faithfully reporting to their chief their impression of the rhetorical talent of the rising academic generation. We are now told that it was the mark made by Bulwer in the University Debating Society at Cambridge which favourably recommended him to the voters of St. Ives. 'The wholesome organic connection,' writes the present Lord Lytton, commenting on his father's first start in his Parliamentary career, 'between University life and public life, to which the English nation has been indebted for the rare vigour and youthfulness, not unrestrained by practical good sense, and for the high spirit, free from all sentimentality, which once characterised its international and imperial policy, was dissolved by the great Reform Bill of 1832, and has never since been restored or replaced. Whilst it lasted it supplied the Legislature with an adequate number of young men of ability and ambition, who, without large independent fortunes, were enabled by it to enter Parliament with sufficiently independent opinions.' Lord Lytton proceeds to contrast with



which we have realised now. 'To the majority of educated young men without large purses the doors of Parliament are now virtually closed. The *élite* of our undergraduates, whose natural ambition would have formerly been a seat in the House of Commons, now look for political influence only to the exercise of their talents in the public press; and they become the anonymous and irresponsible critics of a Legislature into which they cannot afford to pay the entrance-fee. Thus, too, for the majority of Englishmen, public life begins at middle-age, and is chiefly confined to the representation of local interests. The character of the Imperial Legislature has consequently grown, and must continue to grow, more parochial. Every separate interest, locality, and class, even every industrial crotchet, is represented; but England herself, in the national consciousness of Imperial unity, is unrepresented in the national Parliament.' There is some truth and much clap-trap in these comments. Lord Lytton entirely overrates the influence of the almost imaginary connection between the Universities on the one hand and political life on the other. Fifty years ago more young men entered Parliament than is now the case, a circumstance with which pocket-boroughs had a great deal to do, and the University Debating Societies very little. It may be conceded, with some reservations, that the reputation which he had won, or what afterwards developed into the Cambridge union, told in Bulwer's favour with the electors of St. Ives. But it is quite certain that unless Bulwer had been a young man of station and of means he would not have entered Parliament. The young members of the House of Commons in the pre-Reform days invariably had money, or else birth and connection. The Oxford

seats in the as yet unreformed Parliament were not more numerous then than now. It was not the Debating Societies which fed the House of Commons with juvenile ambition and eloquence; the youthful senator was in nineteen cases out of twenty the nominee of the patron, who probably viewed with profound contempt the rhetorical displays on the banks of Isis and Cam, and consulted in his selection little more than family reasons. When Lord Lytton speaks of the divorce of the 'intellect and energy of educated youth from the practical objects, responsibilities, and constraints of active political life,' he embodies a favourite theory of Mr. Disraeli in language eminently in accordance with the spirit of *Kenelm Chillingly*, but he appears essentially to misconceive the circumstances of the case. An apprenticeship to political life, commencing at an earlier date, would probably increase the average of administrative ability in Parliament. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the portals of St. Stephen are thronged by a crowd of aspirant statesmen who have just taken their degree, and who are bitterly bewailing their evil luck in not being able to show the 'Open, Sesame,' of wealth. The 'divorce' of which he speaks is a simple figment of Lord Lytton's imagination. The chances, on the whole, are, that a young man without fortune, who is bent on getting into Parliament, and who has the qualifications for Parliamentary success, is more likely to realise his ambition in 1874 than he was in 1830. He has more opportunities at his disposal now than he could have then of making money; while the tendency of 'every separate interest, locality, and class, even every individual crotchet,' to secure its measure of representation, will prevent his long being overlooked. The truth is that we are less of a political

politics are robbed of the fascination which they once had, and that the newly-fledged bachelors of Oxford and Cambridge have no hankering whatever after a Parliamentary career. While Lord Lytton exaggerates the attraction of 'the public press,' he ignores the absorbing charms of the Bar. Able and ambitious young men naturally embrace the calling which promises the richest yield of distinction, and there can be no doubt that to the young man who has been trained at the University the scientific study and the successful practice of law, with a reversionary interest in forensic fame, is an infinitely more alluring prospect than Parliamentary life can offer. The Bar, in fact, is to the rising generation of to-day all that the Senate was half a century ago.

When Bulwer took his seat in the House of Commons in 1831 it was as a pledged supporter of the Reform Bill, and the ally of extreme Radicalism. To Bulwer in 1832 was addressed the letter in which Hume promised to recommend Mr. Disraeli to the electors of High Wycombe. 'Mr. Hume,' wrote Mr. Bulwer to Mr. Disraeli on June 3, 1832, 'expresses his great satisfaction at hearing you are about to start for Wycombe—his high opinion of your talents and principles—and while he regrets he knows no one at Wycombe whom otherwise he would endeavour to interest on your behalf, he avails himself of his high situation in public esteem to remind the electors of Wycombe that a Reform Bill is not a means to the end of good and cheap government, and that they ought to show themselves deserving of the results of that great measure by choosing a member of those talents and those principles who can alone advocate the popular cause, and which Mr. Hume joins with me in

had at this time assumed was so purely obstructive that it would have been impossible for a young man of enlightened views and broad sympathies to have attached himself to any other party than the Whigs; and perhaps it was the speculative element in Bulwer's nature which induced him to adopt more than one of the nostrums of philosophic Radicalism. His first speech in the House of Commons was in favour of Lord Grey's Reform Bill, and contains a vindication of the principle of the Ballot. That essay is reprinted in these volumes. The frigidity of his tone and the artificiality of his argument are proofs of the slight interest which Bulwer felt in purely political topics. Contrast with this his speeches on the laws affecting dramatic literature, and on the cheap postage of newspapers, and it must have been apparent even then where Bulwer's special forte lay. The latter was a conspicuous and immediate success. Though the motion which Bulwer fought for—a Committee to enquire into the postage of newspapers and other publications—was withdrawn, the Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated his agreement on the principle of the proposition, and Bulwer's real object was gained. The member for St. Ives had made his mark, and at the general election which succeeded the Reform Bill three constituencies placed their suffrages at his disposal. He selected Lincoln, and sat for that borough in two successive Parliaments. He was influenced in this choice by the circumstance that the Liberal electors of Lincoln were, as he was himself, opposed to the repeal of the Corn Laws. Ultimately Lincoln was converted to the principles of Peel, and in 1841 Bulwer retired from the representation of the borough. It was at this time that he thus expressed himself on

These are my sentiments on the Corn Laws. I will not vote for the abolition of them; I will not vote for the Government proposition of an eight or nine shilling duty, because I believe it to be but a step to that abolition. But I am ready to allow that you must take the matter of the Corn Laws into serious consideration; and I do believe that, by a judicious mixture of the fixed duty and the graduated scale, you may give great relief to the manufacturers, and at the same time not diminish the proper protection to land.

This decade of Bulwer's life was full of political as well as of literary activity. 'He was at all times,' as his son justly says, 'an earnest and spontaneous advocate of every reform in the relations between the Government and the governed, the State and the people, which aimed at public improvement by moral and intellectual means.' He had spoken and voted against the still tolerated property in slaves. Alike by pen and tongue he had opposed the Coercion Bill for Ireland and the Coercion policy in Canada. He had obtained copyrights for dramatic authors, and had taken the first step towards establishing the principle of international copyright, as he had paved the way for the complete abolition of all 'taxes on knowledge.' He had been the vigorous champion of the Factory Act of 1833. Advocating a national Ecclesiastical Establishment, he advocated not less strongly the removal of all religious disabilities and Roman Catholic emancipation. He spoke on several occasions, and with considerable effect, according to all contemporary accounts, on behalf of municipal reform. Probably Lord Lytton is right in characterising his speech urging the immediate emancipation of the West Indian slaves, which the Government, in deference to the Colonial Legislature, had intended to postpone for two years, as his father's 'greatest Parliamentary success.' The question was carried only by a majority of

'it was one of those rare occasions in which opinion has been converted by eloquence in the course of a debate. The speaker was assured after the division, by three members who had intended to vote on the other side of the question, that their intention had been changed by his arguments. He received for his speech, which was printed and circulated by that Association, the thanks of the Anti-Slavery Society.' Amongst 'literary politicians' of this century, Macaulay's triumph over the Black Act is probably the only other instance in which the tide of debate was effectually turned by a single utterance.

Bulwer's pen had not been idle. Almost all his purely political writings were produced during this period. He had published a series of letters to John Bull, Esq., vindicating his views on Protection. He had written the most successful pamphlet of the day. In 1834 the death of Lord Spencer, involving the removal of Lord Althorpe from the leadership of the House of Commons to the House of Lords, was followed by the abrupt dismissal of the Whigs and the Royal summons of Sir Robert Peel, who was then at Rome, for the purpose of forming a Government. Affairs were critical. Lord Melbourne himself declared that, unless he could procure the re-instalment of his Cabinet, his party must inevitably break up. On the Tory side the highest hopes were entertained of what the influence of Peel might effect. At this juncture the *Letter to a Late Cabinet Minister on the Crisis* appeared. Never was brochure so seasonable or so successful. The first edition was exhausted on the day of its publication, and fourteen other large editions within a fortnight afterwards. At the price of 3s. 6d. it reached twenty editions, and was then reprinted, with a yet wider circulation and in a cheaper form.

Melbourne frequently told Bulwer that to the effect of this pamphlet he attributed the results of the general elections which took place shortly after Sir Robert Peel's return to England, and the subsequent restoration of the Liberal Government. The Whig Ministers offered Bulwer, as a recognition of his service, a junior lordship of the Admiralty. 'It was gratefully declined, partly from a disinclination to surrender political independence, but chiefly from a disinclination to suspend the literary labours in which he was then engaged.'

One of the best of Bulwer's earlier speeches was that made towards the close of the session of 1838, on the subject of the Ballot. The associations of the rhetorical effort are so interesting, they constitute so striking a parallel to what was on a memorable occasion the experience of a literary politician, whom, as an orator, Bulwer certainly resembled—Sheridan—that we may be permitted to revert to them here. The speech itself does not appear in the present selection, and Lord Lytton is silent in the 'Prefatory Memoir' as to the occurrence. Early in 1838 Macready undertook the management of Covent Garden with the design of restoring the British drama. 'Oh,' sighed the manager some months afterwards, while discussing with Bulwer his hazardous prospect, 'if I could only get a play like the *Honeymoon*!' In a fortnight's time the *Lady of Lyons* was written, and was in rehearsal. It was on the first night of the *Lady* that the debate on the Ballot took place. When the division was over Bulwer started for Covent Garden. The authorship of the *Lady of Lyons* was unknown; and meeting in the lobby a member of the House who had just come from Covent Garden, its author enquired as to its re-

ply, 'it is very well indeed for that sort of thing.' Bulwer reached the theatre at the moment that Clande came upon the stage as one of Napoleon's colonels. As the curtain fell applause was forthcoming on all sides, but the dramatist did not bow his acknowledgments from a private box. Bulwer, as it happened, was in Lady Blessington's box, and her ladyship, writing of the circumstance, says: 'He told me what had been said to him in the lobby of the House, and when on the curtain falling the success of the piece was assured, he muttered, "Yes, it is very well indeed for that sort of thing." It was the first time that I have ever seen him annoyed at a trifle.'

When Bulwer re-entered Parliament in 1852 the political situation was completely changed. The Liberal programme as approved by the member for St. Ives and Lincoln was exhausted. Whiggism had accomplished its measures, and was convinced that it was its duty to rest and be thankful. Political parties were not so much altered as disorganised. The mantle of Lord Grey's reformers had descended upon the Radicals, and the Radicals had received an accession of zeal and power from their temporary alliance with the principles of Peel. Bulwer was scarcely likely to approve the fiscal policy of the new Liberal party, embodying, as it did, those very principles on which he had originally split with the Lincoln electors. The old Tory party was utterly broken up. On the one hand there were the Peelites merged in the new Liberals; on the other there were those who had followed Peel till he broke with Protection, who then declined to follow him farther, and who now recognised the fact that if a new Toryism was to be established, it must not be established on the old and narrow



servative party; and it was to these that Bulwer not unnaturally attached himself. 'Emancipated from all party pledges,' writes his memorialist of his position at this juncture—

Standing apart from active political life, reviewing, without passion and without prejudice, in the maturity of middle age, the practical results of that great constitutional change in which the political enthusiasm of the youth had been invested, he probably found in their unanticipated imperfection much to moderate the confidence which should be accorded to the sanguine predictions of Reformers; whilst, at the same time, in their general adequacy, he would doubtless recognise efficient reason to deprecate further experiments in representative government, his father's Liberalism had always been national, never democratic. The consolidation of our Colonial Empire, the maintenance on high ground of our imperial power, the generous acceptance of our international duties, the dignified assertion of our international rank, the foremost place in the movement of mankind for English intellect, English humanity—these were the objects for which he fought and marched under every political standard that offered a symbol round which to rally, or to organise the social and intellectual forces that seemed to him most conducive to the advancement or defence of England's highest greatness. From the point of view whence he had always, without reference to the circumstances of the moment, regarded the abstract question of party honour, it was impossible that he should not keenly sympathise with the resentment of those Conservatives who considered themselves betrayed by their recent leader. With the cause of the landed gentry, when this class of the community was specially sought out for the most bitter attack by the Manchester manufacturer, under the leadership of a coterie of Whig converts, he was identified no less by his interests as a landowner than by his principles as a politician. Thus true to convictions unchanged by a complete change of political circumstances and party programme, he re-entered as a Conservative the Legislature which he had quitted as a Liberal.

In other words, Bulwer was not a party man. His detractors might reproach him with being purely a political sentimentalist; his enthu-

siastic kind of statesmanship. The truth probably lies somewhere between the two. That Bulwer had real administrative ability is proved not only by the fact that Lord Derby, an acute judge of intellect, selected him as Colonial Secretary in 1858, but by the policy which he inaugurated and executed while he held the seals of that office. He had not been in power a fortnight when a stroke of his pen abolished the old mail contract with Australia, a blunder in its origin, a disaster in its results. The exchange of Albrecht and Portendic, coupled with the concession of the gum trade at the latter place, dissipated a cause of quarrel long outstanding between France and England upon the coast of Africa. The West Indian planters had to thank the Colonial Office under Bulwer's régime for relief from their embarrassments by an Encumbered Estates Bill, formed on the same principles as the measure applied a few years earlier to Ireland. But the great monument of Bulwer's official reign is the termination of the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the creation of British Columbia—'a magnificent colony,' writes his son, 'with the very port of which his name is still identified: one of its chief towns is called Lytton.' The circumstances attending this latter measure, which is entitled to rank as a genuine triumph of constructive statesmanship, are worthy of more attention than Lord Lytton has bestowed on them in his brief biography. Rumours of gold embedded in quartz, and abundantly dispersed in gold and nuggets on the banks of the Fraser River, midway between the Gulf of Georgia and the verge of the Rocky Mountains, had reached the Colonial Office at a period anterior even to the formation of the second Derby Ministry. Mr. Labouchere, subsequently Lord

to the support of the monopoly by the existing Company, the intelligence was inconvenient, and was therefore hushed up. It was at once apparent that if the reports were true the corporate monopoly must cease, and the whole of British North America would lie before the individual energies of the English people. When Bulwer succeeded Mr. Labouchere, the first thing which he did was to ascertain the accuracy of the information. The next was to introduce a Bill for the abolition of the Company. The measure went through Parliament with little more than a nominal opposition, and has long since begun to bear some of the fruits which were anticipated from it. Sixteen years ago a competent critic, Mr. Rochester, said of the measure, 'It will secure the ultimate breaking up of the two great oceans, the Pacific and the Atlantic, by bringing directly into communication the new colony and the old colony, Canada and Columbia, uniting them, as they now must by necessity in the end be united, by means of a grand trunk railway, carried boldly across the entire breadth of the North American Continent.' 'To fulfil the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race in spreading intelligence, freedom, and Christian faith wherever Providence gives us dominion of the soil, and industry and skill can build up cities,' is the description given by Bulwer himself of the motive of the measure in one of his speeches advocating it. *Felix opportunitate mortis*; and if Cabinets may be said to be like individuals, it is perhaps fortunate for Bulwer's fame that the Ministry of which he was a member lasted only one hundred and four days. His reign was brief, but it was undeniably brilliant; nor is it likely that subsequent events would have raised him to a level of

in his dealing with British Columbia.

A letter addressed by Bulwer, while Colonial Secretary of State, to the newly-appointed Governor of Queensland, Sir George Bowen, is evidence that he formed a very just estimate of the qualities essential in the occupant of such an office. Take the following:

As regards despatches, your experience in the Ionian Islands will tell you how much is avoided in despatches that may be made public and done in private letters. The practice is at present carried to inconvenience and abuse. Questions affecting free colonies may come before Parliament of which no public documents whatever afford the slightest explanation. The communications from the Government should be fourfold: 1st, *Public Despatches*; 2nd, *Confidential*, intended for publication, if at all required; 3rd, *Confidential*, not to be published unless absolutely necessary for defence of measures by yourself or the Home Department; 4th, *Letters Strictly Private*, and these, if frank to a Minister or to our Under-Secretary, like Mr. Merivale, should be guarded to friends and touch as little as possible upon names and parties in the colony. . . . There is one rule which I find pretty universal in colonies: the governor who is the least *huffy*, and who is most careful not to over-govern, is the one who has the most authority. Enforce civility upon all minor officials. Courtesy is a duty public servants owe to the humblest member of the public.

Admirable advice. Whether it is profoundly original is not the question. It is at least pregnant proof that its author was an observant and practical man of the world, and that his literary apotheosis of the ideal and the beautiful had not obscured or diminished his estimate of the practical and the necessary. As Bulwer was the most industrious, so was he one of the most methodical men. He would not have got through one tithe of the work which he accomplished if he had been anything else. The habits which he had contracted in the library he brought to the Colonial Office.

detail of his administrative duties. He did nothing vicariously; and although his personal relations with the experienced and able men who permanently preside over the chief department of the Colonial Office were at all times marked by the most cordial confidence and mutual respect, yet on no question, whatever its comparative unimportance, did he ever leave the Office to work itself.

If we come to investigate the fixed political ideas of Bulwer, we shall find them exceedingly few and simple. Given a certain number of social aphorisms, such as that it is advisable to improve the condition of the people governed, that, in the words of Voltaire, 'before you can rectify the disorders of a State you must examine the character of a people;' that it is necessary to preserve our imperial unity; that we should maintain intact, in spirit as well as letter, the traditions of English honour, and from these Bulwer's whole political system flows. His latter-day experience, and his regard for the aristocratic principle, induced him to believe that the new Conservatives were more likely to do this than the new Liberals. One of the most interesting productions republished, or rather published for the first time in these volumes,<sup>1</sup> is an *Essay on the Genins of Conservatism*. 'In 1831,' Bulwer commences, 'there was introduced into the English language a new barbarism—Conservative—passed from a pedantic adjective into a familiar noun. No one knows by whom it was first applied to a political signification. It was heard of one day, on the next it was the popular title of a party. In vain Sir Robert Peel strove to discover the name of the neologist.' These sentences have the ring of Disraeli about them, and the view which Bulwer proceeds to propound as to the origin and position of the Whigs, that they had become an aristocratic

clique, which disdained the title of national, is merely a reproduction of the well-worn dogma of our present Premier, Mr. Disraeli, who less readily assents to the proposition that 'Parliamentary Reform was not a feature of historic Toryism.' In the reign of George I. it was certainly the Tories who strove to bring about Parliamentary Reform; and though between the reigns of George III. and William IV. there were occasions on which the Tory party opposed Reform, its most eminent members were never averse to giving it a place in their programme. 'The true Conservative policy,' according to Bulwer, 'is the conservation of the organic principles of a society, whatever they may be. It is not in itself either democratic or monarchical. It is one or the other, according as democracy or monarchy be the vital principle of the State in which it operates and exists. . . . Conservatism tends to the conservation of liberty in that form, and through the media in which it has become most identified with the customs and the character of the people governed. . . . Conservatism would thus have sided with Brutus and the patrician party against Cæsar and the plebeian, because with the former was the last hope of Roman liberty.' Bacon observed that the mainspring of Conservatism in England is the aristocratic principle—the English people themselves being essentially aristocratic in their prejudices and convictions. Bulwer explains what the aristocratic principle on which Conservatism works is:

To the merely political influence of birth and property alone in the conduct of affairs the adherents of Conservatism have always been more indifferent than the party opposed to them. No party in the State has had leaders so frequently selected from the ranks of the people. The ideal aim of Conservatism in its relation to popular

liberty would be to elevate the masses in character and feeling to that standard which Conservatism seeks in aristocracy; in other words, to aristocratise the community, so that the greatest liberty by the greatest number might not be the brief and hazardous effect of a sudden revolutionary law, but the gradual result of that intellectual power with which liberty is indispensable.

The Bulwerian political creed, like the social, involves, it will be seen, an unlimited belief in the perfectibility of the human race in general, and of Englishmen in particular. As we read such words as those just cited, we have to reflect whether the subject-matter of our perusal consists of profound truths oracularly set forth, or merely of platitudes singularly well and antithetically expressed.

It is a not uninteresting commentary on sentiments like these to examine what Bulwer has to say on the subject of party government. In a speech which, as a literary composition, is simply super-excellent on the state of the nation, delivered in 1855, and which advocates the abolition of patronage in the case of the offices held under Government, Bulwer says:

The influences of party are the sinews of freedom. Party and freedom are twins, united at the birth by a ligament which is nourished from the life-blood of both, and if you divide the ligament you kill the twins. Without the influences of party you might, indeed, have able and efficient men in your bureaux. England will never want such men under any system, but you will have exchanged the nerves made of popular government for the clockwork machinery which belongs to despotism.

What does Bulwer mean by party, and what is his meaning of party government? The opposition between Whig and Tory, Radical and Conservative, which it is generally considered the genius of our constitution implies, may be regarded from three points. First, the relation between the two, the

position, in the way that Christian and anti-Christian, Theist and Atheist, are opposed. Secondly, De Quincey's view may be adopted. 'Both are right; and not only so—not only can these party differences co-exist without violence to truth, but, as in the mechanical law of action and reaction, they are able to exist only by the means of their co-existence. The true view of their relation is this, that each party forms one hemisphere—jointly they make up the total sphere. They divide, it is true, the functions of the Constitution—one party administering the popular and democratic, the other administering the anti-popular or timocratic functions.' The third theory is that which is most practically popular at the present day—that it is the business of the party which is in to create, and of the party which is out to criticise, and that if the critics can make good their claim to higher regulative or creative power than the creators, it is right and proper that the party which is in should be superseded. This idea involves the open surrender of ancient political distinctions which have, indeed, long since passed into 'the portion of weeds and outworn forces.' It is frankly accepted by Bulwer. 'The greatest good fortune,' he writes to a friend, 'that can befall an Opposition is when it heartily and vigorously goes with the sense of the country, and has before it a Ministry that affects to do the same, but is so weak that it could not stand but for a disbelief in the possibility of forming any other Ministry which would espouse the same principles. Convince the country that the Opposition could frame such a Ministry, and it must inevitably replace a fallen Government.' It is entirely in the spirit of this doctrine that, in his vigorous attack on the Government of



To me individually, and to the public, it is a matter of comparative indifference from what section of men a Government at this moment shall be formed, so long as it manfully represents the great cause to which the honour and safety of England are committed and carries it into practical execution.

Precisely these same views are to be found in a dozen different places in one of the most ambitious works which Bulwer wrote, *England and the English*, pronounced by John Stuart Mill in his *Autobiography* to have been considerably in advance of public opinion of the period at which it appeared. The exposition given of the Conservative or aristocratic principle is the exposition of a *soi-disant* philosopher, and not of a practised statesman. We may just notice in passing that in this treatise Bulwer seriously advocates—

The creation of an elective, not an hereditary senate, which might be an aristocracy in the true sense of the word—that is, an assembly of the best men—the selected of the country—elected from the poorest as the rich, intelligent as the ignorant, in which property would cease to be the necessary title, and virtue and knowledge might advance claims equally allowed.

It is an assembly of this kind which is to supersede the present House of Lords. The Bulwerian ideal is, in fact, a pure Utopia. Before, he tells us, we can reform legislation, we must reform opinion. Opinion, he continues, can only be reformed by the agency of education. Education can only be secured in proportion as knowledge and literature are publicly honoured. Thus we arrive at a system under which rewards will be bestowed by Government upon every form and department of conscientious literary and intellectual toil. In this way we are committed to the fullest application of the theory of a paternal Legislature. The province of Government is no longer only to comprehend such

It is to include the supply of encouragement of every kind to virtue, to excellence, and to taste.

At present (observes our teacher) you only perceive the Government when it knocks at your door for taxes; you couple with its name the idea, not of protection, but of extortion; but I would wish that you should see the Government educating your children, and encouraging your science, and ameliorating the condition of your poor. . . . I wish that every act of a beneficent reform should seem to you neither conceded nor extorted, but as a pledge of a sacred and mutual love; the legitimate offspring of one faithful and indissoluble union between the power of a people and the majesty of a State.

It is the test of statesmanship not merely to imagine, but achieve, not only to discern ideal ends, but to decide practical means. Judged by this criterion, Bulwer will be found wanting. Great credit is to be given him indeed for the manner in which he quitted himself at the Colonial Office. But the creation of British Columbia was as much due to the collective wisdom of the Cabinet as to his own initiative. Certainly, if Bulwer was qualified for any office of State, it was for that which he held. The central idea in his political system was the maintenance of imperial prestige, and the colonies seemed to him to open up a limitless opportunity of this kind. In one of his essays, entitled *Caxtoniana*, he writes, 'It is a very shallow view of imperial policy to ascribe solely to our colonial wants the military forces kept in the colonies, and exclaim, "See what those colonies cost us!" If we had no troops in the colonies, we must either be without adequate military force, or we must obtain such adequate military force at the risk of freedom by collecting and converging it into garrisons at home.' It has been said of Macaulay, that there was a certain innate sense of magnificence in his mind which invested India and its Oriental

not be impossible to establish a kind of analogous affinity between the idiosyncrasies of Bulwer's intellect and the infinite possibilities of our colonial empire.

There are unquestionably passages of a very high order of eloquence in almost all of Bulwer's speeches. Speeches in the ordinary sense of the term these compositions are not. It is not that they are deficient in fire, in energy of diction, in vividness of metaphor, but as we read them we see clearly enough with how much care the fire has been accumulated, what industrious premeditation has been expended on the phraseology, how anxiously weighed is the property of each trope. Yet, after all, these would not have been such serious counterbalancing disadvantages if Bulwer had possessed what he never had, a vigorous and lifelike delivery. This being the case, it is somewhat strange to bear to what a degree Bulwer was frequently carried away by the impetuosity of his passion. The Austrian poet Grillparzer, who saw him one evening in the lobby of the House soon after he had spoken on a question of Colonial policy, writes :

I observed, on his leaving us, that he staggered in his gait like a drunken man. I presently learned, however, that he had just been speaking, and that what I had taken for intoxication was, in fact, the reaction of nervous tension.

In an interesting autobiographical passage Bulwer says of himself :

I have little repartee, my memory is slow, and my presence of mind not great [this, by the way, is self-disparagement; Bulwer's presence of mind was extraordinary]; my powers of speaking are very uncertain, and very imperfectly developed. I have eloquence in me, and have spoken even as an orator, but not in the House of Commons. I cannot speak without either preparation or the pressure of powerful excitement.

Randal Leslie found in holding the ear of a mixed audience, which is scarcely less antihagiographical than that just quoted :

If he [Randal Leslie] attempted to speak at his own intellectual level, he was so subtle and refining as to be almost incomprehensible; if he fell into the fatal error—not uncommon to inexperienced orators—of trying to lower himself to the intellectual level of his audience, he was only elaborately stupid. No man can speak too well for a crowd, as no man can write too well for the stage; but in neither case should he be rhetorical, or case in periods the dry bones of reasoning. It is to the emotions or to the humours that the speaker of a crowd must address himself; his eye must brighten with generous sentiment, or his lip must expand in the play of animated fancy or genial wit.

Bulwer failed as a speaker, not because he omitted to bear these admonitions in mind, but because, remembering well their import, he lacked the art to conceal his consciousness of their importance. It is not exactly easy to see what he means by not being 'rhetorical'; it is certain that if he aimed at avoiding the semblance of studied 'rhetorical' effects, he was signally unsuccessful. Bulwer's orations are rhetorical, or they are nothing. The truth of the matter is probably this: many other speakers have prepared their addresses quite as carefully as the author of *My Novel*. Sheridan certainly did so; so in all probability did Canning. Tom Dnncombe made one of the best speeches ever heard in the House of Commons, and that he did not so much prepare as *learn*, for its real author was Henry de Ros. But then in each of these cases there was no overweighting. Now, Bulwer was always overweighted. He had intellectually meditated and digested more than he could orally give forth from his treasure-house. Oratory is not only an intellectual gift, it implies certain definite physical qualifications. Between the art of the

every orator could be, if he had turned his attention to the stage, a great actor. Bulwer had not the physical qualifications of an actor or an orator. His periods, as we read them on paper, are admirable: when uttered, they seldom seemed natural. His self-consciousness was excessive, and he was without the skill to conceal this self-consciousness, or to merge his identity in that of his hearers. His voice was feeble, though his wit was ready and his imagination quick. His speeches on the Crimean war, the fall of Kars, the state of the army before Sebastopol, are, as literary efforts, extremely good. But they did not hit their mark as speeches. It was always difficult when hearing

him to obliterate the image which invariably arose of the rehearsal before the mirror. The striving after effect was perpetually visible, and because it was visible the effect itself was not forthcoming. Hostile critics have charged Bulwer with dandyism and affectation in even the best of his novels. With the present writer the accusation weighs but lightly. Regarding Bulwer as a speaker the case is different. In his oratorical efforts, so far as their influence on the hearer can be taken as a test—and it is probably the only possible test—Bulwer, patriot and philanthropist though at heart undoubtedly he was, was still to all appearance his own Pelham.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.



## SCOTTISH CHURCHES AND THE PATRONAGE ACT.

WRITING two years ago on 'The Possibilities of Free Religious Thought in Scotland,'<sup>1</sup> we observed that the death of Dr. Gibson, one of the stoniest of Calvinists and Free Churchmen, and one of the most honest and consistent of men, marked a stage in the theological history of Scotland. We may now say with equal truth, that the death of another remarkable Scotsman appropriately marks a stage in the ecclesiastical life, or rather decomposition, of the same country. Dr. Cook, of Haddington, the last of the Scotch Moderates, died recently, protesting almost with his latest breath against the Act which abolishes the method of appointing ministers to parishes, of which the Moderates were the resolute champions, and which, indeed, fostered the production of ecclesiastics of their type. Everyone who has visited Edinburgh during the sittings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, for many years back, must have marked a ruddy, spectacled, elderly man, who was generally engaged in writing at a table in front of the chairman of the meeting, who seldom spoke, but when he did speak, uttered such common sense that, aided by a sound and palpably Scotch diction, and a dry humor, it almost invariably carried conviction with it. This was Dr. Cook, of Haddington, principal clerk of the General Assembly, and acknowledged to be the Church's chief authority on matters of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, and, indeed, its guide in almost all practical legislation. It may be said that since Dr. Chalmers, the founder of the Free Church, was found dead in his bed, the death of no Scotch clergyman has caused such general regret as that of Dr. Cook. Both were,

indeed, typical Scotsmen—although their types were utterly opposed—who had applied their hearts and their heads with the characteristic ardour of their nation to ecclesiastical work. Dr. Chalmers, the greatest of the Evangelicals of his own, or perhaps of any other country, was ablaze with that all-conquering enthusiasm, that *præferendum ingenium*, which our friends to the north of the Tweed claim as a special possession; while Dr. Cook, in many respects the best of the natural opponents of the Evangelicals, was, in his strong sober sense, his positively contemptuous preference of the practical to the theoretical, his dislike of everything revolutionary, his genial humor, and his intense hatred of cant, pretence, and sentimentality, emphatically a 'canny Scot.' It will be long before the Church of Scotland finds so safe a pilot. Perhaps under the new conditions in which it finds itself, and for which it is mainly responsible, another Dr. Cook will be an impossibility.

The Patronage Abolition Act of 1874, the passing of which the earnestness and influence of Dr. Cook were powerless to prevent, although they probably prevented its introduction for many a year, is the most considerable piece of legislation in regard to Scotland which the British Parliament has accomplished since the Revolution Settlement. At first sight it seems an essentially popular, and even democratic, measure. It transfers the right of presentation to ecclesiastical livings from private patrons, whether lords, lairds, corporations, or the Crown, to the male and female members of congregations acting through committees, and to a certain extent under the eye of

<sup>1</sup> *Fraser's Magazine*, December 1872.



the General Assembly, or chief court of the Church of Scotland. This is in accordance, undoubtedly, with the theory as to the appointment of ministers held by the first Scotch Reformers. Both the First and the Second Book of Discipline, which are, to this day, the authorised manuals of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and which bear the *imprimatur* respectively of Knox and Melville, declare that it 'appertaineth to every several congregation to elect their own minister;' and, when we consider that, originally, and for a number of years, the Church of Scotland was, to all intents and purposes, a voluntary Church, supported by the people, it is not wonderful that a popular constitution has been claimed for it from the first. It was, no doubt, this fact that induced William of Orange, than whom no statesman had a stronger dislike to clerical pretensions, and whose instinctive aversion to 'popular election' was as great as that of Dr. Mageo himself, to grant to Scotland in 1690, and on the advice of 'Cardinal' Carstares, one of the ablest ecclesiastics of his own or any other country, a measure transferring the rights of presentation from private patrons to congregations acting through a sort of patronal committee. The privileges of private patrons were restored to them, however, in 1712, by what is known in Scotland as 'Queen Anne's Act.' This measure was exceedingly unpopular there from the first, owing largely to the circumstance that the passing of it by the Tory Administration, of which Bolingbroke was the inspiring genius, was rightly understood to be a political device, having for its object the strengthening of the hands of an aristocracy largely leavened with Jacobitism, it being thought

that the patrons, if they appointed clergymen after their own hearts, would, through them, who were, in all important respects, the tribunes of the people in Scotland, influence that country generally in favour of the exiled Pretender. The Act proved as great an ecclesiastical as it was a political blunder. It was probably the death-blow to Jacobitism in Scotland; it certainly was the ruin of the Established Church, being the occasion of all the secessions that have made it the Church of the minority of the people of Scotland,<sup>2</sup> while it has led to the pushing to extremes of that theory of the mutual independence of Church and State which is the cardinal principle of the Free Church, but which can only be properly carried out when the Church has no connection by means of endowment with the State.

Everyone, therefore, who either holds democratic principles, or considers their victory inevitable, will admit that the repeal of Queen Anne's Act was in itself a measure of justice and expediency, while had such a Bill been passed forty years ago, when the struggle which ended in the erection of the Free Church commenced, it would probably have prevented the catastrophe which has placed the Scotch Establishment in a minority. But what would have been enough in 1834 was in 1874 manifestly insufficient and unjust. Times are changed both ecclesiastically and politically since then. While Scotland is still essentially Presbyterian, 78 per cent. of the population holding, at least nominally, the Westminster Confession and other Calvinistic Standards, only between a third and a half of the population, as we have seen, belong to the Establishment. In dealing with the ecclesiastical situation in Scotland it would surely

have been fair and expedient to have made some attempt, if not to reunite all the Presbyterians of Scotland, to bring back to the Establishment those who would not have been outside of it but for patronage, more especially that large body of them which last hived off, and which, although calling itself the Free Church, still holds in theory the essential righteousness of Establishments. Moreover, in making a transference of national property—and that patronage is property is admitted in the fact that the Act of 1874 allows compensation to private patrons for the loss of it—regard should have been had to what constitutes the nation. For all practical purposes the nation now means the ratepayers; and it would seem only logical that if the right of presenting to Church livings should be taken from patrons because they no longer represent the nation, it should be given to those who now represent it—the ratepayers.

Mr. Disraeli has, in fact, missed a great opportunity both of repeating on a limited scale, and under other novel conditions, the experiment of 1867, and of doing what would have satisfied the advocates of absolutely comprehensive establishment, the only kind of establishment which is either likely or deserves to live in the future. Had he, while abolishing patronage, vested the appointment of parish ministers in the parish ratepayers, or in a church board or committee elected by them, he would have 'dished,' or at least silenced, the Liberals—except such of them as are members of the Liberation Society—for the discussion in the two Houses of Parliament, while the measure was under consideration, showed that they would have supported some such proposal; while he would also have satisfied the de-

hlishment. Nor in passing such a measure would he have acted without precedent. The Education Act for Scotland, which was passed some years ago, places the management of education in the hands of School Boards elected by the ratepayers. So powerful is Presbyterianism in Scotland, that at the first election of School Boards not only were the advocates of secularism and of what is called unsectarian religious teaching defeated, and virtually Presbyterians alone returned, but the Presbyterians elected were pledged to the maintenance of the teaching of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism—that is to say, the Standards common to all Presbyterian churches—in the national schools. The result is, that in the enormous majority of Scotch schools at the present time these Standards are taught; and there is little or no discontent throughout the country on the matter. If a committee of the ratepayers in a parish has the power to select which of the religions of the empire is to be taught in the national rate-supported school, and who is to teach it, why should not a ratepayers' committee be entrusted with the privilege of deciding what religion shall be taught from the national pulpit, and who shall teach it; the more especially as the School Board elections showed conclusively that that religion in ninety-nine out of every hundred parishes in Scotland would have been Presbyterianism?

But, unfortunately, Mr. Disraeli knew little, and cared less, about the 'mysterious mess' of Scotch ecclesiastical affairs. Unfortunately, also, he is no longer the leader of a Parliamentary minority; he has no longer an incentive to bold measures in the party desire to 'dish' the Liberals at all hazards; nor would his party follow him in 'leaps in the dark' now that a stationary

quently given his consent to a measure of ecclesiastical reform in Scotland, which at first sight seems to be constructed for no other object than to provoke a disestablishment crusade in a country as notoriously intolerant of injustice as it is prone to ecclesiastical strife. In abolishing patronage it gives the benefits of abolition not to the whole of the anti-patronage Presbyterians, but to those of them who have for the shortest period contended for abolition, having, indeed, been, until within a few years back, its resolute advocates; and refusing, and not even offering, any of these benefits to the Free Church, which is the truest representative among existing Scotch sects of the original anti-patronage, spiritually independent Kirk of Scotland. It may be very true that the Free Church of Scotland would not, at this stage in its history, and after the success of the experiment of a generation, have accepted an offer of re-establishment and re-endowment; but none the less should that offer have been made, and the right hand of fellowship and justice been held out to it. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that that Church should have thrown itself into an agitation for disestablishment, from which it had hitherto held itself aloof; that the Liberation Society should have established an agent in every town and almost every village in Scotland; and that a strong movement should have been commenced, or rather recommenced, for a reunion of Scotch Presbyterians on the basis of voluntarism. Nothing could be more natural than such a union of the Dissenting sects, for not only is

the Patronage Act an insult to them—being a mode of telling them that not those who bore the burden and heat of the day, but those who deserted to the anti-patronage flag at the eleventh hour are to enjoy the fruits of victory—but it is a challenge to them to fight for life. One of the Presbyterian bodies has been elected by the State, from the many that are to be found in Scotland, and has had national endowments handed over to it in the most absolute and unrestrained manner, in order, as it would seem, that it may be able to fight with advantage against the others. The Act was expressly passed, so Mr. Disraeli said—and there can be little doubt that in his ignorance he believed what he said—to strengthen the Church of Scotland, and that Church can strengthen itself, not by uniting with the other less favoured Presbyterian bodies, but at their expense, and by directly or indirectly cajoling their members to leave them and join itself. That the leaders of these sects, after establishing elaborate and even wealthy Church organisations, will tamely allow the results of their labours to be wrested from them is not to be expected, and the Patronage Act will simply be the means of arousing in Scotland another fierce ecclesiastical war.<sup>2</sup> Nor will the advocates of disestablishment in Scotland be without the argument of a practical grievance and scandal when the matter comes next to be discussed before Parliament and the public. When the position of ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland is considered by the members of the next Liberal Government—and it is

<sup>2</sup> On November 18 last the Commission of the Free Church General Assembly, representing that Church when the Assembly itself is not sitting, passed, by 116 to 33, a resolution which virtually declares that union between that Church and the Establishment is only possible on the basis of disestablishment. The same day the Commission of the sectarianised but not disendowed Church declared in favour of steps being taken to bring about union with the Dissenting bodies, but no proposal was mooted to make these Churches the concessions to which in justice they are entitled. The two resolutions.

as certain that they will require to consider it as that they will be even to a less extent than their predecessors 'idolaters of establishments'—this fact is certain to be brought prominently before them, that in that portion of Scotland which lies beyond the Caledonian Canal the Establishment is in a miserable minority, the adherents of the Church of Scotland being to those of the Free Church in the ratio of 17 to 73, while in the two counties of Ross and Sutherland, which Mr. Gladstone styles the Munster and Connaught of Scotland, the ratio is actually as low as 9 to upwards of 80; and it is notorious that in many of the parishes in the Highlands and islands, while the parish church has actually fewer than six members, the Free Church is crowded to the door. Whatever Liberal Government has to consider the ecclesiastical state of Scotland will be compelled to remove this scandal either by levelling up the Free Church or levelling down the Establishment. The former alternative, it may fairly be said now, does not come within the range of practical politics, and, on the other hand, the disestablishment of one portion of the Church of Scotland could hardly fail to be fatal to the rest.

So sectarian is the Patronage Act that it must be considered a fatal blow to the hopes of those who wished to see a truly national Church established in Scotland; and it was mainly because of its absolutely denationalising the Church that it was opposed by Dr. Cook and the elder and genuine Conservatives. Had an attempt been made to make the Church of Scotland minister in a parish under the Act in any sense the minister of the parish, perhaps no objection would have been offered to the change from private patronage to popular election. On the contrary,

wished, be anything more than the minister of a congregation of his own sect. The people who elect him are members and adherents of the Church of Scotland; while he himself must be a licentiate of that Church. He is eligible simply because of his sectarian position; the electors are electors simply in virtue of *their* sectarian position. It has been argued that, whether this is right or wrong, the Act has not made matters worse, or rendered the Church of Scotland more sectarian, inasmuch as, prior to its passing, patronage was a dead letter; as patrons, to use Mr. Disraeli's phrase, 'did not patronise,' and the congregations of the Church virtually elected their own ministers. But the patron, whether lord, laird, or Home Secretary, as a rule, retained in his hands the power of vetoing the popular choice, and elections were conducted with the possibility of this veto before them. Moreover, the very fact which was so much objected to by strong opponents of lay patronage, that private patrons were in nine cases out of ten not members of the Church of Scotland, or even Presbyterians, but Episcopalians, gave the act of presentation to a living more of a national and less of a sectarian character, while those of them that did present directly were generally acted on by influences, if not of a national, of a non-congregational and non-sectarian character.

But the Act is probably to be regretted most of all, because it seems certain to absolutely disappoint the aspirations of those who hoped that through the Church of Scotland the tone of Scotch theology was being gradually liberalised. There was some ground for that hope. It was in the Church of Scotland that the movement commenced for the improvement of public worship, which



caused the United Presbyterian Church to concede instrumental music and the Free Church 'hymns' to their congregations. Although the great majority of the clergy held unquestioningly by the orthodoxy of the Westminster Standards and the 'traditions of the elders,' there was always in it a sufficient number both of clergymen and of laymen of liberal culture, modern sympathies, and tolerant disposition to prevent the Church courts from committing themselves to any outrageously fanatical course of action. Thus heresy-hunting had latterly become one of the lost clerical arts. An attempt made some time ago to get up a prosecution on the ground of unsound opinions against Professor Wallace, one of the members of the Broad Church party, ended in absolute and even ludicrous failure, and, besides, it was based—although, perhaps, that does not improve the quality of it—on political and personal rather than theological considerations. An effort to involve Dr. Caird, Principal of Glasgow University, and one of the most popular Scotch preachers of the day, in a similar difficulty fared even worse. And the last act of the last Assembly under the old patronage régime was of such a character that one could not perhaps conceive it to have been performed by the chief court of any of the other religious bodies of Scotland. It was to admit into the Church Mr. Knight, a clergyman of singularly fine nature and of high speculative powers, who, on account of some writings on the function of prayer that had been published in a popular review, had been so persecuted in the Free Church that, although his assailants failed to find him guilty of theological error as signally as they failed to irritate him into saying or doing anything unworthy of a Christian gentleman, he left it and asked for admission into the Es-

frankly said, because he believed there was more freedom in it. Yet the Assembly broke loose from its ordinary leaders, the Piries and the Phis, and the motion for admitting Mr. Knight into the Church was carried by an overwhelming vote over a proposal not for rejection, but for delay, a most respected member, and one whose orthodoxy no one ventured to impeach, declaring, amidst loud applause, that he would rather see in ministers a little less orthodoxy and a little more of the qualities which distinguished Mr. Knight. In the eyes of many the existence of such a liberalising spirit in the Church of Scotland more than counterbalanced the fact that the Church was in itself a sin against religious equality, if, indeed, it was not in some fashion a guarantee that religious equality might yet be established in Scotland on the basis of a national Church.

No fear, however, that the passing of the Patronage Act will have the effect of repressing, rather than of giving an impulse to, the movement for liberalising religious and theological thought in Scotland. For one thing, it is, as we have said, virtually the signal for the commencement of a life and death conflict between the sectarianised but not disendowed Church and the Dissenting bodies around it; and the energy that might, under more auspicious circumstances, have been devoted to theological research will infallibly be wasted in ecclesiastical controversy. Moreover, one of the worst tendencies of the present time among the Scotch Churches—to prefer what is called 'practical work,' which means, as a rule, evangelising and organisation, to thoughtful preaching, dealing with the theological problems of the age—will be aggravated. It is long since the Dissenting Churches have given themselves

the result being that clergymen having any claim to be considered theologians, or even scholars, are very rare in these bodies; and such of them as have the courage to study rather than to devote themselves to that systematic proselytisation which in Scotland is called 'visiting,' are looked upon with suspicion, as little better than heretics, and on the way to become such. Even the Establishment has of late—being compelled, perhaps, by its anomalous and unfortunate position, to compete with the Dissenting sects at all hands—given itself too much up to this 'practical work.' Dr. Milligan, one of the few Scotch ministers who have a reputation for theological scholarship south of the Tweed, in a recent magazine article, says:

It is one of the greatest weaknesses of our Presbyterian system—counterbalanced no doubt upon the whole by many other elements of strength, but still a weakness—that it can hardly fail to give too much prominence to the outward energies of which we speak. The institution of the Church must be maintained; the great organisation must be carried on; above all, rival organisations must be distanced: the people, supposed to be incapable of understanding anything but what comes before them with 'Lo, here,' and 'Lo, there,' must be taught to see not once where the chief activity lies. Then come the endless meetings of Church courts, with their publicity, with their invitation to the right hand to let the left hand know what it is doing, with their opportunities of self-laudation, lest, perchance, we should fail to let our light shine before men. Need we be surprised at the consequences? Need we wonder that young men, laudably ambitious of distinction, take the shortest path to it, and that talents, fitted with due cultivation to cast light upon the greatest problems of religious thought, are frittered away in a bustle which leaves us always where we were?

The position of the Church in regard to this matter is even more forcibly stated by an accomplished country minister, who says, with only too much truth:—

Preaching, evangelising, organising, money-raising, and the construction and superintendence of ecclesiastical parochial machinery are rising in popularity and demand every day, at such a rate that they threaten, in this wild rush and flow of all the vital blood to the heart, to induce emotional nophyxia or intellectual atrophy. Every day 'doing,' in the more crude sense of that word, is more and more idolised and insisted upon, until 'thinking' almost threatens to become a lost art, and 'learning' a secret, suspected practice, or obsolete 'tradition.'

And yet anyone who knows, even superficially, the character of the speculative controversies of the time, who foresees that the Armageddon of the future is to be a theological and intellectual, not an ecclesiastical conflict, and acknowledges, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, that the lower strata of our democracy are in danger of being converted, not to Broad Churchism or scepticism, but to Mr. Bradlaugh and sheer theological negation, will admit that to shirk pressing theological problems, and to devote time to evangelisation, is as suicidal as it would be for the commander of a fortress to make his men repair the damage done by balls to the outside of his fortifications, while the enemy's sappers, unheeded, are actively engaged undermining their foundations. It is the Church that can produce a theologian capable of refuting Strauss and Tyndall that will live and prosper in the future, and not that which has the largest staff of expert ecclesiastical bagmen.

If matters are had now, they will become much worse when the new Act comes into active operation. In the old patronage days quiet scholarly men were frequently appointed to livings by intelligent patrons. In the days that are to come, with the 'protracted canvass, the wretched private intriguing, the trial sermon, and the competitive

prayer' that will be the outcome of the Patronage Act, such men will be nowhere. It is the 'popular preacher,' with his throat of brass, his flashy rhetoric, and his safe because hackneyed ideas, or the organiser and wire-puller, the adored of Sabbath schools and Dorcas societies, the hero of the prayer-meeting, the soirée, and the committee-room, that will be chosen by the congregational committee, anxious above all things to prevent dissension in the ranks of its constituents; and quiet, modest, but thoughtful persons, whether candidates or electors, will be powerless to stand against people of a more pushing or intriguing character.

Unfortunately, too, the great lay influence of the Church is directed at the present time to the support of obscurantism and against everything in the shape of free theological research. A short time ago Mr. James Baird, a wealthy iron-master and member of the Church of Scotland, presented indirectly to that body, and for the furtherance of various of its enterprises, the magnificent sum of 500,000*l*. Had he given the money absolutely to the Church, to be administered according to certain regulations of some central and constitutional authority in it, such as the General Assembly, it would have been ungracious to have found fault with such a gift or such a giver. But Mr. Baird belongs to that party in the Church which lays claim to the possession of an extraordinary amount of orthodoxy, and he has presented his money in such a manner as to prevent any of it finding its way to the purses of ministers suspected of holding Broad Church views. The gift is mainly to be spent in increasing small clerical incomes, but no clergyman is to be a recipient of any of it unless he is approved to be a believer

interpretation of it. In the deed of gift to the Church, he says :

I desire and direct that no purpose be supported, or institution aided, unless it is based and carried on upon sound religious and constitutional principles; and in order that it may be understood what I mean by sound religious principles, I declare that I hold the Westminster Confession and Catechism as the confession of my faith, believing particularly in the inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and their supreme authority as the governing rule of faith and duty, and in the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Baird also, from his gift, founds a theological lectureship, in itself a great incentive to learning, but he insists that the lecturer shall be one 'who is approved and *reputed sound* in all the essentials of Christian truth as set forth' in his own creed; in other words, no man is to be appointed to the lectureship regarding whose orthodoxy of belief the slightest suspicion has been breathed. And finally Mr. Baird is a thorough believer in 'practical' ministerial work, or, to borrow a popular educational phrase, payment by results, for he says :

A parish minister is expected to give an account of all those in his parish who attend his church, and also of those who attend no church. Endowment is also to be regarded as payment for work done among the latter class, and grants from the funds of this trust are also to be regarded as payment for such work, and for diligence in other ministerial and parochial work. The parish minister should be required for statistical purposes to enumerate and give returns of the parishioners who attend other churches. The minister should be required to keep and produce books, setting forth all other information required from time to time, and so kept that the information as to church connection in the first place, and as to church attenders in the second, as well as the figures generally, may be readily verified.

The distribution of the gift under these theological and other conditions is entrusted, not to the Church of Scotland, or to any body of men

himself, and presumably of like opinion with him.

It is difficult to conceive of anything more insulting to a Church than the terms of this gift. From first to last, the donor regards the Church of Scotland and individual ministers of it as under suspicion, and consequently to be treated with the utmost caution. He does not venture to hand the management of his gift to the Church, but to a body of his own choosing, and regarding the opinions of whose members he may be presumed to be certain. Not content with the Westminster Confession, and, apparently, considering it too lax, he makes a Confession of his own. No poor minister, however much he may require a supplement to his income, will receive a penny of Mr. Baird's money if the trustees hear from some narrow-minded old woman of either sex that his soundness as to the Baird essentials of Christianity is dubious. Even if he satisfies the trustees that he exactly fills the Procrustean bed of their theology, the unfortunate man is suspected and spied upon by these new Defenders of the Faith; he must keep books showing the number of people that attend and do not attend his church, and these are to be examined and certified to be correct by a congregational committee, if not the trustees, before he receives any of the Baird money. One would have thought that the terms of such a gift would have been resented by a Church proud of the name of National, proud of its unsullied independence, and confident at once of the purity of its creed and of its power to defend it, and that the amateur theology, even although resplendently gilt, of an ignorant though patriotic theological amateur would have been returned to him with no better benediction than 'Thy money perish with thee!' Individual ministers, indeed, here

the Church of this huge golden calf, and in particular, Dr. Story, an accomplished and fearless minister of the Church of Scotland, attacked the terms of the Baird gift with honest indignation and incisive sarcasm, saying 'it struck him to the very soul with amazement—he might almost say, consternation—to think that fathers and brethren of the National Church—a Church hitherto pure, independent, and proud of its independence—should so degrade themselves as to accept a farthing from a man who offered it in terms so insulting as these.' Very different, however, was the conduct of the clergy and laity of the Church generally. Presbytery after presbytery recorded a vote of thanks to the man of pig-iron and orthodoxy. Even in the General Assembly an attempt made by some of the more independent members, such as Dr. Cook and Dr. Wallace, to have an enquiry made into the terms of the gift was suppressed by an alarmed majority, while on the occasion of Mr. Baird's entering the hall in which the Assembly held its meetings a perfect ovation was offered him. From a Church whose majorities are animated with such feelings but little can be expected. Mr. Baird is in fact at the present moment the guiding star of the Scotch Establishment, and under the Patronage Act its pulpits are likely to be filled with men of like mind with himself, and probably trained to habits of orthodoxy and clerical book-keeping under the eye and from the funds of his trustees, men of loud voice and great bodily activity, who throw themselves into committee work and parochial organisation, but who think it little better than heresy itself to grapple with or even meditate upon the pressing theological difficulties of the age. Now that the Church has been made virtually independent of the State, and has



the electors of ministers, the followers of Mr. Baird will have no difficulty in crushing whoever have not bowed the knee to the golden gift, and are suspected of Broad Churchism by inquisitorial trustees.

And yet had not the eyes of Mr. Baird and his followers been blinded by religious fanaticism and political partisanship, they might have observed from several signs that the tendency of the time is against the binding of men with theological fetters, even though they may be made of gold. The leading ministers of the Church have long noticed and bemoaned, in the falling off of the attendance of students at its divinity halls, the unwillingness of young men of ambition and ability in Scotland to become clergymen. Dr. Charteris, an amiable young gentleman, who, on account of his safe theological opinions, was pitchforked into the Professorship of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh, held formerly by Dr. Robert Lee, the most notable name for many years among Scotch religious reformers, devoted an opening lecture to his students a year ago to exposing and explaining the decrease in the number of Church of Scotland Divinity students. He says that, at the time at which he was speaking, 'there were only, so far as he could ascertain, 160 students preparing for the ministry of the Church of Scotland.'

Fifty years ago there were more than five times this number; and admitting that at that time the supply of candidates for the ministry was far in excess of the demand, it does not follow that supply and demand have now reached their due relation to each other. Taking the Church of Scotland alone, Dr. Chalmers believed that 200 students were needed to supply her wants in 1824. But the parochial charges of the National Church are increased by one-fourth since then, and there are some 200 new chapels over and above, so that there are needed for home service alone

Scotland had no foreign missions; nor was she called upon, as now she is, to send ministers to our countrymen in the colonies, where the newly settled populations are obviously unable to fill up with their own sons the ranks of the needed ministry. In short, we may conclude that the numbers in our divinity halls would need to be increased by one-half in order to supply the demands in and connected with the Church of Scotland.

The alarming unwillingness of young men to enter the ministry of the Church has also attracted the attention of Dr. Phin, a well-known Scotch ecclesiastic, belonging to the Baird party, whose vigorous diaconal instincts have found suitable scope in the Home Mission of his Church, but who has a less enviable reputation as a veteran, although unsuccessful, heresy-hunter, and he has also patented a plan, not unlike that of Baird, for saving his Church. He recently issued a circular to his brother clergymen, at the request, he said,

Of several gentlemen who are deeply concerned about the insufficient number of well-qualified probationers at present available for the various spheres of usefulness which are daily opening up in the Church. They feel that energetic means must be adopted to supply this want, if the Church is to maintain her efficiency. They contemplate aiding and encouraging, by pecuniary grants, young men of ability and character who desire to study for the ministry. They consider it of vital importance that every such student should, throughout his University curriculum, be a regular worshipper in some particular congregation, from the minister, elders, and members of which he should experience friendship and attention.

And Dr. Phin closes his circular by saying:

Should you happen to be acquainted with any arts students in the University of Edinburgh who desire to be recognised as members of the Church of Scotland while prosecuting their studies, I should feel obliged by your furnishing me with their names and addresses, as it has been thought that good might result from their being occasionally convened in social meetings, where they might have an opportunity of becoming known to ministers and elders

In other words, young men of talent are to be bribed into entering the Church. In the remote country parish, on the slopes of the Ochils, or the recesses of the Highlands, the lad who shows himself to have a quick brain, or an aptitude for Euclid or Xenophon, is to be reported by his minister to the Home Mission Committee. He is guaranteed a certain sum of money annually if he will study for the Church; the ruling elder notices him with favour; and as he approaches manhood, the ladies of the congregation come to the assistance of Dr. Phin, and before he can make up his mind as to his own intentions, he succumbs to æsthetic tea, and is carried off in triumph to college. Whilst attending it, a similar course of social blandishments keeps him in the right path. Doctors of divinity ask him to their evening parties; the daughters of conveners smile graciously upon him; the material pleasures of a clergyman's life, the comfortable manse, the rich wife, the aristocratic society, are ever kept before him; while theological difficulties are avoided, or if they should unfortunately be mentioned, pool-pooed as of no consequence.

One might laugh at the proposal to bring back the allegiance of Scotch youth to the Church by means of evening parties and the coquetries of orthodox drawing-rooms, were it not that it is sad to find that it is seriously entertained by men whom that Church has permitted to obtain the position of its leaders. Blind leaders of the blind, if ever there were such! And yet the uneasiness of the Phins and the Bairds is significant enough, being a frank confession of the fact, so long denied, that the young men of ability at the Universities prefer every other profession to the clerical. Unfortunately, however, they do not see that the true way to make that

salaries—although the augmentation of them is desirable enough—but greater freedom. Hitherto the National Church has been distinguished from its Dissenting rivals mainly by the superior ability of its clergy; and that again, as we have already said, is accounted for by the belief that those greater differences of opinion are tolerated. But in the future the Scotch youth will have no such inducement to become connected with the Church; and we suspect that Mr. Baird's guineas and Dr. Phin's social patronage will fail to compensate them for its absence.

It is, indeed, not difficult to predict the ecclesiastical future of Scotland. The Liberation Society is reported to be on the point of making a supreme effort and spending a vast sum of money to compass the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland. It may save itself both the trouble and the expense of such an agitation, for its battle is more than half won. Sadly and reluctantly, it may be, but certainly, will all lovers of freedom retire from a Church which the abolition of patronage has denationalised, and reduced to the position of the largest and gentlest of Presbyterian sects, and take up the attitude, if not of open advocacy of, at least of silent acquiescence in, disestablishment as a measure of political and ecclesiastical justice. The Scotch Church has not, like the Anglican Establishment, the weight of massive endowments behind it; the revenue it derives from the State is much less than what the Free Church, its chief rival, raises for its own support, and even what its own members voluntarily contribute yearly for its various missionary purposes. It will be no difficult matter to cut so slender a link between Church and State, and the life of the present Church of Scotland as an establishment is not

of the duration of the present Conservative Government.

Are we, then, to conclude that the final battle of theological thought in Scotland has been fought, and that it has gone against freedom? By no means. The whole of the religious history of a country is not recorded in resolutions of Church courts, or even in Acts of Parliament; and neither the one nor the other will prevent intelligent Scotsmen from being influenced on the side of freedom. If they do not obtain such influences from the pulpits of creed-bound sects, they will obtain them at the 'two great ordinaries of literature, the circulating library and the periodical press;' and average Scotsmen, being better educated as well as naturally more prone to theological speculation than average Englishmen, have a stronger appetite for works which, like *Supernatural Religion*, Mr. Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*, or the posthumous essays of Mr. Mill, go, or profess to go, to the roots of all theology. The ordinary Scotsman, as everyone who has lived for any length of time to the north of the Tweed knows, does not put such implicit trust in his clergyman as his ancestors did; if he does not speak otherwise than respectfully of the Standards, his practice is frequently opposed to their teaching on several points hitherto considered of great importance. Thus, 'Sunday desecration' in the shape of travelling on that day has become so much a matter of course, that the various religious leaders no longer make it the subject of actual agitation and protest, and one reverend gentleman recently, in referring to it, merely observed that 'the sphere of the necessary seemed to be enlarging.' It is, in short, not in the interests of freedom that

recent ecclesiastical legislation is to be regretted, but in the interests of peace and of the churches themselves. It will tend, as we have seen, to make the churches less able and willing to accept the influences and adapt themselves to the spirit of the times; and the more they become the homes of fanaticism and ignorance, the more fearless will the antagonists of churches and creeds become, and the more will their ranks be swelled by the adhesion of all lovers of theological liberty and haters of ecclesiastical injustice.

It does not require a Mr. Disraeli to tell us that another great conflict between the forces of liberty and the forces of authority in religion is at hand. That that conflict will be a tremendous one, shattering many institutions, uprooting many prejudices, effecting many disenchantments, we doubt not, but it was hoped by many that in this country the shock would not be so disastrous, inasmuch as no such sharp lines of antagonism separate the opposing forces here as elsewhere, and because, much as the British people prize freedom, they prefer that which 'broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent' to that which is obtained by revolution. And it was because the Scotch Church, from its popular constitution, appeared as if it could be easily, if gradually, converted into an institution for the free teaching of theological science, that the Act sectarianising it is chiefly to be regretted. It has deprived Scotland of the chance of becoming the scene of a great experiment, but it has not checked the progress of theological liberalism. Truth is great and must prevail, if not through existing ecclesiastical machinery, in spite of it, and over its ruins.

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